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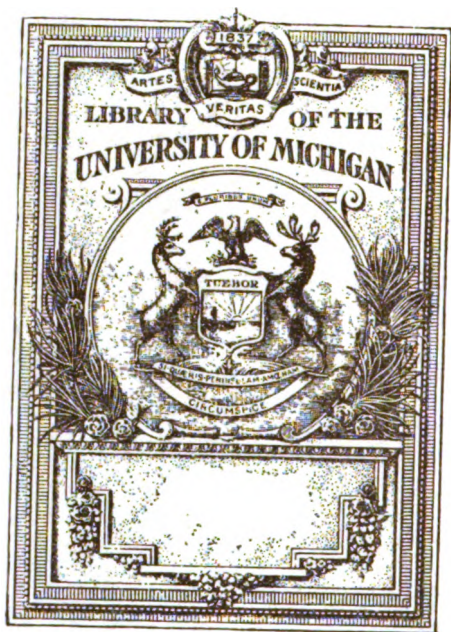
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# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

VOLUME 34



EDITED BY  
FRANZ BOAS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

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THE  
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## LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS VOLUME.<sup>1</sup>

AA . . . . .	American Anthropologist.
BAAS . . . . .	British Association for the Advancement of Science.
BBAE . . . . .	Bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
Boas, Sagen . . . . .	Franz Boas, Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas.
Bolte u. Polívka. . . . .	J. Bolte u. G. Polívka, Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm.
CI. . . . .	Publications of the Carnegie Institution.
CU . . . . .	Columbia University Contributions to Anthropology.
FL . . . . .	Folklore. London.
FLJ . . . . .	Folk Lore Journal. London.
FM . . . . .	Field Museum of Natural History, Publications.
GSCan . . . . .	Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Canada.
GSUS. . . . .	United States Geological Survey.
JAFI. . . . .	Journal of American Folk-Lore.
JE. . . . .	Publications of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition.
MAFLS . . . . .	Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society.
PAES. . . . .	Publications of the American Ethnological Society.
PaAM . . . . .	Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History.
RBAE . . . . .	Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.
Rand . . . . .	Silas T. Rand, Legends of the Micmacs.
TCI . . . . .	Transactions of the Canadian Institute.
UCal . . . . .	University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology.
UPa . . . . .	University of Pennsylvania, The University Museum, Anthropological Publications.

<sup>1</sup> See also pp. 43-45, 302.



# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 34.—JANUARY-MARCH, 1921.—No. 131.

## FOLK-LORE FROM AIKEN, S.C.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

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## FOLK-TALES.

THE following tales and riddles were collected in March, 1920, from the school-children of Aiken, S.C., — the Colored Public School, the Andrew Robertson Institute and Schofield School co-operating in the collecting.

Thanks to Northern visitors, Aiken has had a somewhat mushroom growth during recent years, and Negroes from various parts of the State and even beyond have been attracted. Among the best storytellers were a boy from Charleston, S.C., and a boy from Augusta, Ga.

I. PLAYING GODFATHER:<sup>1</sup> THE GREASE TEST.

Oncet upon a time it was a rabbit an' Brother Fox, an' dey had a milk-dairy. Dey made a lots of butter. When Brother Rabbit was out ploughin', an' Brother Rabbit was married, an' Brother Fox wasn', so Brother Rabbit say, "Hee uh! Ma wife call me!" An' he went an' say, "Ma wife got a baby! Ma wife call me ter name him." An' Brother Fox ax him, "What was his name?" — "Little-Piece." So he got out in de fields an' started ploughin' again; an' he say, "Hee uh!" An' he say, "Ma wife call me to name anoder baby." Brother Fox say, "What didcher name him?" An' he say, "Big-Piece." Dey got t'rough ploughin', an' dey was out pickin' cotton; an' he say, "Hee uh! Ma wife call me ter name um another baby." An' he got back. Brother Fox say, "What didcher name him?" — "Half-Gone!" Started pickin' cotton again. He say, "Hee uh! Ma wife call me to name anoder baby." An' he come back, an' he say, "What didcher name him?" — "Little-Piece-Left." So gotten out dere an' started pickin' cotton again. So he say, "Hee!" He t'owed his hat down, an' he say, "Sha! Ma wife keep on callin' me, an' Ah'm gettin' tired er walkin'." An' when he come back, Brother Fox say, "Well, what was it?" — "Anoder baby." An' he say, "What did yer name him?" — "All-Gone." So dey got t'rough pickin' cotton. Brother Fox say, "We'll be t'rough pickin' cotton. It's time to go home to git dinnah." So when dey went in to git dinnah, de do' was slidin' up an' down. Brother Fox say, "Brother Rabbit, yer know somebody done ate all of our butter, all of our bread, an' drinkin' all of our milk."

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Harold Robinson. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 1, 2 (note 1); also JAF 30 : 192-193, 215-216.

So Brother Fox say, "Well, we'll build a big fiah an' see who eat it." So dey built a fiah, an' lied down aside of it. So Brother Fox went asleep. (Here come de funny part of it now.) De butter ran down Brother Rabbit, an' Brother Fox was asleep. He went down, an' he picked up Brother Fox an' put Brother Fox in his place. An' Brother Fox woke up. An' said, "Brother Fox, Ah'm goin' to kill you now, 'cause you ate up all dat butter while I was gone, — while I was goin' ter name *all* dem babies." Brother Rabbit got a nail an' a hammer. Said, "Now we'll take a race." An' so dey got in two barrels; an' Brother Rabbit went to his house an' pushed Brother Fox down de hill to de pon'; an' Brother Fox jumped *out* de barrel, an' he went back to eat up Brother Rabbit. Brother Rabbit hit him one side, an' drove de nail right in his head. Dat killed him dead.

Stepped on a piece of tin. Dat's de en'.<sup>1</sup>

(*Variant 1.*<sup>2</sup>)

Once upon a time Brother Fox an' Brother Wolf an' Brother Rabbit was hoeing cotton. An' Brother Fox carried de butter down an' put it in de well. An' Brother Rabbit know where it was. Dey went to hoein' cotton an' hoein'. Brother Rabbit say, "Ma wife sick terday." He hoed, he hoed, he hoed. "Hee o! Well, I mus' go see 'bout ma wife. Time to gi' her medicine." An' so den he say, "How's yer wife?" — "She feel a little better terday." An' he hoed, an' he hoed, an' he hoed, an' say, "Hoo ho!" Say, "Ma wife callin' me." Say, "Better go see 'bout her." He hoed, an' he hoed, an' he hoed. "Hee u!" An' he went 'cross de cotton-patch. An' he say, "How you wife when you gotten there?" He say, "De bucket done tu'n over." So when de time come, all went to get de butter. Brother Fox say, "Who ate my dinnah?"

So he made up a fiah, an' took a stick an' hauled Brother Rabbit over de fiah. An' de milk an' bread come runnin' out. So he got loose an' went runnin' out in de woods, an' de man killed him.

All de way 'roun' you tell yer tale.

(*Variant 2.*<sup>3</sup>)

Once upon a time Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit had a butter-house, and they went to chop cotton. And while they were chopping cotton, Brer Rabbit would answer as if some one called him, "What you want? Be there in a minute!" And off he'd go. While he was gone, he'd go to the butter-house and eat some butter. When Brer Rabbit would

<sup>1</sup> For this ending compare JAFL 32: 402 (note 3).

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Marian Glover.

<sup>3</sup> Written by Laurel Branch.

come back, he would say, "My wife called me." — "What did your wife want?" Brer Fox would ask. "To name a little baby," answered Brer Rabbit. "What did you name him?" asked Brer Fox. "I-Ate-a-Little-Bit." Then they'd chop a little more cotton, and Brer Rabbit would answer again, "Be there in a minute!" He'd go then and eat a little more of the butter. "What did your wife want this time?" asked Brer Fox. "Wanted me to name another baby." — "What did you name this one?" — "Half-Gone," answered Brer Rabbit. They chopped a little more cotton; and Brer Rabbit stopped as if to listen, and answered, "Be there in a minute!" Brer Fox asked, "What did she want?" — "To name another baby." — "What did you name it?" — "All-Gone," for he had licked up the last crumb of butter. Dinner-time had come by now; and Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit went to the butter-house to eat their dinner, and found all the butter gone.

Brer Rabbit said angrily to Brer Fox, "You ate all the butter while I was gone!" and Brer Fox said, "You ate it!" — "Well," said Brer Fox, "to find out who ate the butter, we'll build a fire, and each one lie down by it and let it draw us, and the one who ate it will leave a grease-spot where he was lying." They built the fire and lay down by it, and both went to sleep. Brer Rabbit woke up first, and where he'd been lying was greasy; so he moved Brer Fox, who was asleep, over onto his place. So, when Brer Fox woke up, he found his place greasy, and decided he ate the butter.

## 2. PLAYING GODFATHER: TAR BABY: MOCK PLEA.<sup>1</sup>

Once 'pon a time a fox an' a rabbit had a place togeder. Rabbit didn' have much. The fox had a great big ol' jar of lard. Rabbit was down in the field pickin' cotton, an' de rabbit wife was home. An' ol' Rabbit holler, "Hee o!" took the top off the lard. Said had a baby. Said baby name Top-Off, nex' was Half-Way, nex' was Scrape-the-Bottom. Ol' Rabbit was stealin' de butter. Had it down the spring in the butter-house.

Fox put up a tar baby. Say, "Good-mornin', good-mornin'!" An' he wouldn' say nothin'. "Betcher, if I hit you wid ma fist, you say somet'in'!" Hit him, han' got stuck. After a while said, "I betcher, ef I kick you, you say somet'in'!" An' de feet got stuck. Den he went on, "You tell me!" Hit him wid his foot again; an' after a while he say, "I kick you again." An' he kicked him again. An' he say, "If I butt you wid ma head, I betcher, you say somet'in'!" After a while de fox came dere; an' de fox say, "Ha, ha! I gotcher! I found you stealin' ma butter!"

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 12 (note 1), 15 (note 4).

Den he say, "Ah'm goin' to throw ye in de well." Den he say, "I'll throw you in de briar-patch." He say, "Please t'row me in de well! Please t'row me in de well! 'cause de briar-patch will stick me all up." An' after a while de fox throwed him in de briar-patch; an' he hopped up, an' say, "Ha, ha! Here's where I was born in." Dat's de en' of it.

(Variant: *Tar Baby: Mock Plea*.<sup>1</sup>)

One time de rabbit an' de wolf doog de well. De fox didn' help 'em. De fox go dere an' git de water out de well. An' Buh Rabbit told Buh Wolf, "Wonder ef can ketch dat fox ef we set a tar baby here!" An' so de nex' mornin' de wolf comin' down to de well to get him a bucket of water. De wolf<sup>2</sup> said, "What you doin' down here?" So Tar Baby didn' say not'in'. "You can't talk, I'll make you talk." So he hit him wid his right hand. So he said, "Mister, please, suh, duh tu'n me loose!" Say, "I ain't ax you but t'ree mo' times." Say, "I betchyer, ef I hit yer wid dis ol' lef' han', you'll tu'n me loose!" . . . Say, "Mister, please, suh, tu'n loose ma lef' han'!" Say, "I got a lef' foot down yere. Ef I have to kick yere wid dis lef' foot, you'll tu'n me loose!" So dat was done. "Mister, please, suh, tu'n ma foot loose! I got a head up yere. Ef I have to butt yere wid ma head one time, you'll tu'n me loose! . . . Mister, fo' Gawd's sake, tu'n me loose! I got one mo' foot down yere. Ef I kick you wid dis foot, I'll kick me an' you in de well." So he had one mo' stomach, he said, "Ef I have to butt you wid dis stomach one time, you'll sure tu'n me loose! . . . Mister, please, suh, tu'n me loose!"

So dat time de rabbit an' de fox come. Say, "I know somebody drinkin' ma water." So de rabbit says, "What mus' us do wid him, Buh Fox?" — "Des t'row him in de river." Buh Wolf says, "Please don' t'row me in de river! For Gawd's sake, don't t'row me in de river!" So de fox say to Buh Rabbit, "Le's set dat briar-patch a-fire an' t'row him over dere!" So dey t'rowed him over dere. An' he jumped up, say, "I'll tell yer, ol' boy, here whey I was bred an' born!"

3. WIFE CALLS (PLAYING GODFATHER): RABBIT MAKES WOLF HIS HORSE.<sup>3</sup>

One time Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf an' Buh Fox was deeggin' er well. So dey doog a little piece, an' whent to town. Dey bought

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C.

<sup>2</sup> By a slip of memory, "Wolf" is now substituted for "Fox."

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 30 (note 1).

five dollars' worth o' cheese. So dey come on back to de well an' whent to deeggin'. So Buh Wolf an' Buh Fox doog de well, an' Buh Rabbit he drawed de mud. Ev'y now an' den de rabbit would holler, "Ip pee!" So de rabbit tol' Buh Wolf his wife was callin' him, he had to go right away. So de rabbit was gone in de bush an' eat de cheese. So he'd run back to de well an' draw a leetle bit mo' mud. So he'd holler, "Ip pee!" He say, "Buh Wolf, ma wife keep a-callin' ter me." So he'd run back under de bushes an' eat a leetle bit mo' cheese. So he eat all de cheese, an' never left not'in' but de crumb. So it was twelve o'clock den. So he whent back an' drawed some mo' mud. So he drawed Buh Wolf an' Buh Fox out to get done. So dey whent under de bush, an' didn' see no cheese, never seed not'in' but de crumb. So he said, "Buh Rabbit, you eat dat cheese, nobody but you. 'Cause your wife ain't been callin' you dat much. So le' us sotch [search] you! You ate dat cheese." So dey find de crumbs in Buh Rabbit's vest-pocket.

So dey say, "Buh Wolf, what mus' us duh wid Buh Rabbit?" Buh Wolf says, "I tell you what le's duh! Le's ride to us girl house!" So Buh Fox he ride Buh Rabbit fus' to de pine-tree. So Buh Wolf he ride him to de nex' pine-tree. So Buh Rabbit put on him a pair o' spur. So while Buh Fox was walkin' up dere to get on his back, whey Buh Wolf was, so de rabbit jump on Buh Wolf back an' stuck his spurs in an' ride him to de do'. Say, "Girls, dat's de way I gets ma horses." Say, "I takes ol' Buh Wolf fur ma horses." Say, "Go on back now, I'm done wid you!"

*(Variant: Rabbit makes Fox his Riding-Horse.<sup>1</sup>)*

Brother Rabbit and Fox was goin' out for a walk one day, an' Brother Rabbit rode on de fox's back. And then Brother Rabbit fell off. Brother Fox say, "What's de matter?" He say, "I cannot ride without a bridle." An' then Brother Rabbit got on him again. He fell off him again. Say, "What's de matter?" Brother Rabbit say, "I can't ride widout a stick in ma hand." An' den he give him a stick. An' he hit Brother Fox 'cross de head; an' then Brother Fox say, "What's de matter, Son Rabbit?" Then he said, "Not anything." Then Brother Fox say, "Yond' de girls. Get on [off?]" We meet up wid de girls. Walk a piece." He said, "Le' me ride a little piece further!" — "Get on [off], now, Son Rabbit!" — "Jus' a little piece further!" — "We to de girl's house now, get on [off], Son Rabbit! Here come de girls now!"

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Freddie Lowe.

4. FATAL IMITATION.<sup>1</sup>

Once 'pon a time Brother Fox an' Brother Rooster have a sweet-pertato patch. Dey hoed ter twe've o'clock. Brother Rooster went home to get his dinnah. He tol' Brother Fox to stay dere 'til he come back ter watch de taters. Say, "Ah'm after you, Brother Rabbit!" He put his haid under his wing. Said, "Ker ker me ker! Ah been home, but ma wife cut off ma head." Brother Rabbit say, "Ah am too." He run home, tol' his wife ter cut. She said, "Whack!" De rooster took his head out his wing, got on de fence, an' said, "Ker! Brother Rabbit dead, an' yet he [I] still live."

All de way run an' tell yer tale.

*(Variant 1.<sup>2</sup>)*

Once upon a time Brother Pa'tridge was flying along the road. Brother Rabbit came along, and asked him where were his head. Brother Pa'tridge said, "I left it home for my wife to look to-day." — "Oh! I believe I will leave mine home for my wife to look." So Brother Rabbit went home, and told his wife, "I met Brother Pa'tridge to-day, and he told me he left his head at home for his wife to look. So I am going to leave mine home for you to look to-day. Get the axe and chop it off." So she did. Brother Rabbit jump up and fell to the ground, and that was the last of him. Brother Pa'tridge fool him, he had his head under his wing. So Brother Pa'tridge came back along, and said, "I know I would det [death] you."

*(Variant 2.<sup>3</sup>)*

Once upon a time there lived a fox and a rooster. They worked in the same corn-field. The rooster said he could outwit the fox, and the fox said he could outwit the rooster. So one day the fox seen the rooster with his head under his wing. He thought that the rooster's head was cut off. So Brother Fox said, "Hey, Brother Rooster! What you doing with your head cut off?" Brother Rooster said, "I am having my wife to wash and iron my neck and head for the frolic to-night." Brother Fox said, "Well, well! I will, too." So Brother Fox went home, and said to Mother Fox, "Here, chop my head off! Wash and iron it for the frolic to-night!" Mother Fox didn't want to chop Brother Fox's head off, because she knowed what would happen. But Brother Fox said, "Chop my head off! Wash and iron it for the frolic to-night, or I'll tear you to pieces!" So Brother Fox laid his head down on the chopping-block, and Mother Fox chopped his head off, and Brother Fox died. That how the rooster outwitted the fox.

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Marian Glover. For bibliography see JAFI 32 : 397 (notes 8, 9), 401.

<sup>2</sup> Written by Odell Roberson.

<sup>3</sup> Written by Joseph Dowling.



5. FIRST OUT.<sup>1</sup>

One time a man had a hawg. Buh Fox, Buh Rabbit, an' Buh Wolf. Say, "Buh Rabbit, you stan' to de do', an' me an' Buh Wolf will go under de barn; an' ev'y time a pig come out, you knock him in de head." An' de ol' sow run Buh Wolf out, an' de rabbit knocks him in de head. An' Buh Fox comes out, an' says, "Buh Fait' an' Buh Chris', I didn' tell you to knock Buh Wolf in de head, I tol' you knock de pig in de head." Buh Rabbit says, "You didn' tell me no particulars. You tell me de fus' dat come out, knock him in de head."

So Buh Fox got at de rabbit. De rabbit run whey some dawgs were. De dawg got at de fox. So de rabbit say, "Ah tell yer, big boy, you can't foller me, 'cause Ah'm a rounder to dis worl'."

*(Variant 1.<sup>2</sup>)*

Once dere was an ol' ladee an' a ol' man. Dey had an ol' pig. De pig went under de barn. De man say, "Ah'm goin' under dis barn an' run dat pig out." An' he say, "Anyt'ing come out dat hole, you hit it." De pig ran him out, an' she hit him.

*(Variant 2.<sup>3</sup>)*

Once upon a time there was a man, and him and his wife was going to steal a hog. And the old man said, "Old lady, when this hog run out, I want you to chop off his head." And the old man ran out; and she cut off his head, and thought it was the hog head.

6. BURIED TAIL.<sup>4</sup>

One time t'ree horsemans killed a man cow, an' dey skinned him. An' dey say, "What mus' us duh wid dis cow?" So two o' de horseman went a'ter de wagon ter take dat cow home, lef' one of dem dere to min' de cow. An' he went ter sleep. So de man come dere, an' got his cow, an' cut de cow tail off, an' bu'ied it in de groun'. So dat time de two horsemans comin' wid de wagon said, "Oh, de cow done gone in de groun'!" Say, "Ah can't see not'in' but his tail. . . . Buh Fait' an' Buh Chris'! pull, Joe, pull! Fait' an' Buh Chris'! pull, Joe, pull! 'cause I can't pull none, ma back hurts. For Lawd's sake, pull, Joe, pull!" So dey pulled de cow tail up, an' say, "Dat's de reason man ought ter never steal. Us done pull dat cow tail off, she in de groun' now." An' dey say, "Ah'll tell

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Earl Anderson.

<sup>3</sup> Written by Julia Johnson.

<sup>4</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C. For bibliography see JAFL 32 : 368 (note 1).

yer what us duh! Le's deeg her!" So dey doog an' doog. Dey never did fin' de cow. "Well, we couldn' get de cow, but we got her tail." Say, "De man ought ter never steal."

(*Variant.<sup>1</sup>*)

Once upon a time Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox had a meat-market, and bought a cow. They wanted to divide it, but did not have a knife. And Brother Rabbit he was greedy, and wanted all of it by himself. And Brother Rabbit sent Brother Fox home for a knife. And when Brother Fox was out of sight, Brother Rabbit cut the cow tail off and stuck it deep in the ground, and carried the other part home and hid it in the barn. And when he saw Brother Fox coming, he got the cow tail and made like he was pulling it up. "Ho! Ho! Run, Brother Fox, run! Our cow is sinking!" So Brother Rabbit made like he was pulling, and was doing nothing. "See what you have done! If you have run, we would have save our cow, don't you see?"

#### 7. WOMAN-CAT.<sup>2</sup>

One time a man offered anoder man, bet him five t'ousan' dollars he couldn' sleep in dat house a night. Dat man said, "Ah betchyer, Ah will sleep in dere to-night!" So he give dat man two quilt an' a piller an' a surd. An' late dat night a cat come back up in de top of de house. Say, "Tommie! Tommie! Duh yer know me?" An' one come out anoder corner of de house; an' he say, "What's yer doin' in here?" So de man say, "Dis ma house." An' one of 'em come up to de table an' jumped up on it. So de man cut his head off. So de oder one come on to de table. So he cut his arm off. So dere was a lady had on a gold ring. So de man got on out de house, an' went back on to de oder man house. So he said, "Anybody can stay in dat house now, 'cause I got a arm of a lady, got a gol' ring on." So de man looked at de ring, an' said, "Dat's ma wife ring." So dey run back to de house, an' dey see de two cat. Say, "Right dere whey Ah cut his head off. You will have no mo' trouble wid dis house, 'cause dem two hants was done dead."

(*Variant.<sup>3</sup>*)

Once upon a time there were three preachers, and they wanted some place to stay. So they went to a man, an' ask him to give them some place to stay. And the man said, "It's a house down the hill; and if you stay there all night, you can have it." One preacher

<sup>1</sup> Written by West Jefferson.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C. Compare JAFL 30 : 196.

<sup>3</sup> Written by Laurel Branch.

said, "All right. All I want is a light hatchet and some splinters." And the man gave them that. So they went to the house; and while they were sitting down reading the Bible, a cow's head came down the chimney. Two of the preachers left, and one still staid there. While he was reading, a cat jumped on the table with a pair of eye-glasses on, and slapped over a bottle of ink. The man took the hatchet and cut off its middle toe, and found a ring on it. The next morning the owner of the house came down to see about the house. The preacher told him about the cat's paw he cut off, and the ring he found on it. And the man knew the ring, and went back home and ask his wife to let him see her hand. And his wife didn't want him to see it. And he looked at her hand, and found that it was her middle finger cut off, and that she was the witch that had been running everybody out. And he killed his wife; and the preacher won the house, and lived there forever. Amen.

#### 8. RABBIT'S SHORT TAIL.<sup>1</sup>

One time Buh Wolf ax Buh Rabbit, "How come you got such a short tail?" — "'Cause Gawd put it on, an' he didn' mean fur me to have any long tail."

#### 9. OUT OF HER SKIN.<sup>2</sup>

One time a lady was sick, an' a witch would ride her ev'y night. She said, "Ah'm goin' to ketch dat same t'ing keep a-ridin' me." So de nex' night de witch come in an' pull off her hide. So de lady spread some black pepper on. When de witch got ready to go, she said, "Skinny, Skinny, does yer know me? Skinny, Skinny, does yer know me? You don' know me, Skin?" So de lady waked up an' see her, so said, "You de very one was a-ridin' me ev'y night." So dat was dat lady gran'marm.

#### (*Variant.*<sup>3</sup>)

Once a man had a wife, an' she was a witch, an' she go off ev'y night. An' man say, "Ah'm goin' to ketch dat witch." Say, "She go off ev'y night." An' man staid 'wake. An' he went dere, an' she pulled off her skin an' hide behin' de do'. An' he went an' put some pepper an' salt in it. An' she come back, an' she run into her skin an' run out. Say, "Skinny, Skinny, Skinny, don'tcher know

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C. For bibliography see JAFL 32 : 363 (note 1); also JAFL 27 : 247.

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Earl Anderson.

me?" Say, "Skinny, long as you been wid me, den you don' know me?" An' man wake up, an' said, "Whatchyer doin' 'roun' here?" An' she no say not'in', an' de man killed her.

10. TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD.<sup>1</sup>

One time Buh Rabbit an' Buh Wolf had a parlor. Settin' on dere wid de laigs crossed. So de dove flew to de winder. Buh Rabbit say, "Buh Wolf, le's sing a song!" Wolf say, "All right!" Dey sing, —

"O Lawd! h'ist de winder!  
O Lawd! h'ist de winder!  
H'ist de winder,  
Let de dove fly in!"

So de dove flew in, knocked Buh Rabbit over. So he picked Buh Rabbit eyes out. So Buh Rabbit say, "How Ah'm goin' to see now, Buh Wolf? I wish I had a let dat t'ing staid out de do'! Ah'll give you five t'ousan' dollars ef you lead me." So Buh Wolf lead Buh Rabbit, he lead Buh Rabbit. He lead de rabbit in fiah. So Buh Rabbit he was jus' a-bu'nin' an' fryin'. So he fried de rabbit. He eat de rabbit. He said, "Ah didn' know Buh Rabbit eat so good." So de rabbit was down in de stomach, say, "Ah didn' know Ah could kill ol' Fox."<sup>2</sup> An' ol' Buh Fox he stood straight up, an' his mout' wide open. So he belched Buh Rabbit up piece buh piece. He said, "O Lord! Buh Wolf, Ah'm trouble in dis worl'." Said, "When you got me, you got it all, 'cause Ah'm trouble in dis worl'." So he jumped out, went runnin' off. He was sayin', "Hippity hop-pity, hippity hop! 'Cause when you got me, you got it all!" You never hear Buh Rabbit get killed.

11. PLAYING DEAD TWICE ON THE ROAD.<sup>3</sup>

De rabbit went up dere an' lay down like he was dead. An' de fox had a gun. An' atter a while de fox say, "Here's a dead rabbit." De fox passed on by, an' den he [rabbit] jumped up an' run aroun' like he was dead. De fox say, "Here anoder dead rabbit." An' a'ter a while he say, "I believe I lay my fish down by dis one." An' he laid 'em down. An' de rabbit watched him 'til he got out er sight. An' a'ter a while, when de fox got out er sight, he jumped up an' took de fish, an' went home wid um. He went cookin' 'em. An' a'ter a while he said, "Let me in!" He wouldn' let him in. He broke in, den he went ter fightin' him, an' de rabbit throwed him in

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Lendy Hutto of Charleston, S.C.

<sup>2</sup> Substituted for "Wolf."

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 10 (note 2).

de bar'l. An' a'ter a while he poured hot water on him. An' a'ter a while de fox got out an' went an' sat by de fiah, him an' de rabbit. He say, "You scratchin' in my eye." De rabbit say, "You scratchin' in my eye." Said, "You poured water down ma back, too."

Stepped on a piece of tin,  
Tin ben',  
Dat's de en'.

#### 12. FISHING WITH TAIL.<sup>1</sup>

Ol' Fox went down an' caught some fishes. An' de rabbit ax him where did he get all dose fishes. He say he got dem out de creek. Then he say how did he ketch 'em. He say he put his tail in de creek. An' de fox say, "I'll tell yer how you can get some, too." Then he say, "Go down there an' put yer tail in the creek; an' when you get up in de mornin', you'll have a bunch o' fish." He felt de fish bitin' his tail all off, an' he t'ought dey was gettin' on. An' dat's de reason de rabbit ain't got no tail to-day.

#### 13. THE TALKING MULE.<sup>2</sup>

A boss man had a mule, an' the mule was name' Jack. An' de man went down there, an' say, "Git up, Jack!" An' de mule say he ain't goin' to duh it. Say he worked all day Sunday an' all day Monday, an' he ain't goin' to get up. An' de boss say if it wasn't true, he was goin' to kill him. An' de boss wen' down den, an' say, "Git up, Jack!" An' de mule say he wasn't goin' to duh it. An' bof of de mens started to runnin'. An' dey run an' run, an' lay down behin' a lawg. An' de lawg say, "I couldn' hide yer. I roll over on yer." An' dey went an' seed de overcoat hangin' up 'longside de tree. De overcoat say, "I couldn' hide bof of yer." An' bof of 'em started to run. Den they wait out in a fiel' whey a man was ploughin' two mules, an' dey was tellin' him about it; an' de mules say, "Also me!" An' all three begin to runnin',

An' stepped on a piece of tin,  
Tin ben',  
An' dat end.

#### (*Variant.*<sup>3</sup>)

Once upon a time there was a man had a mule. Her name was Fan. An' he went to de stable ter ketch de mule; an' as he caught de mule,

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga. Compare Pennsylvania (JAFL 30 : 214-215).

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga.

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Julia Wilson.

she tol' him she was tired ploughin'. An' he had his dawg along with him. An' he was goin' back home, talkin' to himself 'bout what de mule said; an' de little dawg said, "He sure did said it." An' he went home to tell his wife an' family about it. An' de little cat was in de corner, an' asked, "What did you say?" An' de family of 'em all went a differen' way.

#### 14. THE PASSWORD.<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time a wolf had a butter-house, and every day he would go to the butter-house and churn and churn 'til he got enough butter. And would go to the door, and say, "Jumpy up, Jumpy down!" And one day Brother Rabbit went and hid under the steps. Brother Wolf came to the door, and said, "Jumpy up, Jumpy down!" And he ate much butter as he wanted, and went to the door, and said, "Jumpy up, Jumpy down!" When Brother Wolf got out of sight, Brother Rabbit went to the door, and said, "Jumpy up, Jumpy down!" and ate so much butter that he forgot it was time for Brother Wolf to come. And he went to the window and looked down the road, and saw Brother Wolf coming. And Brother Rabbit runned, and rolled up in a pair of Brother Wolf socks. And when Brother Wolf got there, he said, "Jumpy up, Jumpy down!" And Brother Wolf went to churning butter. Then Brother Rabbit rolled up to Brother Wolf, laughing, saying, "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" And Brother Wolf was scared, he runned to the door, he forgot what to say; he said, "Jumpy up, Jumpy down! Jumpy up, Jumpy down!" And he stuck his head, and the door jumped down and cut his ears off.

Brother Wolf runned out the door. And Brother Rabbit rolled out, and jumped up and runned 'round the other way, and beat Brother Wolf home, and got in the bed. When Brother Wolf come, he said, "Brother Rabbit, you can have my butter-house, if you want it, because a hant runned me out just now." — "Well, I am rather skeared of hants; but, since it is you, I take it." And Brother Rabbit went to the butter-house and ate all the butter, and burnt the butter-house up. And this is the end.

#### (Variant.<sup>2</sup>)

De fox had anoder house, an' he passed by de rabbit on his way to de butter-house. He say, "Whey you goin', Brother Fox?" Den after a while he say, "Ah'm goin' to ma butter-house." An' de rabbit outrun him. Den he went inside an' got in a stockin'. An' de fox come by, an' said, "Jumpy up and jumpy down!" An' de

<sup>1</sup> Written by William Rice Harley. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 3 (note 3), 4 (note 1).

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga.



do' open; an' a'ter a while de rabbit jumped out, an' he scared de fox an' outrun him. An' a'ter a while de rabbit sit down whey he was. De ol' fox come along, he asked de rabbit did he want his butter-house, say it was handy. An' a'ter a while he took it.

#### 15. THE FALSE MESSAGE: TAKE MY PLACE.<sup>1</sup>

De rabbit went to de fox house, an' tol' de little girl his [her] pop was to let him in de gyarden an' let him out at six. She let him out, an' de nex' day he tol' de same t'in'. De fox slipped up on him, den he went an' put him in a bar'l. An' he got out de bar'l. An' de fox went to heat some water. An' de rabbit put de cat in de bar'l. An' de fox went an' scal' de cat. An' de fox caught him again an' put him in a sack. An' he had a song, —

“Ah'm a-goin' to heaven  
In a croker-sack (horse-feed sack).”

An' de ol' ter'pin come up, an' he fool de ter'pin an' ask him if he want some pie. An' he say, “Le' me get out dis sack! An' you get in.” An' de fox hung it over a pine over de river. An' de rabbit jumped down. An' de ter'pin had a song, —

“Ah'm a-goin' to heaven  
In a cocoanut-shell.”

A'ter a while Ber Fox come an' cut de sack, an' let de ter'pin in de river. An' de ter'pin got out de sack an' went in de river. An' de rabbit come along wid a whole lot of cows and horses, an' had a long whip. An' de fox say, “Ol' lady, let Broder Rabbit drown me, so I can get all de sheep, cows, an' t'ings!” An' a'ter a while Brother Rabbit drown him an' killed him.

Stepped on a piece o' tin.

#### (*Variant 1.*<sup>2</sup>)

Once upon a time there was a man an' his daughter. An' de daughter was name' Sally. An' he had a whole lot of greens. An' ev'y morning when the rabbit go there, he eat an' eat an' eat. In the afternoon he sing, —

“Sally, Sally! Yer popper say howdy.  
Tu'n me out, loose me, le' me go home!”

He go there ev'y mornin', he go there ev'y morning. One morning Sally father came home, an' say, “Sally, where's all ma greens?”

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 82 (notes 2, 6); also JAF 32 : 400-401, 402.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Harold Robinson.

Sally father give Sally a cage, an' tell her to tell Broder Rabbit to get in de cage an' eat all dese greens up. So when Broder Rabbit came dere nex' morning, say, —

"Sally, Sally!  
Le' me in de green pa'  
Jus' one time!  
Loose me, an' le' me go home!"

Put him in de cage.

"Sally, Sally!  
Ah'm thro', I et up all de greens."

Sally say, "No, popper tell me not to let you out 'til he come."

An' Broder Fox come up de road wid a guitar, goin' ting, ting, ting! Say, "Come here, Broder Fox! You get in dis cage, an' let me out!" An' after Broder Fox come dere an' let him out, an' Sally's fader come, an' Broder Fox waited an' waited an' waited, an' Broder Rabbit never did come back. An' he cried, an' he cried. An' Sally's fader got a whip an' got Broder Fox out dere, an' say, "Broder Fox, whatcher doin' heah?" Say, "Broder Rabbit tol' me to stay heah." Sally fader say, "Can you play good?" — "Yes, sah, I can play good." He hauled off, an' say, "Kwaiyo! You done knock ma bran'-new coat off!" Hauled off again. Say, "Kwaiyo! You done knock ma bran'-new pansies [pants] off!" An' he say, "Kwaiyo! You done knock ma new shoes an' socks off!"

An' he stepped on a piece o' tin. An' dat's de en'.

*(Variant 2.<sup>1</sup>)*

Once there was a rabbit lived in a lady garden. And she went off and left home; and when she came back and went in the garden, she saw her greens was gone. And she got a tar baby to mind him, and she left home and left her little girl there. And Brother Rabbit he say, "Little girl, your mamma say turn me in the garden, turn me out twelve o'clock." And she put him in a sack. Ol' Brother Squirrel came along, and say, "What are you doing in that sack?" — "That ol' girl put me in that sack because I would not eat some chicken-pie." — "If I get in there, I bet I eat that chicken-pie!" And got in there, and say, "Ol' Brother Rabbit put me in that sack because I would not eat that chicken-pie. Ol' Brother Rabbit, don't you think it's time to go to that box party?"

Went home. The next morning went to the field. Ol' Brother Rabbit jump behind, and say, "Brother Rabbit, what you want, who

<sup>1</sup> Written by Viola Butler. This tale includes fragments from "Tar Baby," "Playing Godfather," and "The Grease Test."

that keeps calling you?" — "My wife, and I don't want to go." — "Ol' Brother Rabbit, what you want, who that keeps calling you?" — "My ol' wife." — "You better go. She might be sick or something." All then went to running. When he got there, Brother Rabbit went in the safe and got that butter and chicken-pie. And Brother Squirrel went in the safe, and say, "Brother Rabbit, what you want? Who eat that butter and chicken-pie?" — "I don't know. The first one get out in the sun eat that chicken-pie." Ol' Brother Rabbit say, "I don't want to go. I tell you what we do! Let us go to get some sonon[?]" And they all ran and see a sonon-tree. Brother Rabbit say, "Let me go first!" So he went first. And Brother Rabbit said, "I wonder come some dogs!"

Wants some water; and he went to a man house and say, "Little girl, your papa say give me some water and kiss me." And her papa come; and the little girl say, "Papa, did you say kiss Brother Rabbit?" — "No! Who say so?" — "He say so." — "Let us go to fishing! The one who catch the most fish, they can marry my daughter." So Brother Rabbit say, "Let me lay down while you catch some fishes!" So Brother Squirrel catch him some, and say, "Get up and catch some fishes!" So Brother Rabbit catch him some. And took Brother Squirrel's on, and went to the man's house and say, "I have got the mos' fishes. Now give me your daughter!" And he gave her to him.

#### 16. THE PLUG.<sup>1</sup>

The fox an' Brother Rabbit was goin' to de girl's house. Dey sit down to de table and eat. Son Rabbit told Brother Rabbit to stop him up, 'cause all de food would fly out in de girl's face. An' then Brother Fox run around, run 'round, and je'k de stopper out of Son Rabbit, an' all de food flew in de girl's face.

#### 17. IN THE WELL.<sup>2</sup>

Billy-Goat jumped in a well-bucket, an' de fox came along. An' de billy-goat ax de fox did he want some nice cool, sweet water. He said, "Jump in one of de buckets." He jumped in one of de buckets. De fox went down, de billy-goat come up. An' Billy-Goat got out de bucket an' went on 'bout his business.

#### (Variant.<sup>3</sup>)

Once dere was a turtle and a rabbit an' a fox. Dey was courtin', an' the rabbit was in Turtle's garden; an' she says, "De fox is eatin'

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Freddie Lowe. Compare Louisiana (MAFLS 2 : 112), Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 110), *Pentamerone* (tr. Burton), 292-293.

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga. Compare Georgia (Harris 1 : No. XVI).

<sup>3</sup> Informant, Earl Anderson.

up ma beans. Ah'm goin' to ketch it." She asked de rabbit and fox who's one a-eatin'. She put a trap out, she kotched de rabbit. An' de rabbit said, "Ah'm so full, le' me get me a drink o' water!" De rabbit went down to de well, an' he went down in the well. An' de fox come down dere; an' he say, "What is you doin' down dere, Broder Rabbit?" An' he say, "Ah'm down here playin' seesaw." An' de fox got in de bucket an' went down. An' dat brought de rabbit to de top; an' de rabbit say, "Dat's de way de worl' go, — some comin' up, and some goin' down."

18. THE MURDEROUS MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

Dere was a little girl, an' she had a step-moder, an' de step-mother was beatin' her mean. An' her father was workin' way off. An' de little chil' ask her for a piece o' bread. An' she tol' her to get a bucket o' water, an' she'd give her de bread. An' de chil' got de water. An' den she tol' to get up de cows, den she'd give her de bread. An' she got up de cows, an' her mother wouldn' give her de bread. An' when her father come, he couldn' fin' her. An' he ask her mother where was she. She tol' him dat she didn' know. An' she said dat she sent her off. An' he went where she tel' him she was, an' she wasn' dere. Then he tol' de little boy to look for her. An' when the little boy went to look for her, a flower growed up side de house. An' de little boy he went an' touched de flower. De flower said, —

"Broder, broder,  
Don't touch ma curly hair,  
'Cause mamma has killed me!"

An' he went an' chop her head off wid an axe for killin' de child.

19. THREE LITTLE PIGS.<sup>2</sup>

Oncet there was three little pigs. They went to buil'in' a house. One of 'em got some straw an' made him a house. An' the wolf come 'long. The wolf ax, "Little pig, let me in!" Little pig said he wasn' goin' to do it. He said, "I will huff an' puff an' blow yer house down." An' he huffed an' puffed an' blew his house down, an' eat him up. Den de oder little pig went an' got him some sticks. An' tol' de oder little pig de same t'in'. Den he ate up dat oder little pig. De oder little pig got him some bricks. De ol' wolf come dere an' ax to let him in. An' he say he would huff an' puff an' blow his house down. He huffed an' puffed, an' he couldn' blow de house

<sup>1</sup> Informant, Julia Wilson. For bibliography see JAFL 32 : 364 (note 1).

<sup>2</sup> Informant, Henry Yeddell of Augusta, Ga. Probably has a literary source.

down. An' he tol' de little pig he comin' down de chimney. An' he come down de chimney. An' Little Pig had a big ol' pot o' hot water on de fiah, an' de wolf fell in de pot; an' he put de lid on him, an' he shut him up in de pot. An' he sot on de pot, an' dat end it.

#### 20. THE FIVE KIDS.<sup>1</sup>

Once a funny time there was five goats; and their mother went to get them some fruit, and told them to do all their work. And they did all their work. And a wolf came to the door and knocked; and they said, "No, is that you, mother? Let me see! Hold your foot up to the window!" And the wolf holded his foot up to the window. And the five goats said, "No, it tain't." And the wolf went to the baker, and said, "Baker, baker, give me some flour to put on my foot." And the baker gave him the flour. And the wolf put the flour on his foot and went and knocked again. And the five goats said, "No, is that you, mother? Hold your foot up to the window!" And the wolf holded his foot up to the window; and the goats said, "Yes, you are my mother. Come in!" Four got under the bed, and the other one got in the clock. And the wolf came in and ate the four what was under the bed, and the one in the clock was safe. And their mother came, and said, "Where are my other children?" And the goat said, "A wolf came and ate them up." And its mother said, "Let's cut him open and get the other four!" And she took a knife and a fork, and she cut him open and got the four goats, and filled him up with bricks. And he went down to the pon' to get some water, and he fell in the pon'. And this is the end.

#### 21. THREE MORE FOOLS.<sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time there was a woman with three girl. Her older girl was engage to get married to a boy. So one day he come to the house to see this girl. Her mother sent one of the girls to the spring. She stay so long 'til her mother say, "Go to the spring and see what are sister doing." So when she got to the spring, she ask the girl what was she staying so long? "I am studying up a name for sister to name the baby when she marry." — "Well, that is a good idea. I guess I had better study too." So she sit down to help study. So they stay so long 'til her mother went down there to see what they were doing. She ask them what they were doing. They told her they was studying a name for sister to name the baby when she marry. "Well, that is a good idea; I guess I had better study too." So she sit down to study too. They stay so long 'til the last girl went

<sup>1</sup> Written by Joseph Harley.

<sup>2</sup> Written by Emma Lee Quarles. For bibliography see MAPLS 13 : 128 (note 3).

what had the company. "What are you all doing?" — "Sat down study up a name for sister to name the baby when she marry." — "Well, that is a good idea; I guess I had better study." So they sat down to study. So the boy went down there. He ask them what they was doing there? Say they was studying a name "for you and sister to name the baby when you are married." He told them that if he find three more fool like them, he would come back and marry the girl. So he went, an' he saw a lady scrubbing floor. She was trying to get the sun to come in to dry the floor with a wheelbarrow. The boy said, "What are you doing?" — "I am trying to get the sun in to dry my floor." — "Why do you ask [?] the door and let the sun shine in and dry it?" — "Well, that is a good idea." So he went, an' saw a man with a oxen. He say, "Try to get the oxen to climb up there to eat the moss." He was just beating the oxen, trying to make him get up there to eat the moss. The boy say, "What are you doing?" — "I am trying to make the oxen eat the moss." — "Why don't you take a hoe and rake it down?" — "Well, that is a good idea." So the boy went until he came to a tree. He saw a man with a new pair of overalls. He was trying to jump in them, had them hanging up in the tree. He say, "Why don't you put a sheet on the ground and stand on the sheet an' put them on?" So he say he hadn' thought about that. So he went on back an' married the girl.

(*Variant.*<sup>1</sup>)

Once upon a time there was a hungry farmer. His wife had just finish scrubbing the chicken. He wanted his dinner. She said, "When de floor dry, I will cook your dinner." He goes out and get the wheelbarrow, and he goes out and in, out and in. And a man was passing, and asked him what was he doing. He said he was rolling sunshine in the house to dry the floor.

22. FEASTING ON DOG.<sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time there was a man and his wife and children, and they lived in the country. So one day the old man went out hunting to find a squirrel. And they had an old dog named Cæsar, and so the man carried the dog with him. And he hunted and hunted and hunted until he got tired, and still he found nothing. He had a friend living near the woods where he was hunting, and, as he was tired of hunting, he went to this friend's house and got his dinner and rested. Then went and looked and looked and looked again, and didn't find anything. And so he shot the dog Cæsar, and skinned him and cut

<sup>1</sup> Written by Ella Mae Allbright.

<sup>2</sup> Written by Ruth Grudy. Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 188).

off his head and tail, and cleaned him good and carried him home. And the lady said, "Old man, why did you cut off his head?" And he said, "Because it was shot up so bad." And she replied, "Well, why did you cut off his tail?" And he said, "I never cut it off, I shot it off." And so she washed it and cooked it, and seasoned it good with pepper and salt and dumplings; and when dinner was ready, the wife called him to dinner; and he said, "I am not hungry; I have an awful headache." And they called and called and called; and he wouldn't come to dinner, for he was sick with a headache. So the mother and children ate dinner; and when they were all through, they were all chewing the bones and calling the dog. They were running to the window, calling, "Here, Cæsar, here! Here, Cæsar, here!" Running to the window, calling, "Here, Cæsar, here!" And so the father heard the children calling Cæsar; and he said, "Eat Cæsar meat, chew Cæsar bone; and running to the back door, calling, 'Here, Cæsar, here!'" And he said it again: "Eat Cæsar meat and chew Cæsar bone; running to the window, calling, 'Here, Cæsar, here!'" And so the mother understood what he was saying, and she took after him with a stick of wood; and she never did catch him. And they stepped across the Atlantic Ocean, and she hasn't caught him to-day.

### 23. SURE TO DIE.<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there was a man and his master. So he ask his master to sell him a hog. So his master wouldn't do it. So he stole him one. So he met his master. His master asked him, "What that you got?" — "My baby." — "Oh, let me see it!" — "The doctor say if anybody see this baby, he be sure to die." — "Oh, let me see it!" Say, "If anybody see this baby, he be sure to die."

### 24. A BIG BLACK MAN WITH A DERBY ON.<sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time there was a man who had been in the rung[?]. So his master put him in the coal-mine. So he was singing, —

"Sweet home,  
There's no place like home."

So he sung so pretty, that his master turned him aloose. "Don't you hear how he sing?" So they turned him aloose. So when his wife saw him, she come with baby and two children. The man said, "Who been here since I been gone?" — "A big black man with a derby on."

<sup>1</sup> Written by Willie Benjamin.

<sup>2</sup> Written by Willie Benjamin. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 162 (note 1).

25. IN THE BAG.<sup>1</sup>

There was a farmer who had a bumble-bee in a bag. He went to Puntious Pilot to get some pum'kin to make some pies. So he travel through the woods. Soon he came to a house, and went in and asked the lady of the house to let his bag stay 'til he go Puntious Pilot's to get some pumpkins, and told the lady to be careful not to open the bag. But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the lady untied the bag, and the bumble-bee flew out the bag. So the lady's little boy ran out to catch the bee, but could not; so the lady put her little boy in the bag.

26. NOBODY BUT YOU, DIRECTLY.<sup>2</sup>

One time a man an' a cat was in a house by themself. The cat said to the man, "Look like ain't nobody in here but me and you to-night." The man said to the cat, "Ain't nobody going to be in here but you, directly." So the man started to running. The cat said to the man, "Let somebody get here that know how to run!" The man jumped a fence. The cat said to the man, "Me and you both can jump fences." — "Ain't nobody going to be jumping them but you, directly." The cat said, "I am tired." The man said, "Ain't nobody going to be tired but you, directly."

27. MOON STORIES.<sup>3</sup>

One night I was walking along through the wood, I heard something behind a log going rap! pap! rap! I looked to see what it was. Then it was the moon trying to change and couldn'. I ran my hand in my pocket, and pitch a quarter over there, and the moon change atmeetly [immediately]. That is true.

One night my daddy was walkin' along, an' slap a spike through the moon, and I ran around the other side and clenched it. And that is hard to beat.

28. YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN 'TIL YOU DIE.<sup>4</sup>

Once upon a time there was a woman had a son. So one morning he went out into the smoke-house to get some meat. So while he was in the house, the house and trees began to shake. So he stepped to the door. "O Mom, Mom! what is that?" — "Son, I don't know. You better come in the house." And the young man was a minister; so he said, "You needn't call me, for you can't get to heaven 'til you die.

<sup>1</sup> Written by Essie Lee Williams.

<sup>2</sup> Written by Herbert Fuller. For bibliography see JAF 32 : 367 (note 1).

<sup>3</sup> Written by Herbert Fuller.

<sup>4</sup> Written by Minty Benjamin.



"Oh, you must be the lover of the Lord!  
You can't get to heaven 'til you die."

### 29. MASTER'S MEAT AND LARD.<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there were two fellows in slavery, and they stole some of their master's meat out of his meat-house. And when he missed meat, he got after these two men, and said, "Come, John, and tell me about my meat! There are two've middlings of meat and two've gourds of lard gone. Or else I give you and Jim three hundred lashes apiece." — "Master, I don't know where your meat and lard are, master, me never took it." — "Come on out and take your three hundred lashes, or else git my meat and lard!" — "Master, I ain't got your meat and lard." — "Come on out here, I'm going to give you them three hundred lashes. — Come on up, Jim! I take you first." So the old man said, "Stand to your daddy, good old pluck! copy, copy, copy!" So he said again, "Copy, copy!" So the son took his and got down. So the old man got to take his. So the licks came so rapid, so the old man said, "O master! do Lord! those do hurt me so bad! Lord have mussy on poor me!" So the lick didn't stop coming. So the old man hollered, "O Laura! look up in the loft, and bring me master two've middling of meat and two've gourds of lard." So the master didn't stop putting the lashes to John.

### 30. SYMPATHY.<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there was a woman and her husband and grandchildren. They had got pretty aged, so one day she went into the garden to hoe some. So while she was in there, the chimly fell and killed the father. So the children all called, "O grandma! the chimly has fell and killed grandpa!" — "I'll bet five dollars it broke my pipe," said the grandmother.

### 31. MR. HARD-TIME.<sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time there was four in family. This man and his wife worked hard in the field, saved two hams; told the two childrens, "We will save them for hard time." A old man came along, and ask the children for a drink of water. They ask him, "What is your name, mister?" He said, "My name is Hard-Time." They said, "Wait here! Here are two hams mamma and papa been saving for you, if your name is Hard-Time."

<sup>1</sup> Written by Minty Benjamin.

<sup>2</sup> Written by Ella Mae Allbright. Compare Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 93), comparative (Bolte u. Polivka, LV, LIX).

32. BOX LIGHTER.<sup>1</sup>

Once a man was going to sail across the Atlantic Ocean, and had a box of cigarettes and did not have a match, and he wanted to light the cigarette. How would he light them? So he did not know what to do; so I said, "I will make them light." He said, "All right!" So I took the cigarettes out of the box and threw them into the water, and that made the box light.

33. PEANUT-PLANTING.<sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time Brother Rabbit and Brother Fox were having a farm. And Brother Fox said, "We will have a peanut farm." And Brother Rabbit was so glad! Brother Fox got his mule and his plough, and went to work. And he wanted Brother Rabbit to drop the peanuts. And he must drop them about three inches apart. And Brother Rabbit did what he was told. And he dropped one row, and ate one row and dropped the hulls. And when the peanut came up, one row came up, and the other row did not come up. And Brother Fox was angry and wanted to kill the rabbit. So they said, "Let us go and dig and see what the matter!" So they dig and dig, found nothing but hulls.

34. ROOSTER FIGHTS.<sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time a frog got in a fight with a rooster, and the rooster went to pick the frog in his mouth, and the frog sling the rooster so far. And next week he got a letter hearing that the rooster had kill three prodigal sons and wounded St. Paul.

35. THE FIDDLE.<sup>3</sup>

Once there was a man went to a countryman house and carried a fiddle, and it was in a box. He took it out to play a song. Then the countryman ran to another house, was frightened to death almost. He ask him, "What your trouble? What is the matter with you?" — "A man come to my house a few minutes, and opened a coffin and took a little baby out of it, and scratched him on his stomach; and it went to crying, and I left."

36. TOAD-FROG'S TAIL.<sup>4</sup>

De bull-frawg swapped his eyes fo' de toad-frawg tail. Dat's why de toad-frawg ain't got no tail.

<sup>1</sup> Written by West Jefferson. See Riddle 92.

<sup>2</sup> Written by West Jefferson.

<sup>3</sup> Written by Cora Lee Albright.

<sup>4</sup> Informant, Marian Glover.

## RIDDLES.

1. Little Nancy Etticoat <sup>1</sup>  
 In a white petticoat  
 An' a red nose.  
 The longer she stand,  
 The shorter she grows.

*Ans.* Candle.<sup>2</sup>

2. Onct I was goin' 'cross London Bridge.  
 Met a man,  
 I drunked his blood,  
 An' t'rowed his hide away.

*Ans.* Watermelon.<sup>3</sup>

(*Variants.*)

- (1) As I was going over London Bridge,  
 I met old Dr. Gray.  
 I sucked his blood,  
 An' threw his skin away.
- (2) As I was goin' down de street,  
 I met with ol' gran'father.  
 I ate his meat an' drank his blood,  
 An' threw his hide away.
- (3) One day I was going 'cross London Bridge,  
 An' met ol' lady Nancy.  
 Sucked her blood,  
 An' lef' her body dancin'.

*Ans.* I picked a blackberry, an' left  
 de bush a-shakin'.

- (4) As I was going across London Bridge,  
 I met Sister Sally Ann.  
 She was drunk, and I was sober,  
 So I kicked her over.

*Ans.* A bottle of whiskey.

3. Twenty-five white steer  
 Standin' in a stall,  
 Up run a big red bull  
 An' outlicked all.

*Ans.* Teeth an' yer tongue.

<sup>1</sup> *Variant:* Nanny Metticoat.

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 30 : 202 (No. 19), 275 (No. 5); 32 : 440 (No. 20).

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 30 : 277 (No. 20); 32 : 375 (No. 6).

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Thirty white horses on a red hill,  
Now they stamp, now they stand still.

*Ans.* Your teeth.

- (2) Thirty-two horses,  
Some on red hills,  
Some on blue hills.

*Ans.* Teeth.

4. What's this?

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
All the king's horses an' all the king's men <sup>1</sup>  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together <sup>2</sup> again.<sup>3</sup>

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
Humpty Dumpty fell on de wall.

*Ans.* Egg.

- (2) Humpity Trumpity fell on de flo'.  
No man can't pick  
Humpity Trumpity up.

*Ans.* Aigg.

- (3) Humpty Dumpty went to town,  
Humpty Dumpty tore his gown.  
All the womens in the town  
Could not men' Humpty Dumpty's gown.

5. Whitey went upstairs,  
Whitey come downstairs.

*Ans.* White hen went upstairs and  
laid an aigg, an' she come  
down.<sup>4</sup>

(*Variant.*)

Whitey went upstairs  
An' lef' Whitey.

6. As we were goin' 'cross London Bridge,  
We rode an' yet walked.

*Ans.* Little dawg name Yet.<sup>5</sup>

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Man had a little dawg.  
His name was Get.  
Get rid, but yet he walked.

*Ans.* Man he was named Get, had a  
little dawg named Yet. He rode,  
and Yet he walked.

<sup>1</sup> *Variant:* All the great men an' all the great horses.

<sup>2</sup> *Variant:* Back.

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 206 (No. 51).

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 204 (No. 29); 32 : 388 (No. 1).

<sup>5</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 202 (No. 17).

- (2) The man rid',  
But yet walked.

*Ans.* It was a man ridin'. He had a dawg named Yet.

7. I went off on Monday  
An' spent three days,  
An' came back on a Monday.

*Ans.* Was a horse named Monday.

8. Hands full,  
House full,  
Still can't ketch a spoonful.

*Ans.* Smoke.<sup>1</sup>

(*Variants.*)

- (1) A houseful,  
An' can't get a spoonful.

*Ans.* Smoke.

- (2) A bowlful,  
An' can't ketch any.

*Ans.* Smoke.

- (3) Goes all the way 'round the house,  
An' don't ketch but a spoonful.

*Ans.* Smoke.<sup>2</sup>

9. All way 'roun' de house,  
Come to de do' an' can't come in.

*Ans.* Path.<sup>3</sup>

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Som't'in' goes all up to yer do'  
An' never goes in.

*Ans.* Path.

- (2) Go to the spring  
An' never drink a drop.

*Ans.* Path.<sup>4</sup>

- (3) Go by de spring  
An' never duh drink.

*Ans.* Path.

10. What is holler an' never stops holler? — *Ans.* Holler tree.<sup>5</sup>

(*Variant.*) Holler all de time, day an' night, never get t'rough hollerin'. — *Ans.* Holler lawg.

# II. What is dis? —

Ah see Briney,  
Don' see me;

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 201 (No. 3).

<sup>2</sup> *Variant:* Wind.

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 202 (No. 12); 32 : 390 (No. 25).

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 32 : 389 (No. 7).

<sup>5</sup> This riddle is common in the Sea Islands, South Carolina.

Ah feel Briney,  
Don' feel me.

*Ans.* Lady had a little dawg.  
He died. She made a pair  
of gloves out of him.<sup>1</sup>

12. Tippy upstairs,  
Tippy downstairs,  
If you touch <sup>2</sup> Tippy Tippy,  
Tippy will bitecher.  
*Ans.* Wasp.<sup>3</sup>

(*Variant.*)  
Little Tippy upstairs,  
Little Tippy downstairs,  
Little Tippy bitecher.  
*Ans.* Wasp.

13. Roun' as a saucer<sup>4</sup>  
An' deep as a cup,  
No king horses  
Can't pull it up.  
*Ans.* Well.<sup>5</sup>

14. Round as a biscuit,  
Deep as a well,  
Got many winders as a hotel.  
*Ans.* Thimble.

15. Round as a dollar,  
Busy as a bee,  
In the middle  
Go tick, tack, tee!  
*Ans.* Watch.

(*Variants.*)  
(1) Round as a biscuit,  
An' in de middle  
Go tick, tick, tick!  
(2) Round as a biscuit,  
Go tick, tack, toe!

16. Round as a saucer,  
Deep as a saucer,  
Three legs, cannot run.  
Two ears an' cannot hear.  
*Ans.* Watch-pocket.

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFI 30 : 203 (No. 23).

<sup>2</sup> *Variant:* Ever ketch.

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFI 30 : 206 (No. 50); 32 : 389 (No. 11).

<sup>4</sup> *Variant:* Long as an apple.

<sup>5</sup> Compare JAFI 30 : 201 (No. 1); 32 : 389 (No. 16).

17. Round as a biscuit,  
Busy as a bee,  
Pretties' little thing  
Ever did see.  
*Ans. Watch.<sup>1</sup>*
18. Round as a biscuit,  
Round as a cup,  
Black as ink,  
Can't see a wink.  
*Ans. Spider (skillet).*
19. Roun' as a biscuit,  
Slick as a mole,  
Long tail,  
An' a thumb in hole.  
*Ans. Frying-pan.*
20. Round as a saucer,  
Deep as a cup,  
One thousand holes in the middle.  
*Ans. Sifter.*

(*Variant.*) A little thing has a thousand holes. — *Ans. Strainer.*

21. Has a thousand eyes an' can't see. — *Ans. Sifter.*
22. What dis yere?

Pit de patte', pit de patte',  
T'ree times a day  
In anybody house.  
*Ans. Sift.*

23. Long leg,  
Short thigh,  
Bald head,  
An' no eye.  
*Ans. Pair o' tongs.<sup>2</sup>*
24. Long leg,  
Short thigh,  
Bald head,  
An' bully eyes.  
*Ans. Frawg.<sup>3</sup>*
25. Four laigs,  
Two ear,  
Long nose,  
No eyes.  
*Ans. Mole*

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 201 (No. 2); 32 : 389 (No. 17).

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 201 (No. 4).

<sup>3</sup> Compare *Ibid.* (No. 5).

26. Hickamor Hackamor,  
Over the kitchen door,  
All the king's horses  
An' all the king's men  
Couldn' pull Hickamor Hackamor  
Off the king's kitchen door.

*Ans. Sun.*

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Hickamor hackamor  
Hangin' over the kitchen do'.  
What is hickamor hackamor?
- (2) Hick more, Hack more,  
Hanging over the kitchen door.  
There is nothing more higher  
Than Hick more, Hack more.

27. Green on de outside, an' red on de inside. — *Ans. Watermelon.*<sup>1</sup>
28. White on de outside, white on de inside, an' yellor on de inside.  
— *Ans. Aigg.*<sup>2</sup>
29. Red on the outside, black on the inside, four corners round  
about. — *Ans. Chimney.*<sup>3</sup>
30. Som't'in' go all 'round de house an' don' make but one track. —  
*Ans. Wheelbarrow.*<sup>4</sup>

(*Variant.*) Go 'round the town an' don't make but one track.

31. Somet'in' go all 'round the house an' don't make but two tracks.  
— *Ans. Wagon.*

32. Brick upon brick,  
Hole in the middle.  
Guess that riddle,  
I'll give you a fiddle.<sup>5</sup>

*Ans. Chimney.*

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Patched up, patched up,  
Hole in de middle.  
Guess dis riddle,  
I'll give you a fiddle.

*Ans. Fireplace.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 276 (No. 9).

<sup>2</sup> Compare *Ibid.* (No. 13).

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 206 (No. 52).

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 202 (No. 9); 32 : 390 (No. 24).

<sup>5</sup> Recorded in the Sea Islands, South Carolina.



(2) Patchy patchy patch,  
Hole in the middle.

*Ans.* Chimney.

33. If a herrin 'an' a half cost a cent an' a half, what would eighteen cost? — *Ans.* Eighteen cents.

34. Two laigs,  
One face,  
Two han'.

*Ans.* Clock.

35. Four legs,  
One head,  
One foot,

*Ans.* Bed.

36. (Did you know) dere's enough bone in a pig foot to put one over ev'ry man do' in South Carolina. — *Ans.* Put one over de court-house do'.

37. Mother had a piece of checkety cloth.  
It was neither spun nor woven.  
It had been a sheet for many years,  
An' not a thread had been worn.

*Ans.* Beehive.

38. Sick (six?) set,<sup>1</sup>  
Seven spring,  
After de dead,  
Living come.

*Ans.* An animal was dead; an' Partridge  
was sittin' on his bone (skeleton), an'  
laid egg.<sup>2</sup>

39. Go all over the house at day,  
An' stand up in the corner at night.

*Ans.* Broom.<sup>3</sup>

(*Variant.*)

Go round in the house  
An' stan' in one corner.

40. What is dis yere? —

Go all the day-time,  
Come in at night,  
Sit back in the corner  
Wid his tongue hangin' out.

*Ans.* Shoe.

<sup>1</sup> Heard by riddler at Leesville, S.C.

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 32 : 390 (No. 19); Bolte u. Polivka, XXII.

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 32 : 390 (No. 23).

(Variants.)

- (1) Go ev'ywhey you go  
An' come back an' sit in the corner.  
*Ans.* Pair o' shoes.<sup>1</sup>
- (2) What sits in the corner  
An' sniffs (or yawns) for a bone?  
*Ans.* Shoe.<sup>2</sup>
- (3) Go all over de fields in the day-time,  
Sit up on de bed at night  
An' beg for bones.
- (4) What goes all down the street  
And sits up in a corner  
And waits for a bone?

41. What is it makes a journey through the fields by day an' sits upon the table at night? — *Ans.* Milk.

42. A man widout eyes saw two plums on a tree. He neither took one nor left one. — *Ans.* He took one plum, and he left one.

43. Somet'n' sittin' on three legs got ter have a mouth an' two ear. — *Ans.* Pot.

44. Black an' white an' red all over. — *Ans.* Newspaper.<sup>3</sup>

45. Four legs up,  
Four legs down,  
Soft in the middle,  
An' hard all 'round.  
*Ans.* Baid.<sup>4</sup>

46. Water over water  
Under water,  
Yet not touching the water.  
*Ans.* Eggs inside of a duck.

47. Over water  
And under water,  
An' never touch a drop.  
*Ans.* A lady is over a bridge, an' a bucket of water on top of her head.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 204 (No. 25).

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 32 : 389 (No. 9).

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 201 (No. 8).

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 32 : 439 (No. 3). This riddle is common in the Sea Islands, South Carolina.

<sup>5</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 203 (No. 20).

48. White as snow, an' snow it isn't.<sup>1</sup>  
 Green as grass, an' grass it isn't.  
 Red as blood, an' blood it isn't.  
 Black as ink, an' ink it isn't.  
*Ans.* Blackberry.<sup>2</sup>

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Red as blood,  
 Black as ink.  
 (2) Black as ink,  
 An' red on de inside.  
 49. First white, nex' green, nex' red, den black. — *Ans.* Blackberry.<sup>3</sup>

50. Has eyes an' can't see,  
 Tongue an' can't talk,<sup>4</sup>  
 Soul an' can't be saved.  
*Ans.* Shoe.

(*Variants.*)

- (1) Got tongue an' can't talk,  
 Got eyes an' can't see.  
 (2) What has a tongue an' can't talk,  
 An' a soul that can't die?  
 51. What has laigs  
 An' cannot walk? <sup>5</sup>  
*Ans.* House.  
 52. Have teeth,  
 But cannot eat.  
*Ans.* Saw.  
 53. It has two han's,  
 But it cannot touch me.  
 It has three legs,  
 But it cannot run from me.  
*Ans.* Clock.

54. Round as a pin,  
 Keen as a pin,  
 Ain't got but one eye.  
*Ans.* Needle.

55. Eleven pears hangin' high,  
 Eleven mens came ridin' by.  
 Each took a pear.  
 How many more left?  
*Ans.* The man's name was Each. <sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Variant:* White as milk, an' milk it ain't.

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 30 : 202 (No. 11).

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 32 : 388 (No. 5).

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 30 : 203 (No. 21).

<sup>5</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 30 : 204 (No. 24).

<sup>6</sup> Compare JAF<sup>L</sup> 30 : 202 (No. 13); 32 : 375 (No. 4).

(Variants.)

- (1) Twelve pears hangin' high,  
Twelve knight came ridin' by.  
Each knight took a pear  
An' lef' eleven hangin' dere.

*Ans.* All de knights took a pear togeder.

- (2) Twelve men come ridin' by.  
Each man took a pear,  
An' lef' eleven hangin' dere.

*Ans.* Man name Each.

56. You've got it,  
I haven' got it,  
But yet I use it the mos'.

*Ans.* Yer name.<sup>1</sup>

57. As I was goin' 'cross London Bridge,  
I met a little girl.  
She was cryin',  
She said her mother died seven years  
Before she was born.

*Ans.* Dyeing clothes.<sup>2</sup>

(Variant.)

- As I was goin' 'cross London Bridge,  
I met a little boy.  
I asked him how his mother was.  
He said she had been  
Dying for seven years.

*Ans.* She was dyeing clothes.

58. Between heaven an' earth,  
An' not on pines.

*Ans.* Knot on pine.<sup>3</sup>

(Variant.)

- Between the earth,  
Between sky, not on a tree.  
I told you,  
Now you tell me.

59. Man what made it, don't use.  
Man what use it, don' know it.

*Ans.* Coffin.

60. What a man make an' don't need. — *Ans.* Tombstone.

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 204 (No. 26).

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 32 : 389 (No. 15).

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 205 (No. 40).

61. Three little frawg  
Sittin' on a lawg.  
One jump off.  
How many was then lef'?'  
*Ans.* Three still.

62. Two legs sit on three legs,  
With one leg in his lap.  
In come four legs, take away one leg.  
Up jump two legs, pick up three legs,  
Threw after four legs, and make four legs drop one leg.<sup>1</sup>  
*Ans.* Was a man sitting on a three-leg stool with  
a ham in his lap, an' a dog came in an' take  
the ham, and the man made him drop it.

63. Big at the top,  
Little at the bottom,<sup>2</sup>  
Somet'in' at the middle  
Go flippity flop.  
*Ans.* Churn.<sup>3</sup>

64. What goes up white  
And comes down yellow?  
*Ans.* Egg.

65. Go up green  
An' come down red.  
*Ans.* Watermelon.

66. White run whitey outer whitey.  
*Ans.* White man run a white cow  
outer white cotton-field.<sup>4</sup>

*(Variants.)*

- (1) Whitey in a whitey,  
Whitey told a whitey  
To go drive whitey  
Out of whitey.

*Ans.* A white lady told a white dog to drive  
the white cow out of the white house.

- (2) Whitey runnin' Whitey out de corn-field.  
You give up?

*Ans.* White dawg runnin' a cow out de corn-field.

67. As I was goin' 'roun' the worl' Whig Whagum,  
I met Bum Bagum,  
Called Tom Tagum

<sup>1</sup> *Variant:* Bring one leg back.

<sup>2</sup> *Variant:* Wide at each en'.

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 202 (No. 16); 32 : 390 (No. 21).

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 32 : 375 (No. 3), 439 (No. 4). This riddle is common in the Sea Islands, South Carolina.

To run Bum Bagum  
Out of the worl' Whig Wagum.

*Ans.* Was a man went thro' his wheat-field,  
an' saw a cow, an' called the dawg to  
run the cow out the field.<sup>1</sup>

68. Black we are,  
But much admired.  
Men seek for us  
'Til they are tired.

*Ans.* Coal.

69. Black on outside,  
Red on inside.  
An' hoist yer leg an' stick it in.

*Ans.* Boot.<sup>2</sup>

70. In the garden they strayed  
A mos' beautiful maid  
As fair as the flower of morn.  
The first hour of her life  
She became a wife,  
An' died befo' she was born.

*Ans.* Eve.

71. Four going,  
Two big ones tryin' to ketch de little ones.

*Ans.* Buggy-wheel tryin' to ketch de little ones.<sup>1</sup>

72. In a barn there was fifteen years of corn.  
A rat been in the barn  
An' bring out three years each day.  
How many days would it take him to bring out the fifteen years of  
corn?

*Ans.* Fifteen day. He had one year of corn he  
would bring, an' his two years.

73. A calf was born in the Christmas,  
Died in the spring,  
An' didn' live to see New Year.

*Ans.* Died in a spring of water befo' New Year.<sup>2</sup>

74. Roun' like a rainbow,  
Teeth like a cat.  
Guess all de riddles,  
Can't guess dat.

*Ans.* Bamboo brier.<sup>4</sup>

75. Opens like a barn-door,  
Shuts up like a trap.  
Guess all your life,  
You'll never guess that.

*Ans.* Scissors.

<sup>1</sup> This riddle is common in the Sea Islands, South Carolina.

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 205 (No. 45).

<sup>3</sup> I have recorded this riddle from a white woman in South County, Rhode Island.

<sup>4</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 204 (No. 32).

76. Crooked as a rainbow,  
Slick as a plate,  
Ten thousand horses  
Can't pull it straight.  
*Ans. River.*
77. 'Live on each en',  
Dead in the middle.  
*Ans. Horse an' man plough.<sup>1</sup>*
78. I saw two boats,  
An' only one man aboa'd.  
*Ans. Pair shoes an' one man.*
79. The mo' you feed it,  
The mo' it grow.  
Ef you give it water,  
It will die.  
*Ans. Fiah.*
80. Long, tall,  
Black feller,  
Pull him back  
An' hear him bellow.  
*Ans. Gun.<sup>2</sup>*

81. Who the stronges' man in the world? — *Ans. Jonah, because the whale couldn' hol' him in his belly after he swallowed him.*

82. A dog in the woods  
Can't bark.  
*Ans. Dogwood-tree.*
83. Eight eyes,  
Sure am I.  
All in white,  
All know I am bright,  
Can't do without me only at night.  
*Ans. Winder-pane.*
84. I ain't got it,  
I wouldn' have it;  
An' if I had it,  
I wouldn't take the worl' for it.  
*Ans. Bald head.<sup>3</sup>*
85. A man had twenty sick [six] sheep,  
An' one died.  
How many had he lef'?  
*Ans. Nineteen.*

<sup>1</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 201 (No. 6); 32 : 388 (No. 4). This riddle is common in the Sea Islands, South Carolina.

<sup>2</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 202 (No. 18).

<sup>3</sup> Compare JAFL 30 : 204 (No. 34); 32 : 389 (No. 14).





"Heh, Broder Rabbit!  
 Yer lip mighty thin!" —  
 "Yes, my Gawd!  
 I'm wettin' t'ro' de vin'."

## RING-GAMES.

The following accounts of "ring-plays" were given by Freddie Lowe:—

1. London Bridge is broken down,  
 Ma fair lady!

Two hol's up deir han's, de oders walk through. Dey say, "Which you rather be, silver or gold?" Get behind each other. Pull over a line, and see who'd get de game.

2. Merry go round the rose-bush,  
 The rose-bush, the rose-bush,  
 So early in the mornin'!  
 The las' one squats,  
 So breeze so bright,  
 So early in the mornin'.

Makes a ring, ketch one each hand, all make a ring. If one does not squat down at de time de rest do, one takes him by the hand an' go an' ask him who'd he love. He have a sweetheart, tells. Turns his back to de ring, de oders face into de ring, dey all ketch him by de hand.

3. MOTHER HEN. Chicken ma chicken ma crane ma croo  
 Went to de well to wash ma toe;  
 When I got back, ma chicken was gone.  
 What time it is?

CROW. One o'clock.

MOTHER HEN. Chicken ma chicken ma crane ma croo  
 Went to de well to wash ma toe;  
 When I got back, ma chicken was gone.  
 What time it is?

CROW. Two o'clock.

[This is repeated up to five o'clock.]<sup>1</sup>

CROW. Have some corn?

MOTHER HEN. Chicky don't hear ye.

CROW. Have some corn?

MOTHER HEN. Chicky, Chicky! Throw it in the garden.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Charleston, S.C. (JAFL 32 : 376).

He [Crow] take it [the chick] and lay it aside, and try and ketch more until he ketches 'em all. Dey turn to people den. De lady what was de crow say, "Would you like to come and see ma garden?" The other lady what ownded de chickens say, "Have you any dawg?" — "No, I have no dawg." Then she calls the dawg, and sick 'im on and ketch the lady to eat up.

4. Dey stand up in a row.

ONE. Pickin' cherries?

OTHERS. Who for?

ONE. Sweet kiss.

OTHERS. Who from?

ONE. Arthur Love (any name you want say).

One walks out, an' takes place of the first one.

## FOLK-LORE FROM ANTIGUA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.

BY JOHN H. JOHNSON.

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE stories, riddles, and proverbs given in this collection were recited by George W. Edwards, a native of Greenbay, Antigua, British West Indies. Antigua is one of the Leeward Islands in the Lesser Antilles. The town of Greenbay is about two miles outside of St. John, the capital of Antigua.

George Edwards is a man fifty years old. In giving the bulk of this material he exhibited unusual memory-power. Aside from prompting, suggestions, and riddles Nos. 34, 39, 42, 45, and 47, he alone is responsible for the entire collection. He has lived in New

York for the past ten years. His greatest aid in recalling the stories has been his wife, who is about thirty years of age and also a native of Greenbay, Antigua. She is the informant of the five riddles mentioned above.

Several attempts have been made to get comparative material of a substantial character from other West Indians living in New York. Not much of anything as yet has been accomplished in this direction. It is a rare thing to be able to persuade a West Indian in this country to talk "Nancy stories." It has been possible for me to interview many who have come here recently; but, almost without exception, they will show reticence in telling their folk-stories. Fear of ridicule is without doubt the cause.

The informant of this material, however, showed neither reticence nor timidity, once the purpose of the work was explained to him. He entered eagerly into the work. After the first two or three visits, self-consciousness disappeared. In telling an exciting story, the voice became animated, and changed to represent the different characters. Rapid gestures, swaying of the body, steps, — all played an important part in giving the stories an interest that the reader cannot hope to obtain.

The material was taken down in the course of about twenty-five visits to the home of the informant during the year 1920. The trips were all made at night, and usually consumed from an hour and a half to two hours. There is a saying among Antiguan, that "if you talk Nancy stories in the day, you will go blind." The early visits were more satisfactory. Then there was no hesitation. The stories were "spinned off." The later trips were more arduous. Edwards commenced to have difficulty remembering all the incidents of his tale, and we had to call on his wife for aid frequently. Occasionally friends were consulted to help fill out a partially forgotten story. If a story were left over incomplete, very likely upon a succeeding trip the obscure parts would be cleared up. Without doubt, much of this clearing-up consisted of material made up by the informant.<sup>1</sup>

Curiously enough, this tendency to improvise, which some of the tales have, did not occur in the songs. Unless the proper tune and words were recalled, there was no attempt to give the story. It was not thought worth while telling a tale without the "proper tune." The ability of the informant as a story-teller was praised to me by his wife, because he could sing the tunes "so sweet." The particular song of a tale sometimes proved the key to recall the whole story. This is true of No. 3, also of No. 21.

No titles were used by the story-teller. The formulaic endings so common to West Indian folk-tales are seen in many of the stories, the particular favorite being —

<sup>1</sup> Observable in Tale 34, but not to my mind in other tales. — E. C. P.

“And I went through Miss Havercomb alley,  
 And I see a lead was bending;  
 So der lead ben’,  
 So der story en’.”

Nothing in the nature of an opening rhyme was given. Chief among the characters is Nancy, the well-known trickster of the West Indies. Unscrupulous, greedy, and thieving, he generally manages to take advantage of his associates. When cornered, he possesses the power of transforming himself into a spider. His place of refuge at this time is invariably “the cassy apple-tree.” Nancy has a peculiar nasal voice, and speaks differently from the other characters. Just why this is so, I was not able to find out. Milne-Home ascribes Nancy’s peculiar voice and speech to his having talked with animals so much that he now talks like them. Not a very vivid description of Nancy was to be had. My informant said, “Nancy looks like any other man you see.”

Toukouma is a hazy character. In No. 2, Toukouma is an associate of Nancy’s; in No. 4 he is the son of Nancy. From instances given, and from his position in other West Indian tales, it is certain that he is one of the special dupes of Nancy. There are the usual cycle of animals found in Negro tales from Africa and in the Uncle Remus stories. There is no mention of hyena, jackal, or elephant; but we do have lion, tiger, monkey, and fox.

The provenience cannot be specifically stated. The form, on the whole, bears unmistakable signs of African origin. The content of the stories is filled with European material. Just how much of the European material has come directly to the Antiguans from Europe, and just how much is indirectly European, having been brought from Africa, is hard to say. No. 40, for instance, shows unmistakable signs of being a European story, and leads one at first to classify the story as directly European; but Dennett<sup>1</sup> (p. 60) gives practically the identical story taken from the Fjort. The incident of a woman becoming impregnated by drinking water is common in the Southwest. It is of European source, but in the Antigua tale the provenience is undoubtedly from Africa. The animal stories with the explanatory ending, and especially the moralizing tendency, are closely related to African models, although, because of sophistication, much of the moralizing has been dropped off. This is probably due to disintegration and lack of accuracy in telling the story. Gerber<sup>2</sup> says that only among the American Negroes in the South and the Negroes in Africa does one animal enter another voluntarily, and only in these regions is there the injunction to be careful of the heart.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Bibliography, p. 44.

<sup>2</sup> See JAFL 6 and cf. No. 8.

<sup>3</sup> I have recorded this tale in New Mexico from a Pueblo Indian, a Tewa.—E. C. P.

The effect of living in New York for years, during which time the tales have not been told and consequently have been partially forgotten, undoubtedly accounts for lack of completeness of some of the stories that Edwards gives. There is laxity in putting on the formulaic ending. Disintegration within the tales, the omission of the tests to find a guilty party, are results of a long absence from the West Indies. This is by no means true of all the stories. For instance, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 12, 17, 24, 26, 30, 40, 41, are remarkably well told. Nos. 7 and 31 show signs of having been cut down. Stories with Nancy as a character were managed exceptionally well by the informant. He trended toward these, and had less difficulty recalling them.

A word about the proverbs and riddles. Of the former, not many were given. In telling the riddles, the narrator derived a great deal of personal pleasure. These were recalled well; and when we needed more, they were made up (see Nos. 50, 51, 52, 55, and 59). Parsons (JAFL 30:275, No. 2) gives the following riddle, which is unanswered:—

Me riddle me riddle me randy oh,  
Perhaps you could clear dis riddle,  
An' perhaps you can't.

Somet'ing  
Go up and come down  
An' eat grass.

Ans. (?)

Edward gave the answer to this riddle, naming "a hoe."

The reference to biblical sources is frequent in the riddles. They are fine examples of the African tendency of adapting foreign material.

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## TALES.

### I. SPOILS TO DOG, PUNISHMENT TO NANCY.

Dis Nancy was by his gate one day, and saw Bro' Dog was passin'.  
An' he say to Bro' Dog, "What is it that you laughin' so for las' night?"  
Bro' Dog say, "Man, is dat gal puttin' han' in ma face up dere."



Nancy say, "Carry me an' let me get some laugh too, now." So dey 'range to go dere next night. Firs' o' all, Bro' Dog had to tie Nancy on his back. Nancy ask Bro' Dog if he ain' gone [going] let him carry his bag too. Dog say, "No, I got ma bag, don' need bag much, nohow." Bro' Dog carry his own bag across his shoulder. Dey went on on deir journey. Der firs' house they met, dere was a woman dere fryin' fish. Der woman jus' turn her back. Bro' Dog up wid der fryin'-pan an' empty in his bag. Der woman happe'd to turn back shortly an' saw Bro' Dog, *up* wid a stone, dat hit Nancy in der head. Nancy start to cry, say he gone to bawl. Bro' Dog say, "No, only sport dey makin'." Bro' Nancy say, "Damn dat, damn dat! Dat ain' no sport at all." Dey went on further. Bro' Dog went to 'noder house. Woman dere was cookin' funzi (corn). Dog went, took up ball o' der funzi, an' start to run. Jus' den der woman husban' come out wid a big stick an' fire at him. Nancy get it in der head ag'in. Tol' Dog he was gone to holler out. Dog say, "No, I tell you, it only sport dey makin' you." — "Dat ain' no sport, man, damn dat! dat ain' no sport, damn dat! dat ain' no sport at all." Dat da way Nancy talk, you know. He say, "Carry me back where you took me from." Dog say, "All right!" But Nancy 'member dere was a ball dey was havin' at the gov'nment house, an' he tell Dog take him dere. Dey went. Firs' place dey went was in der kitchen. Bro' Dog saw a whole ham, an' he up wid it an' put it in his bag. Der cook saw him, an' took a pot o' boilin' water an' t'row it over. Where it scal' all over Bro' Dog an' Bro' Nancy. Bro' Nancy he on top. Get all his head scal'. Den Bro' Dog he start to run, he loose Bro' Nancy, an' lef' him by der roadside, you know.

And I went through Miss Havercomb alley,  
 An I see a lead was bending;  
 So der lead ben'  
 So der story en'.

## 2. FIRE TEST.<sup>1</sup>

Nancy, Bro' Toukouma, an Bro' Lion went out one day to gather sugar-apples, an dey gathered a great many of dem. An' dey hide dem to get ripe. Dey made arrangements not to come back for t'ree days, den da t'ree would come back together. On da second day Nancy alone went an' found dem ripe, an' ate dem all off, an' drop da skin on da road. On da third day Bro' Toukouma an' Bro' Lion came to Nancy to ask him for dem to go look after dese sugar-apples. Dey met him at his yard plaitin' a basket. Nancy said, "Bieda (Bro') don' t'ink dose sugar-appie ipee (ripe) yet." So dey said,

<sup>1</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 193), Georgia (Harris 1 : XXVII, Harris 2 : XLII).

"Yes," an' dey went on to see about dem. Nancy was in front. He saw da skin on da road. So he say, "Bier (Bro') Lion, I hope it not you went to eat dose sugar-appie, I see da skin on da road." Lion tell him, "No, I not been back dere since dey went together." W'en dey went, dey fin' all da sugar-apples gone. Nancy want to blame da other two. An' dey say, "No." Nancy say, "Best t'ing we do catch up a ban a fire, an' da one what jump over is not he, an' da one jop in is he." Dey cot dis ban a fire, an' Toukouma firs' went. An' dey start to sing, —

"Sillee sillee da mande,  
Sillee sillee da mande,  
Oh, hole your back, da mande,  
Tie your buby (stomach) no bal,  
Tie your buby no bal-crim."<sup>1</sup>

Dat was Toukouma firs', an' Toukouma jump over clean. Lion goin' now. Dey sing da same song: —

"Sillee sillee da mande,  
Sillee sillee da mande,  
Oh, hole your back, da mande,  
Tie your buby no bal,  
Tie your buby no bal-crim."

An' Lion jump over clear. Den comes Nancy. He come singin', —

"Sillee sillee da mande,  
Sillee sillee da mande,  
Oh, hole you back, da mande,  
Tie you buby no bal,  
Tie you buby no bal-biff."

BIFF! for he drop in da fire. He say, "Lord, Lord, take me out! my shirt too tight." Dey took him out. So he went back to da fire, tryin' to jump over, singing da same song: —

"Sillee sillee da mande," etc.

An' he drop in da fire. An' he say, "Lord, Lord, take me out! me pant too tight." Dey take him out again. He wear only shirt an' pant, you know; he don' wear no underclothes; so he was in his naked skin. So he start to cry now, an' singin' again da same t'ing: —

"Sillee sillee da mande," etc.

An' w'en he made to jump over, he drop in da fire da third time, dey let him remain in da fire till he get a little scorch, den dey take him out. An' Nancy run in a cassy-tree. Dat's why Nancy like a cassy-tree.

And I went through Miss Havercomb alley,  
An I see a lead was bending;  
So der lead ben',  
So der story en'.

<sup>1</sup> Crim = jump.

3. HOW NANCY GOT THE GIRL.<sup>1</sup>

Dis gal was one, 'at, no matter how he act, Nancy no able to make agreeable. He t'ink a all t'ings dat he could say. She would not listen. On dis day she was passin'. Nancy say, "Take dis penny, an' when you get to de store, bring me a pennyworth of nothin'." De gal went as she was told. Now she return. Find Nancy in de bed. He was groanin'. She get in front a Nancy window. She sing, —

"O Nancy! hyar you' money. O Nancy! hyar you' money.  
I no see nothin', I no buy nothin'.  
Nancy, come take you' money!"

Nancy say, "Yegga yegga yegga come closer." She come to the door an' sing, —

"O Nancy! hyar you' money. O Nancy! hyar you' money.  
I no see nothin', I no buy nothin'.  
Nancy, come take you' money!"

Nancy say, "Yegga yegga yegga come closer." She step insider der door an' start to sing de same: —

"O Nancy! hyar you' money. O Nancy! hyar you' money.  
I no see nothin', I no buy nothin'.  
Nancy, come take you' money!"

Again Nancy say, "Yegga yegga yegga come closer." Der girl cryin' now. She step up to de bed. She sing. Cryin' too.

"O Nancy! hyar you' money. O Nancy! hyar you' money.  
I no see nothin', I no buy nothin'.  
Nancy, come take you' money!"

Nancy say, "Yegga yegga yegga come up on my bed." She bawlin' now. She get up on der bed. She sing dat song again.

Den Nancy he start to, an' he singin' dis too: —

"Bag mister lag, mister lag come sime;  
Bag mister lag, mister lag come sime;  
Bag mister lag, mister lag come sime."

An' dat's how Nancy got dis gal.

4. NANCY FOOLS HIS WIFE.<sup>2</sup>

## I.

Dis Nancy was real smart. He have wife too, an' a son name Little Toukouma. On one day when Nancy was out stealin', he get his

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (Pub. FLS 55 : IV).

<sup>2</sup> Probably heard by Edwards from Mrs. Henry of Barbadoes. Compare Dutch Guiana (JAFL 30 : 244-246).

arm caught, an' it was cut off. Some man stuff he was stealin' when de arm get caught, an' it take off. Dis arm got take jus' at de elbow. When Nancy come home, his wife say, "Ah, Nancy! how you get your arm cut off?"

Nancy say he been to a mill workin', when it cotch hi' arm an' tear it off. He say dat it took all his arm. Dey was sorry fer Nancy, an' he don' do nothin' now. He eat all dat he could get. An' when da wife she gone, Nancy take all de food from de little Toukouma. Dis boy would be dere wid de food, an' Nancy would come to him. Say, "Gi' me dat food, or Ah show you me stump." Den de boy go shoutin', for he afraid to have Nancy show him de stump a his arm. Whils' he cryin', de wife come, an' say Nancy refuse to admit dat he show de boy de stump.

Dis day come when Nancy want to get all de food what his wife got. Now, de woman had two pigs and a field a yams. Nancy try to t'ink how he could get dese. Each day she go to feed de pigs an' work de yams. Nancy make up his mind dat he must get dem. On dis day Nancy he stay in de bed. Make out dat he sick.<sup>1</sup> Say, "Wif, me so sick! O wif! me too sick. Me too sick." De woman tell him dat he must go to de doctor. Nancy say, "Ah, wif! me too sick. Me cayn't go, wif. Me too sick, wif." He roll an' toss about, an' de woman t'ink he about to die. Nancy tell her, "Wif, you gyo gyet de doctor! Wif, me too sick. You gyo!" She t'ink dat her husban' was relly sick, an' she start fer de doctor. When she gone, Nancy up from de bed an' take anoder road, so dat he come out in front of where de woman is goin'.

When Nancy get dere, he have 'noder kind a coat, so dat de woman not able to know he her own husban'. She come along. Nancy come out. Say to her, "Whar you goin', Mrs. Anancy?" She tell him dat her husban' so sick. Dat he look like he goin' to die. She goin' to get de doctor to come. He tell her dat she is doin' de right, an' dat she must be sure to get de doctor for him. So she went. Nancy take by different road, and he come to de place where de doctor live. When de woman come, he take bearing like he de doctor. She come to dis place.

Say, "O doctor! Nancy is too sick. Me 'fraid he will die. Me hyar to bring you to him."

Den Nancy say to her. She not know what he was. All time t'ink dat dis was de doctor. "Well, Mrs. Anancy, dat is too bad. Dis is what you try to make you' husban' better. You has two pigs an' a field a yams. If you kill dem pigs an' cook 'em up wid jus' de hair off, also cook up de yam wid dem, dat will cure you' husban'."

Dese pigs an' de field a yam was all dat dis woman had. But she

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (FLJ 1 : 291).

fool. De doctor say dat no matter what Nancy say, she mus gi' him dese t'ings, or he will die. She got home. Nancy was dere now in bed. Groanin' like he was goin' to die. Ask her what de doctor tell her. She say dat de doctor say she mus' kill a pig wid only de hair off, an' cook wid de yams. Nancy say, "Don' dyo it, wif! Don' kyill you' pig! Me not satisfy you kyill de pig." He foolin' her now, an' she was sure to kill dem. So she have one pig kill, an' did as de doctor tol' her. When she bring de pig an' yams to Nancy, he eat it all. On de next day she ask him how he feel. He say, "O wif! me sure to die. Me too sick." Den she tol' him dat she was goin' to kill de oder pig. Nancy say, "No!" But she sure dat only way to save Nancy, an' she did it. She bring de food. Nancy eat every bit a dis, an' not gi' his wife an' Little Toukouma any. Dat's de way Nancy fool his wife. Finish.

## II.

Nancy had been out fightin' on dis day. He come back to his home. Wife see de state dat he is in. She speak in a rage. "How you come home you' clothes dat raggedy? What you been doin'? You is in such a state, dat you mus' not stay hyar." Nancy had been fightin', but he not to let her know dat he was.

Say, "Ah, wif! me been down at de church. An' dem people get to fightin' dere, beat me, an' dey beat also de priest." Nancy t'ink dat she will believe dis. She would not believe dat he come dis raggedy when at de church. Nancy insist to her, "Is so, wif. Dey has beat de priest, an' he is raggedy. All he clothe is fallin' off. If you t'ink not so, come down hyar to where de priest is."

To believe her own eyes, de wif go. Nancy go in anoder way. He come to a big tree. Got up in de tree. Now his wif comin'. Say, "Good-mornin', Mrs. Anancy!" She did look up, an' Nancy fool her to believe dat he was de priest. He everyt'ing all tear. Was raggedy so dat he clothes about to fall off.

She say to him, "Is it true dat dey has been fightin'? Did dey tear all de clothes a de priest?"

Nancy say it was true, an' tell her too, "Look at me!" She believe dat it was so, an' return home. Now she gone. Nancy jump off de tree. He gone de next way home. He is home, an' she comin' up. When she is dere, he say, "Did you see dat dey have a fight? Done see dat it is so?"

"Yes, Bier Nancy, me see dat dey done been fightin'. Dat is true, de priest is raggedy." He did all dat to his wife, an' fool her.

An' I was dere, an' see it well done.

5. NANCY AND HONEY-TREE.<sup>1</sup>

While Nancy was goin' on dis day, he see dis tree. Come up to dis tree, an' say, "Ah! dis a pretty little tree. Dis honey-tree is a pyetty liytle tree."

De tree say dat he mus' call 'em "Wheelum." Nancy laugh, an' say dat it was a honey-tree. Dat he not need to call it "wheelum." Den Nancy get up in dat tree, an' start to suck de honey. He suck till he get all de honey what he want. Den he got stuck when he go to pull off from de tree. He twist, but he can't loose himself. Nancy start to beg. Say, "Please, Mr. Honey-Tree, don' cotch me! Leave me go, please, Mr. Honey-Tree!"

Honey-Tree say, "My name not Honey-Tree. My name Wheelum."

Nancy say, "Ar yight, Mr. Wheelum! Dat all right! Please let me go, Mr. Wheelum!"

When Nancy say "Wheelum," de tree start to spin. Dat tree wheel an' wheel. When it have him goin' round so, yap it loose him. Nancy was put at a distance by dis tree. He land, an' pick hisself well hurted by dis tree call "Wheelum."

Now Nancy come, an' all prepare to fool some a dese oder an'mals wid dis tree. Soon he see Bro' Cow comin'. Bro' Cow he a stupid one, an' Nancy pick him quick. Say, "O Bier Cow! Ah done find one very sweet tree."

Bro' Cow say, "Where dis tree? Show me it!"

An' Nancy carry him to where dis tree was. When he got him dere, he tell him dat he mus' suck, an' he will get all de honey dat he can eat. Bro' Cow did suck. When he finish, he not able to loose hiself. He cry, an' tell Bro' Nancy to help get him off. Nancy laughin' for fair now. Cow beg de tree to let he go. De tree say it name Wheelum. Den when Cow say "Wheelum," de tree t'row him also at a distance. An' he was hurted too. Bro' Nancy have all dis sport. He fool some dese oder an'mals wid dis same honey-tree. By an by he see Bro' Monkey. Now, Bro' Monkey was in dis tree, an' see all dat Nancy do. He come down, an' pass to where Nancy was. Nancy greet him. Say, "Well, Bier Monkey, jus' de man Ah like to see. Jus' de man. Bier, dere is a honey-tree dat has so sweet t'ing; an' I gwine carry you dere, bier." De monkey was willin', an' Nancy took him.

Dey come to dis tree. Nancy tell Monkey dat he must suck. Monkey answer dat he will not suck till Nancy firs' suck. Nancy say, "What matter, bier? Dat is sweet dere. You go! I have finish my suck. What matter you? Not want dat sweet t'ing dere! Come on, Bier Monkey! suck from dis tree!" But Monkey refuse to suck till

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (Pub. FLS 55 : II), Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 109), Georgia (Harris 1 : XIX); also Bulu (JAFL 27 : 266; 32 : 434), Liberia (JAFL, 32 : 417).

Nancy go firs' to suck. No matter what Nancy say, he still will not suck firs'. After dis, Nancy go to de tree, an' whisper, "Ah gwine suck firs', Bier Honey-Tree, but don' hol' me! Hear, Bier Honey-Tree, don' hol' me!"

De honey-tree answer dat it will not hol' him. Den Nancy say, "Ah yight, Bier Monkey! Ah gwine suck firs'. We gwine get full a dis honey."

Nancy went, an' he suck. But Monkey did not suck. De tree hol' him; an' no matter what he say, de tree not loose him. Monkey had in dis time gone to a distance. Here he put up a tall spike. Dese spike were jus' where de tree was t'rowin'. Monkey tell Nancy dat he gwine tell de tree wheelum. Nancy say, "No!" Monkey he in all kind a glee an' jump 'round. Nancy he keep beggin' dat tree please let he go. Dis de tree would not do. Nancy say, "Please don' hol' me, Bier Honey-Tree! Please let me go, Bier Honey-Tree!"

Tree say, "My name not Honey-Tree. My name Wheelum."

Den Bro' Monkey shout, "Wheelum, wheelum, wheelum!" An' de tree turn an' commence to spin about. De tree wheel an' wheel. Yap de tree let Nancy go, an' he land up on dis spike. Nancy he turn to spider, an' run in de cassy-tree.

I went through Miss Havercomb alley,  
An' I see a lead was bending;  
So da lead ben',  
So da story en'.

#### 6. WHY DOG HAS A HOLLOW AROUND HIS BELLY.<sup>1</sup>

Doukouna is a t'ing dat bear on tree. It a kind a fruit. On dis day Nancy was passin', an' see de doukouna. Now, dis doukouna is sweet, an' Nancy try to get it. When Nancy climb in de tree, de doukouna drop down. Every time dat Nancy go up, de doukouna come down. When Nancy get down, de doukouna went up. It keep goin' up an' down. Nancy was not able to cotch it. Den Bro' Dog come by. Nancy say, "Bier Dog, help me cotch dis doukouna! Stay under dere; an' when it come, cotch it for me."

Dog say he would, an' wait till Nancy climb de tree. Nancy went up, an' de doukouna drop down. Dog was under. When de doukouna come, de dog jump for it. He cotch it in his mouth, an' swallow dis doukouna right down. Nancy drop down an' seize de dog, an' squeeze him 'bout his belly till de doukouna pop right out. An' dat is why de dog always has a hollow round his belly. It is where Nancy squeeze de doukouna right out a him.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (Milne-Home, 122-124), Bahamas (MAFLS 3 : 79).

7. TAR BABY.<sup>1</sup>

Dis was a time a dry weather. All de an'mals was press to get water. Dey dug a well an' did reach water. Nancy was not allowed to drink from dis well, 'cause he would not dig. All de people come to drink from dis well, but Nancy was not supposed to come. Still he did come. Dey try all manner a t'ing to cotch Nancy, but dey could not. No matter what dey do, Nancy would get 'way. Dey not able to hol' him.

Dese people decide to fix up a tar baby. Dis was done, an' dey put de tar baby on de water. Each come to drink. None a dese people would touch de tar baby. Dey knew it was a tar baby. In tar baby hand was something sweet to eat. Now hyar come Nancy to steal some a dis water.

When he see de tar baby, t'ink dat it was fine gal. Say, "Hello dere, gal! what dat you got to eat?" De tar baby could not make any reply. When Nancy get his full drink, come to dis gal. "Come on, me fine gal! gi' me some a dat sweet!" He could not persuade dis tar baby. He get fussed, an' say dat he would take de food if she not gi' he some. He reach to get de food; but de tar baby stuck it, an' he not able to pull it off. He get in a rage. Tell de gal dat he will butt. She not move. He in rage for fair. "Mine gal, I gwin' hit you a big butt." An' he gave butt. His head get caught.

"Look out dere! I hit you, gal! Let me go my head! Don' fool me, gal! Loose my head! I hit you one wid dis hand!" He was stick fas'. When tar baby not loose him, he fire wid his one hand. It get stuck fas'.

"What matter you, gal?" He twist an' pullin'. Not able to get hand away. He swipe wid de oder hand. It stuck. "If you play dis way, gal, you will be hurted. Loose me, I say! Now you gwine get boot. Leggo me, 'fore I gi' you dis boot!" She would not. He boot, an' his foot stuck. When she not leggo wid any a him, he try de las' foot. He stuck wid head an' his hands an' his foot too. Nancy was caught in dis way. Dey an'mals come an' find him so.

But Nancy did get away. I don' know how he manage, but dey not smart to hol' him. He get caught; but somet'ing he do, an' dey is fool. Nancy too smart for dese an'mals.

8. IN THE COW'S BELLY.<sup>2</sup>

Once was a time when dere was not much to eat. Nancy he went out, an' come to a cow. He gwine jump in dis cow. He say, "Open, Toukouma, open!" An de cow open behin'. He went in. In dere

<sup>1</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 12; also FL 30 : 227-234; see also Gold Coast (Barker and Sinclair, 69-72), Mpongwe (Nassau, 22-23), Vandau (Curtis, 45).

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 8 (note 3), also Mpongwe (Nassau, 35-37).



he cut off all de flesh he want. He fill da sacks he got. Den he say da same, an' cow open. He went home wid de flesh.

Toukouma had a little datter. Send dis datter to get fire. Chil' see dat Nancy was cookin'. Don' know what it is. She wanted to know. Every fire dat she got, she put it out. She put out all de fire he gi' her. An' de chil' got a bit a de meat. De bit which she get, one strand stick in her teeth. Goin' home she grin' her teeth to her fader. An' he went to Nancy to know where he could get dis flesh. Nancy tol' him about de same cow.

Unknowing to Nancy, Toukouma went to dis cow. He get in dis cow da same way. Toukouma greedy, cut out de main guts. De cow fall, an' he not able to get out. De owner, seein' dat he cow dead an' de big bump in de belly, wondered what is it. Dey cut dis open, an' find it is Toukouma. He receive a beating, an' t'row away de meat from him.

9. THE FALSE MESSAGE:<sup>1</sup> NANCY MAKES FOX HIS RIDING-HORSE.<sup>2</sup>

A nobleman had a field a nuts. Dese nuts was not safe. For somebody was all de time t'iefin' dem. Dey don' know who do it. Dey was missin' after each night. Nancy apply to be de watchman for dis field a nuts. Dey made him de watchman. Now, here come Rabbit. Say, "Bro' Nancy, dis nobleman say dat you mus' tie me in de middle a dem field a nut."

Nancy tie him as he say. When he well tie up dere, he wait till night come. Nancy come. Say, "Bro' Nancy, you is to let me go now for get some water." Dis Nancy did do. When he loose him to get de water, Rabbit get in de field an' steal. Next mornin' de nuts is steal.

Every mornin' jus' de same. Rabbit is doin' all dis. After a while, on one occasion de nobleman come. When he hear what Rabbit say, he ordered him to be killed. Rabbit was tied de next time he come. He tied in de field a nuts. But dey don' not permit him to get any water. Nancy heat an iron. Nancy burn away Bro' Rabbit two little ball. An' after dis was done, Rabbit manage to get away. He was gone. An' Nancy play dis same trick on Fox. Rabbit put it up to Fox how he can steal from de nut. He don' let him know how he come off. When Fox try, Nancy burn out he two ball also.

You know now it is dat de Fox get place a de watchman over dis field. Nancy is put out now. De Fox manage to play also dis trick on Nancy. An' he burn out Nancy ball. Nancy got away. He come to a big stone. He sat on de stone. Rabbit now under de

<sup>1</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 82 (note 2), also Georgia (JAFL 32 : 402).

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 30 (note 1), also Louisiana (JAFL 9 : 195-196).

same stone. Rabbit took a straw. Touch Nancy de same place dat was burn. Nancy say, "Shoo, fly!" After dis straw continue at him, Nancy look under de stone. Seein' jus' de eyes a Rabbit, he say, "O Lord! de earth got de eyes."<sup>1</sup>

Rabbit say, "Hunter, if you lookin' Bro' Nancy, see him hyar." Den start Nancy to run. De more he run, de more de Rabbit shoutin' behind. For Nancy would kill Rabbit if he know it was dere.

Nancy went back to Fox. Tol' Fox dat he were goin' to marry to Toukouma datter. Fox, being greedy, ask him to take him to de weddin'. As soon as dey reach near de town, Nancy held Fox. He jump on he back. Ride him up jus' like a hoss. All de time sayin', —

"See Bro' Nancy comin' down,  
See Bro' Nancy comin' down!"

Nancy show de people dat he had control over Fox.

I went through Miss Havercomb alley,  
An' I see a lead was bending;  
So da lead ben',  
So da story en'.

IO. LEAF DISGUISE:<sup>2</sup> MOCK PLEA.<sup>3</sup>

Da man was use to go 'way to de field. Dis was his field. He was workin' da field. Each day dat went he would leave his boy dere to watch. Rabbit come when da man gone an' steal. De boy 'fraid a Bro' Rabbit. Nothin' dis boy do could beat Rabbit. Rabbit so smart dat he scare de boy. He find de pitch, an' put it on leaves. Dese stick to de pitch. When de boy see him, he run 'way in fright, an' Rabbit steal.

Rabbit was doin' dis. You know dat dey caught him. Well, dey was not able to keep him. De man decide dat de best t'ing will be to burn him. Rabbit say, "Oh, dat is fine! Please burn me!" But he was too happy, an' dey t'ink not to burn him. Next da man sure to drown him. He t'row Bro' Rabbit in de sea. Rabbit drop down, an' dig into de bottom an' den come out. Da sea not able to hurt him.

Rabbit sure he can fool dese people. He steal again. Dis man manage to catch him. But I don' know how he do it. Anyway, when dey get him dis time, it is to kill him. Rabbit say, "Aw, dat is fine to hang me! Please hang me!" Dey 'fraid to hang him. Rabbit is too smart for dese people. Rabbit say, "Do anyt'ing wid me, but don' trow me in de briar-bush!" Now dey sure to t'row him dere. Dey take him. When he loose, dey t'row him in dis briar-bush.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Angola (MAFLS 1 : 209), Bahamas (MAFLS 3 : 79).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Georgia (Harris 2 : V).

<sup>3</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 15 (note 4), also Alabama (JAFL 32 : 444).

When he land, Rabbit jump up. Standin' up big, he say loud, "Born an' bred in de briar-bush." An' he was gone. Finish.

(*Variant: Mock Plea.*<sup>1</sup>)

Man give Nancy some a his horse to watch. Nancy was supposed to take care a de horses. Each day de man would come an' say to Nancy, "What about dese horses?"

Nancy all de time say, "Horse gone to graze."

What it was, dat Nancy was eatin' one a de horses. An' de man did not know it. He keep tell him dat it is gone to graze. Nancy continue to kill de horses.

On dis occasion de man did get a neighbor to watch. An' de neighbor tell him dat Nancy was killin' dem horses. Now, you know de man come on sudden. He cotch Nancy.

Say, "What you kill my horse for?" Say, "Now I know you is killin' dem." An' he gave Nancy a good beatin'. He is goin' to kill Nancy. Nancy beg to him, but he would not do anyt'ing but kill him.

Nancy den tol' de man, if he mus' kill him, dat he will say what is de worse way. He ask Nancy, "What is dat?" Nancy say dat if he desire to make him hurt de mos', he mus' t'row him in de web on de cassy-tree. Dis man fool did t'row him on de cassy-tree. An' Nancy run up on de cassy-tree an' spin his web. Finish.

## II. BONE FOR A STUMP.<sup>2</sup>

Nancy an' Bro' Ramgoat was friends. Went about all together. Dey was without food. Den dey decide to go steal. Dey was in dis ground, an' de watchman come. To hide, decide to dig a hole. Dey dig a deep hole. Nancy an' Bro' Ramgoat is in dis hole. De watchman pass, an' lookin' for dem.

Ramgoat has long horn, you know. Dey are stickin' out de groun'. Watchman pass, stump he foot. Ramgoat say, "Lord, Bro' Nancy! he biff my horn. Such pain! I mus' gwine bawl. Lord, dat pain!"

Nancy tell him, "No, you mus' not! Don' not bawl, Bier Ramgoat!" Ramgoat did not bawl. De watchman surprise, an' want to know what stump dis was dat punch his foot so. He pass back, an' he hit his foot on de horn again. Ramgoat in distress.

Say to Nancy, "O Bro' Nancy! dis man kickin' my horn. Cain't stand dat. Too much, bro'. Too much. Too much. I gwine sure bawl." Nancy tell him "No," he don' want to, dat cause de watchman sure to catch dem now.

Now de watchman go in a rage when he hit his foot on dis same stump. He haul back, an' give Bro' Ramgoat horn one bat wid de

<sup>1</sup> Probably heard by Edwards from Mrs. Henry of Barbadoes.

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 103 (note 1).

stick. Dat almos' kill Bro' Ramgoat, 'cause he horn is tender, you know. "O Lord! I gwine bawl. O Lord! I can't stand dis. I bawl. I gwine bawl now."

Nancy try to tell him, "No. What matter, Bier Ramgoat? You mus' not bawl. He gwine 'way. Don' bawl yet, Bier! Do not bawl! You mus' keep quiet." Nancy say dis to Bier Ramgoat. Ramgoat is havin' all kind pain from de hit. He remain quiet. Den de watchman see dis long stump stickin' out. An' he did decide to cut it off. He took out his axe. Den he hit it one cut on Bro' Ramgoat horn. Dis make Ramgoat in agony. He not able to stand it.

Ramgoat say, "Lord, Lord, Lord! I can't stand it. It too much." De man was cuttin' his horn. An' he bawl. Den, when he bawl, dey cotch Bro' Ramgoat. An' he was took to de judge. Nancy turn to ant, an' he got away. Dey is gwine punish Bro' Ramgoat. Ramgoat feel scare', an' dey took him up. Nancy in dis time come, an' he is laughin' at him. Ramgoat is decide to be lock up. Ramgoat say he was not alone.

Tell dem, dat "me not one. Two dere. Me not one."

Dey ask him for de oder, an' he say, "Nancy." Nancy refuse to say dis is so. Say, "What foolishness dis! How you do dat, Bier Ramgoat? I not dere. I no stealin' wid you. It is you, Bier Ramgoat, alone. Is not me at all."

Ramgoat insist dat Nancy was dere too. He insist, an' Nancy refuse to say it is so. He tell him, "Bier, you is lie. You de t'ief. Not me, is you. Look out how you talk, Bier Ramgoat! You lie if you say is me." Ramgoat get mad at Nancy. Mad, so dat dey begin to fight. Ramgoat an' Nancy is fightin' all over de place. Ramgoat catch Bro' Nancy one butt. He knock him so hard, dat Nancy run an' go in de cassy-tree.

## 12. MEN ARE PARTICULAR.

A monkey met a gal one day carryin' her fader breakfast. Da monkey beg her for some of da food; she say she couldn't gi' he none, but promise to bring him some der next day. So he did look out for her der next day. Der gal went home an tol' her mother 'bout all dis what Monkey ask, an' she fix up some breakfast an' put some gunpowder in it (da monkey is 'fraid of gunpowder, you know), an' gave it to der gal to carry. An' she met da monkey an' gave it to him. He scented dat gunpowder, he didn't want it any more. He tell der gal, "Lord, Lord! take it away! I don' want it! I smell powches (meaning powder)." Da gal say it is all right. So he say, "No," he don' want it. He tell her, "All you woman damn-fool so smart, but a' we man damn-fool partic'lar." An' dat is da en' of dat story.

13. WHY FLY'S MOUTH IS WHERE IT IS.<sup>1</sup>

Bro' Fly and Bro' Masquita went to a pond for a bucket of water each. Bro' Masquita went half a his bucket into da water, an' in liftin' it up he rest it on his knee an' broke his leg. Bro' Masquita not very strong, you know. An' Bro' Fly laugh till his mouth tear. Dat is da reason as how a fly mouth situated as how it is. Dat is da en'.

14. DANCING TO MOUSE.<sup>2</sup>

All de animals you know was to take a portion of deir skin to make one drum. All who would not give could not play dat drum. W'en dey wen' to Bro' Micee, he say, "Me too yitee [little], me too yitee, can give you no ma skin, me too yitee." Dis drum was made. Dey put it in der sun to dry. Bro' Micee dig a hole undernear der drum. He firs' going to play it while de others outside amusin' demselves. So dis Micee get on der drum an' start to play, —

"Fifi fifi malimbe blama,  
Fifi fifi malimbe blama,  
You stan lick adickale, adickale, adickale,  
Lila, blap bla blam bla blam."

An' he run back in his hole. The others hear dis play; an' when dey go 'way again, dey leave 'nother animal to watch. Dey leave all de animals one by one, an' none of dem hol' him, 'cause when dey hear dis music Micee make, dey all kick up an' dance, it was so sweet. Till at last dey leave Bro' Pussy. Bro' Micee come out dis time an' play his tune: —

"Fifi fifi malimbe blama,  
Fifi fifi malimbe blama,  
You stan lick adickale, adickale, adickale,  
Lila, blap bla blam bla blam."

Bro' Puss draw closer. Micee play der same t'ing again. Bro' Pussy draw closer; an' as he say, "You stan lick adickale," Bro' Pussy grab him. Micee say, "Lord, dis week, dis week!" But Pussy tell him, "You lie! not dis week 't all, it since las' week." I was there an' saw it well done, an' so this story en'.

15. PLAYING DEAD.<sup>3</sup>

Dere was a pussy by da name a Grandeman. He planted 'bout six acres a cane. An' every day Bro' Ratta would take all his family an' go in an' eat dis cane down. As smart as Pussy was, he couldn't

<sup>1</sup> Dähnhardt, 3 : 22 *et seq.*; 4 : 94, 98, *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 119 (note 1).

<sup>3</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 87 (note 2), 91 (note 1); also Angola (MAFLS 1 : 189-191), Mpongwe (Nassau, 28).

catch none of da rat dere. One day one of da children of Bro' Ratta come out an' saw a man lyin' down in da road. An' dis man was Grandeman, an' he was dead. He was only playin' dead, you know. Dis little child saw Grandeman. He turn 'bout, he gleeful now. He start to sing, —

“Ringee dingee ging dada,  
Ringee dingee ging dada,  
Ringee dingee ging dada,  
Oh, Grandeman dead!  
A' we a', we get free.”

Dis big rat an' wife an' children all come out to see if it was true. When dey come, all see dis Grandeman lyin' down dead. Bro' Ratta say must make a funeral for him. Well, dey dig a hole. An' dey made a coffin an' put him in. But dey didn't put no cover for da coffin. Dey carry da coffin an' lay it over da dead. He start to preach da sermon. Dis was de sermon: “For dis six years we have been eatin' down Bro' Grandeman cane, an' now he dead. A' we get a' we free.

“Ringee dingee ging dada,” etc.

They all singin' now. Bro' Ratta go on. “An' now we are goin' to lay his remains in de grave. Sing, my children!” An' dey start, —

“Ringee dingee ging dada.”

But when dey all say da firs' “dada,” Bro' Grandeman jump up, an' da firs' one he grab was Bro' Ratta. He break his neck, pop! Da children an' de mudder start to run, an' fall in da grave. He kill every one, an' den t'row Bro' Ratta in too. I was to da funeral too, an' get a glass an' a kick.<sup>1</sup>

So da lead ben',  
So da story en'.

#### 16. THE HORNED ANIMALS' PARTY.<sup>2</sup>

All horned animals decide to have a party. An' unless you have horns, you don' be in dat party. Dog an' Pussy heard of it, an' dey desire to go to dis party of da horned animals. To get da horns dey went in da woods, kill one goat, an' take his horn. Well, Bro' Dog decide he firs' was to use da horn for half da night. He was den to come out an' tie it on Bro' Pussy. Well, Dog took da firs' chance. After he went in, he don' t'ink a Pussy any more. You know how he get in; go on, don' t'ink a fellow outside. After da time he was to come out, he did not. Pussy get near to da door, you know, an' start to holler, “Bro' Dog, Bro' Dog!” He go on so 'bout four times. An' Bro' Dog would give no heed to him. After this, Bro' Cattle,

<sup>1</sup> Liquor very strong.

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 104 (note 3).

he boss of da party, he come to da door, an' say wid madness, "Go 'way dere, go 'way dere! No Bro' Dog in here!" Well, Bro' Pussy turn off a little vex'. He come back, dis time shoutin', "Bro' Dog, Bro' Dog!" Den Bro' Dog he say, "Play up, play up! Don' bother dat fellow outside! No Bro' Dog in here." But as Pussy keep botherin' dem, Bro' Cattle say, "Let we see who Bro' Dog in here!" An' dey start to search. At dat time Bro' Dog was sayin', "Let me see who Bro' Dog in here! let me see who Bro' Dog in here!" After searchin', dey search out who it was is Bro' Dog, an' tore off his horn. Dey start to beat him. An' den he start hollerin'. He run out. When he run out, you know, he meet Pussy. Dey had a contention till dey came to a fight. As Bro' Pussy fin' he was getting da worse, he scratch Bro' Dog on da corner of his lip. An' if you notice dog lip, in da corner it look raw. Dat's why da corner of a dog mouth is raw. An' is why a dog an' a cat can never agree. Dat's da end of dat.

#### 17. PLAYING GODFATHER.<sup>1</sup>

Dis was in a church. All dis time it was a very hard time. Dey was not able to get food. Cat an' dog collect all dis butter. Dey put dis butter in de belfry a de church. So dey went home.

Each day Cat had to stand godfader for some chil'. Dog ask him where he was goin'. Say he were goin' to be de godfader. He go de firs' time. Dog say, "All right!" When he come, Dog want to know what it is dey name de chil'. Cat tell him it is name "Topoff." He mean dat he done eat all de top off a dis butter in de belfry.

On de next time, Cat had to go to stand for anoder chil'. Dog ask where he go to be godfader all dese chil'. Cat say dat dey did want him, an' he mus' go. Dog say dat is all right for him to go. You know, de dog not wid too much sense. An' Cat went.

He come now. Dog ask what dey did name dis chil'. Cat tell him, "Half-Gone." Dis time he done eat 'way half dis butter.

Las' time he come to go. Dog say, "Too many chil' you stand godfader to." Cat say he must go. An' he went. He eat all de butter dat was dere dis time. Leave nothin'. He come, an' Dog ask for de name. Tell him it is name "All-Gone." Now it is a time when no food dey is able to get. All is starve. De dog tell de cat it is come for dem to go an' get de butter. Cat say, "No." He pretend dat he is so sick. Dog say dey mus' go. But Cat tell him he can't go, for he is not able. Dog say is goin'. Cat would not go, he say dat is sick. De dog gone. Come to where de butter was, an' find dat it is all eat. He jump back to dis cat. He start an' he beat him. He gave dat cat such a t'rashin'. Cat den was sick in true. From dat day to dis, cat an dog could never agree. Finish.

<sup>1</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 1 (note 1); also North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 192-193), Pennsylvania (JAFL 30 : 215-216).

18. PLAYING MOURNER.<sup>1</sup>

Pussy and Ratta was great friends. Dey was all de time in each oder company. On dis occasion Pussy learn dat his fadda is dead. Ratta cry an' tell him dat he sorry. Pussy is sick at dis. Dese two prepare to go to de wake. Pussy not feelin' well. Ratta pretend dat he is sick too. Dey both had a big barrel a rice. Before dey go to de wake, dey is goin' to cook dis rice. Dey cook it. When de wake is over, dey will come for de rice. Both put a big kibber over dis rice. De rice was finish. Also dey was to take somet'ing for dis wake. Dey had a tambourine, a triangle, an' a fiddle-bow. Dey prepare dese to take. At de wake dey will have dese. Pussy say, "Come, Brò' Ratta! me fader dead. We gwin' to de wake now."

Dat is all right, Ratta tell him. An' dey went. When dey gone some ways, Ratta say, "Ah, Bro' Pussy! me forget de tambourine. Gwine back to get it." Pussy tell him he mus' hurry. He fader dead, an' de wake done commence. Ratta went back. He hop in de kettle an' eat some a de rice. Now he come again. Dey went on. Pussy cryin' 'cause he fader dead. Ratta he cry too. Dey have de tambourine. Ratta stop hyar. Say, "Ah, Bro' Pussy! we done forget de triangle. Cain't go widout de triangle."

"Bro' Ratta, how go off widout de triangle? We need dem t'ings for to have at de wake." Ratta tol' him dat is "you' fader," an' he will go back for de triangle. Bro' Pussy consent, an' Ratta went back to deir house. When he get back again, he jump in de kettle wid de rice. Eat full. Now he come, an' dey go on. Pussy cryin', an' Ratta bawlin'. Pussy say, "Step up dere, Bro' Ratta! we is behin' for de wake now. My fader mus' need for me to get to de wake."

Dey almos' dere. Ratta stop. Say, "What happen to de fiddle-bow? You has de fiddle-bow?" Pussy has not it. He excite dat dey no have de fiddle-bow. Ratta tell him dat is all right, an' dat he gwin' get it. "You' fader dead, and me gwin' bring back dat fiddle-bow. You is wait here. Jus' wait at dis point for me. I gwin' back." An' Pussy let Ratta go back. Ratta get back, an' he clean de pot. Not any rice in it. In dis time Pussy start to t'ink dat Ratta fool him. An' he come back. When he is dere, he not see nothin'. Look around, Bro' Ratta not in sight. He move all round, cain't find he friend. By an' by he hear sound: "Chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, chip, chip!"

Dis sound is at de kettle. Soft Pussy move to it. He creep up to it. Hear, "Chip, chip, chip, chip, chip!" Now he know where was Bro' Ratta. De kibber is on de pot. Bro' Pussy get to de kibber. Jump on it. Cry, "Well, Bro' Ratta, I's got you at it. So you is in dere. I gwin' kill you, Bro' Ratta."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (Milne-Home, 64-65).



Ratta beg him not to kill 'em. Say, "Please don' kill me, Bro' Pussy! Do anyt'ing to me, but please don' kill me!" Bro' Pussy insist dat he was gwin' kill him. Ratta beg dat he don't. Say he must not kill 'em. Den Pussy agree not to kill him, an' open de top. Ratta hop out. Pussy jump on him. Den John Cowrie<sup>1</sup> lift him. He toss him. He let him go, den cotch him. He beat him. He t'row him. He pounce on him. Beat him, but he did not kill him. He do dis till Ratta was dead. But he did not kill him. He played him till he dead. Dat is why cat play wid de rat dat dey caught.

#### 19. THE CHOSEN SUITOR.<sup>2</sup>

Dere's a woman had one daughter an' one son. Dis boy coco-bay (leprosy) boy,<sup>3</sup> an' he was an ol' witch too. Dis woman wouldn't allow da girl to court anybody, you know. So one day Bro' Boar-Hog came dere, properly dressed same as any gentleman. When he want to drop off his clothes, he had a song to sing. Da day when dis Bro' Boar-Hog come to see da daughter, the son tell his mudder, "Ma, don' let sister marry to dis man, for he's a boar-hog!" Da mudder drive him off, an' say dat he was rude. She say dat dis man was a gentleman. He tol' da mudder, "All right! you will see." One day da mudder give him some food to carry to dis man, all tied up nicely on a tray. When da boy reach to da yard, he got behind a tree. While he got behind da tree, he see dis boar-hog routin' up de ground. An' dis boar-hog root all de ground, like ten men with forks. Dis boy stay behind da tree an' see all he do. When da boy see him, he wait a little; den da boy say, "Ahem!" Boar-Hog jump around; he start to say, —

"Indiana, Indiana, um, um!  
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!  
Indiana, Indiana, um, um!"

Dat caused his clothes to jump right on him accordin' as he sing da song.<sup>4</sup> He step out, put his two hands in his pocket, an' say, "Boy, see ho' I plough up dis land!" He boast about da work he do on da field. Den he say to da boy, "How long you come?" Boy say, "Just come." He took da food an' carry it in da house, and tell da boy all right, he can go home. Da boy didn't go home. He got behind de tree again. When Bro' Boar-Hog t'ought da boy gone, he had a long trough, and he dump all de food in da trough. He t'row a bucket a water in too. Den, when he done, he start to say, —

"Indiana, Indiana, um, um," etc.

<sup>1</sup> John Cowrie = cat.

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 45 (note 1); see, too, Mpongwe (Nassau, 68-76).

<sup>3</sup> Compare MAFLS 13 : 48.

<sup>4</sup> Compare MAFLS 13 : 39.

An' all his clothes drop off. He went in da trough. All dat time da boy watchin' him, you know. Boy start for home now, an' tell his mudder all what he see. Da grandfader tell him all right, dey'll catch him. De daughter an' mudder didn't believe, but da grandfader believed. So dat same afternoon dis Bro' Boar-Hog came to da house all dressed up in frock-coat. As he come in da house, he start talkin' an' laughin' wid da mudder an' daughter. During dis time da ol' man had his gun prepare. Little boy take up his fife an' start to play da same song:—

“Indiana, Indiana, um, um,” etc.

Bro' Boar-Hog say, “What vulgar song dat boy singin'!” He start to movin'. He not able to keep still, 'cause his tail comin' out fast. Quick he say, “Stop it, stop it! Let's go out for a walk! Let's go out for a walk! I can't stay here.” So dey all went out,—da daughter, da mudder, an' da grandfader. After dey was goin' on, dey was talkin' when Bro' Boar-Hog look back, he see da boy was comin'. He say, “Where dat boy goin', where he goin'? Turn him back. I don't want to be in his company.” So da grandfader tol' him let da boy alone, let him go for a walk too. Grandfader say, “Play, boy! Play, boy!” Da boy start,—

“Indiana, Indiana, um, um,” etc.

His beaver drop off. Den he play on again da same song: his coat drop, his shirt drop. All drop save his pant. Da ol' man tell him, “Play, boy! play, play, play!” An' his pant drop off. Dey see his long tail show, an' he start to run. Da ol' man point da gun at him an' shoot him dead.

I went through Miss Havercomb alley, etc.

(*Variant 1.*)

Dere was t'ree sister.<sup>1</sup> Monkey come to court, an' it was de younges' dat he like. He appear as a fine gentleman. Dis sister what monkey like become in love wid him. Dey decide to get married. It was done. Now de oldest of dese sisters had a son. Dis son was a witch. De boy he know monkey not a man. He come one day an' tell dese folks dat der sister married to a monkey. Dey all laughed. Say he too fresh. When he persist, dey beat him. De boy he knew dat dis was a monkey. So he wait. On dis day der t'ree sisters wid de boy was walkin' out. De boy was ahead. Come to a big tree. When he hear movin', look up, an' dere was der sister husban'. Dis man is a big monkey. Boy say, “Hi, dere, Bro' Monkey!”

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (Pub. FLS 55 : 26-27).

Monkey he turn quick. "Who dat? Who dat?" He jump around. He get excited. Den he commence to sing, —

"Shakee shakee makee marchim doria,  
Shakee shakee makee marchim doria."

As he sing, his pants hop on. He keep singin' till all his clothes come on him. Whils' dis monkey was singin', de boy listen to der song. Der sisters was up now. Dat monkey come from the tree. Say he was climbin' dat tree, tryin' to cotch a hurted bird. He ask der sisters how dey was feelin'. Say he will walk some ways wid dem. Dey start to walk. Dis boy walk behind. Dey go a little ways. Boy sing, —

"Shakee shakee makee marchim doria."

De monkey pants get loose. He turn around in a rage. He say, "What vulgar song dat boy sing! What de matter wid you, boy? Stop dat! Stop singin' so vulgar song wid dese ladies! Send dat boy home! Me no like de manners dat boy have." Dey did send him home. An' he had beatin', because no one t'ink dat dis fine man was monkey. De boy knew he was a monkey. He keep sayin' dis man was a monkey. To satisfy deirselves dey give a party. An' dey have monkey come. Each man come to dis party, an' dere was all manner of food. Dey was dancin'. Monkey was steppin' about. He kickin' up big. Dis time der music begin. Monkey he bowin' an' commence to dance. Der boy was playin'. Whils' monkey was cuttin' an' steppin', he play, —

"Shakee shakee makee marchim doria."

Monkey stop. His clothes get loose. "What de matter wid you, boy? Why you playin' dat vulgar song? Dat boy not suppose to be in hyar. Send de boy out." Dey all agree. Der boy was send out. He get back a de window; an' w'en dey was all standin' about, monkey talkin' an' bowin' to dese ladies, he commence to play, —

"Shakee shakee makee marchim doria,  
Shakee shakee makee marchim doria."

Monkey run 'round, lookin' for dis boy. He cryin' now, "Stop dat! Stop dat tune!" He not see de boy. He keep runnin'. His pants drop. His tail come out.

Dis boy fader was waitin' all dis time wid a gun. When he see der tail of de monkey, he grab dat gun an' shoot him dead.

Dat is en' o' dat story.

(*Variant 2.*)

Dis monkey was livin' in a tree jus' by de king palace, you know. Dis king has a datter an' one son. Dey would not permit de boy to

live inside a de palace, 'cause each say he is a little ol' witch. De girl have all kind a suitor, but she refuse every offer. No matter who it is, she not willin' to accept. De monkey in der tree near to de palace see all what go on. Now, de monkey decide dat he will win de girl. So he come down an' sing de song dat cause he clothes to jump on. He went to de palace. He come to offer heself to court dis girl. De little brudder dey don' let him live inside de palace, an' he know dat dis is a monkey. He is aware a dat song which dis monkey is accustom' to sing.

De boy say to de sister, "Don' marry dat man, 'cause he is a monkey!"

She fire back at him, an' say, "What fool you! You too rude to speak so a dis fine gentleman." She like dis man. She did want to marry him. Dey send out de little boy. Fader tell him he not belong in de palace.

De boy went away. An' de sister did marry dis monkey. When dey was married, de monkey was all de time goin' to de woods. He pretext dat he was a hunter. You know, he was a monkey. When he went dere, he would drop off his clothes an' hop 'round on de limbs. De wife send him food by dis little witch-boy all when he was gone. But de monkey would not let de boy come till he firs' whistle. When he hear him, den he sing, —

"Ding me unto a little ding (his shirt jump on),  
Me little sache me little sache (his pants goes on)."

Each time dat de boy come, he whistle. He not permitted to come till he whistle. Dis day dat he bring food, de monkey was dressed up nice, and he was eatin' it. Say, "Boy, I smell gunpowder." — "What gunpowder is dat? Is taste a de food?" Dat what de boy tell him. "Boy, I sure I smell gunpowder. I t'ink you' fader here to shot me?" De boy say it not so. Still all dis time he lookin' 'round. He signallin' to de fader in de bush. De fader cotch de signal an' fire. Dey prove dat he was a monkey. An' de sister run away. She completely crazy when she find dat she marry a monkey. Finish.

## 20. THE ESCAPE.<sup>1</sup>

Dis man had gone an' he caught some prats. Dese prats he took an' put in a glass. After he got dese prats safely in de glass, he have Miss Pigeon to watch. Den he go 'way in de field to work. Each day when Pigeon come to look after the prat, dey was very unhappy. Dey don' want to stay dere. Dey was cryin' all de time. Pigeon watch dem all dese days. Each time dat Pigeon would come, dey

<sup>1</sup> Probably heard by Edwards from Mr. Thomas of St. Kitts. For bibliography see *MAFLS* 13 : 135 (note 2).

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would appear more unhappy. Pigeon not able to help, jus' fly all around over dem an' watch. Now, dis time when Pigeon come to watch, prats say dey want to go fer a walk. Miss Pigeon say dat she is not able to grant dem dat. Dis man not want dem to go walking. Next day dey is cryin' too. All dese prats say, "Please, Miss Pigeon, let us go fer a little walk! We not go far. You come too. We is so hard in hyar all de time. Oh, please, Miss Pigeon, let us go!" Now, dis Pigeon was not too smart, an' she finally consent. Take de prats, an' let dem walk. Dey all wigglin'. Start to walk. Pigeon she go too. But dese prats was walkin' right down near de water. Dey got near to de water. Prats say dey like to go near to de water. Dey start, an' get near de water. Miss Pigeon say dey is not to get too near. Prats start in de water. Firs' dey go little ways. Dey keep getting more an' more in de water. Now dey start, an' dey goin' fer sure in dis water. Pigeon she excite' now. Say, "Prat, come back!" De prat was goin'. She keep sayin', "Prat, come back! Prat, come back! Prat, come back! Prat, come back!" Prat in de water good, now dey start to sing, —

"Good-by, Nanny Ohh Ohh An Pigeon bring me here,  
Tony Wripstraps,  
Good-by, Nanny Ohh Ohh An Pigeon bring me here,  
Tony Wripstraps."

Pigeon she keep shoutin', "Prat, come back! Prat, come back! Prat, come back!" But dese prat in de water jus' cuttin' up, an' was jumpin' too, singin', —

"Good-by, Nanny Ohh Ohh An Pigeon bring me here,  
Tony Wripstraps,  
Good-by, Nanny Ohh Ohh An Pigeon bring me here,  
Tony Wripstraps."

De Pigeon she fool now, an' see de prats goin' on, jus' start up in a flight. An' dat is why pigeon all go way up in deir flight: because de prat fool da pigeon. She was so distract, dat she went way up in her flight from dat time. Finish.

## 21. WHY FOWL CATCH COCKROACH.<sup>1</sup>

Dis cockroach is a big one. Dey come near big as you' hand. Dere you find dem in de roofs. Dey make a noise like dis: "Crum, crum, crum, crum, crum, crum!"

Cockroach and Fowl bought land to cultivate. Each day de fowl would go to de field to work de land. Cockroach would not go. So de fowl would leave an' go to de field. Den Cockroach got out de

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bahamas (MAFLS 13:90-91), Fjort (Dennett, XXI), Sierra Leone (Thomas, 64-65).

bed an' start to play. Dis cockroach fool Fowl. Fowl say, "You must come to work de field."

"Me ain't go out. I's too sick." Dis what de cockroach tell Fowl. An' he would not get out a bed. Soon Fowl gone, he jump out an' play. He playin' and singin' also, —

"Cockroach a cunnyman, a cunnyman, a cunnyman,  
Cockroach a cunnyman, a cunnyman, a cunnyman."

He keep foolin' dis fowl in dis work. An' he would not go out. Fowl get suspicious. He get one a de neighbor to watch for him.

Dis mornin' he goin'. Cockroach say he won't go. Say, "I's too sick. Can't go out. Me is sick." An' he didn't go. Fowl try to persuade him. He wouldn't. Fowl gone to de field. Cockroach jump from de bed. He is happy. Play an' sing, —

"Cockroach a cunnyman, a cunnyman, a cunnyman,  
Cockroach a cunnyman, a cunnyman, a cunnyman."

An' de neighbor see him goin' so. Dis neighbor went an' tol' Fowl what Cockroach do. Dis fowl mad now. Come back and grab de cockroach. Dat cock' jus' claw dat fowl, and he kill. He claw him up and swallow him dat quick. Dat is why fowl will cotch de cockroach. Finish.

## 22. WHY RABBIT HAS A SHORT TAIL.<sup>1</sup>

Dis was how dis come, Rabbit once have a tail long like dem oder an'mals. Not short all de time. On dis occasion Rabbit was goin' about, an' he was hot. Dis was summer, an' everyt'ing was hot. Rabbit he had run all over, was feelin' warm. By an by he come to where Bro' Barricuter (fish) was. When Bro' Rabbit come near to de water, Bro' Barricuter speak to him. Say, "Why is it dat you so warm, Bro' Rabbit?"

Rabbit tell him dat is so warm 'round here, an' dat he been runnin' all 'bout. He not able to stay cool.

Den Bro' Barricuter fool Rabbit. An' Rabbit is a smart one. Bro' Barricuter say, "Bro' Rabbit, Ah will tell you which way you can get cool." Rabbit he glad for dat, an' ask de Barricuter to please do dis. Bro' Barricuter say dat Rabbit must come up to dis piece of wood what is over de water, an' let he tail hang down into de water. "In dis way, Bro' Rabbit, de cool from de water will go up from you' tail, an' you will not be warm."

Rabbit not against dis, an' he come. Now, when Rabbit come up to dis piece a wood, he drop his tail to de water. Den Bro' Barricuter drap up to Rabbit tail, an' he bit it off. Dat how Barricuter fool Rabbit, an' is why Rabbit has dat short tail. Finish.

<sup>1</sup> Somewhat reminiscent of the tale in which the fisher's tail is frozen into the ice. See Pennsylvania (JAFL 30 : 214-215), but also Dähnhardt, 4 : 242 *et seq.*, 259-261, 277.

23. KEEPING PACE.<sup>1</sup>

Fox meet de land-crab early one morning. Fox say, "Where you gwine so early dis mornin', Mr. Crab?" Say, "Gwine to take walk." Fox say, "Lord, Mr. Crab, you appear to go walkin' backwards!" Land-Crab say dat if he t'ink so, he will lay him a weger dat he can beat in a race. (A weger is somet'ing like dis. Is two artichokes<sup>2</sup> an' two onions.) Fox t'ink dat dis is a joke. He laugh him to scorn. Dey sign to have de race. An' dey is to race for one mile. Crab place de fox at some distance ahead. Den his bush lay out behin'.<sup>3</sup> De bush jus' reach to de claw a de crab. Den dey start, an' Crab is on to de bush. Fox jus' jumpin' ahead. Land-Crab hol' on. Soon as Fox is reach to de mile, he turn 'round, askin', "Where are you, Mr. Crab?"

Crab den let go de bush, an' said, "Here am I." An' he beat de race. Dat is how he win de weger.

24. THE SKY IS FALLING.<sup>4</sup>

Hen is pickin' pease in dis garden. Whils' she is eatin' dese pease, one fall on her head. She get fright an' start to run. Gone to tell de king dat sky is fallin'. She run till she meet Cock. Cock say, "Good-mornin', Henny-Penny! Where you is goin' now?"

She reply, "De t'ings are fallin'. I is goin' to de king to tell dat de sky is fallin'." He say dat he will go wid her, an' dey both went.

On de way meet Goose. Goose say, "Good-mornin', Henny-Penny, Cocky-Rocky! Where is you goin'?"

Dey reply dat de sky is fallin', an' dey is goin' to tell de king. Goose say, "Let me go wid you!" An' dey tol' him dat he could come too. An' dey went along.

Whils' dey went along, dey meet wid Duck. Duck say, "Good-mornin', Henny-Penny, Cocky-Rocky, Goosy-Poosy! Where is you goin' now?"

Hen tol' him, "De t'ings is fallin' down, an' I gwine tell de king dat de sky is fallin'." He ask to went wid dem. Dey say he can go. An' dey went along de road to king palace.

Now, whils' dey is goin', come an' meet Turkey. Turkey say, "Good-mornin', Henny-Penny, Cocky-Rocky, Goosy-Poosy, Ducky-Doddles! Where is you goin' now?" Hen answer him dat dey was goin' to de king to tell dat de sky is fallin'. An' he went too.

Now, you know, dey is reach de palace. An' Fox is dere. He

<sup>1</sup> Compare North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 189), Pennsylvania (JAFL 30 : 209), Gold Coast (Barker and Sinclair, 155-157); Dähnhardt, 4 : 72 *et seq.*, particularly 78 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> Artichokes are ground onions.

<sup>3</sup> Bush = tail.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Jacobs I : 118.

suppose to be de king. Fox say, "Good-mornin', Henny-Penny, Cocky-Rocky, Goosy-Poosy, Ducky-Doddles, Turkey-Lurkey! What is it dat you want?" Den Hen tell him dat de sky is fallin'. He took dem all in a further room. Now he bring in Hen. He bite off her head. An' he ate her. Bring in Cock. He bite off he head. An' he ate him. Next bring in Goose. He bite off his head. An' he ate him. Dey each brought in, an' he did de same to all. An' he ate dem all. Dat is de whole en' a de story.

25. LION MAKES HIS VOICE CLEAR.<sup>1</sup>

A woman had two chil'ren, — a boy an' a girl. Da moder died, so he, da boy, had to take care of da girl, 'cause he was older, you know. Well, everybody wanted to marry dis girl too; but da boy he would not consent to her to marry any, so he kept her shut up in da house. He have a song to sing, when he comin' in, dat she should open da door. Da song say, —

"Oh, you' Nanna, dear Suzanna!  
Oh, oh open da door, good child,  
You' Nanna dear!"

Then da boy would go in.

Lion now, he get to catch da song; an' he went dere one day, singin' da same song. But he were singin' in a rough voice, —

"Oh, you' Nanna, dear Suzanna!" etc.

But he sing in such a gruff voice, da girl know it was Lion, an' cry, "Lion, I know it is you."

So he went away, and come to a blacksmith-shop to get a red-hot iron to shove down his throat to clear his voice. When he get his voice clear, you know, he come back. Den he sing like da broder. Da girl she t'ink it was her broder, an' open da door. Lion went in an' suck out all her blood. He finish, he lock up da house, an' he went away.

Da broder come home now. When he got home, he start to sing, —

"Oh, you' Nanna, dear Suzanna!" etc.

No answer come to him. He sing 'bout t'ree times. De neighbors hear him, an' say dey saw Bro' Lion about dere, believe he must have kill' da boy sister; dat is why dey t'ink he get no answer. So da broder broke open da door. When he see da condition his sister was in, you know, he got da doctor, an' she well again. She tell her broder it true Bro' Lion cause her to be in dat state.

In order to catch Bro' Lion, da boy made a party an' invited Bro' Lion. In particular he invite Bro' Lion. Dey know he was a lover

<sup>1</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 35 (note 3); also Bolte u. Polivka, 1 : 37.



of funzi an' okra, an' dey provided dat for him. You know, dey break up a lot of bottles, an' cook it up in dis funzi an' da okra, dat Lion is to eat. Da time came dat da party was to come off. Lion arrived in frock-coat an' beaver. As he came in, you know, da house was full a people. He come drivin', too, in a carriage. When he come, he say, "Good-evenin', good-evenin'!" in a gruff voice. Da broder ask him what time it was. Lion say it was ten to ten. Da boy said to him, "Well, it time to have supper." Lion he went around da table, an' he come to his dish an' he start to eat. Da firs' two mouthful he take an' eat, he start to cough. You know, dat piece a bottle gash his throat. He say loud, "Give me a drink a water!" Da boy tell him, "Take a next cut!" An' he took it, an' he got worse. He start to talkin' hoarse; say, "Give me a drink a water!" Da boy, 'fore he give him water, tell him, "Take a next cut!" So he took it; an' he start to strangle, you know, till he got faintee. During dis time dey had a gun loaded an' hidden by. Whils' he was in dat state, dey shoot him dead. An' dey buried him in da yard. An' I was there, an' see it well done; and that's the en' of the story.

#### 26. AWAY SEVEN YEARS.

Dis man had not been to his home fer seven years. In dis time he don' see his fields. Der man decide to come home. He came. When he come to his fields, he go to pick der pease. Pease say, "Don' pick me!"

When he go to take up his stick, Stick say, "Don' handle me!"

Next he go to der okra; and when he go to pick der okra, Okra say, "Don' pick me!"

When he see his bag, he reach fer it. Bag say, "Don' pick me!"

Goin', he come to his dog. Dog say, "No look 'pon me!" Everyt'ing what was dere say no handle dem.

He start to runnin'. He keep runnin'.

Whils' he was runnin', he met wid a man wid wood on his head. Dis man say, "What you runnin' for?"

Wood say, "Is dat you, so?" Wood say, "You be runnin' too."

Dey both run. Man he drop der wood. One turn bottle, oder turn to a cook. Dat's en'.

#### 27. UNDER THE GREEN OLD OAK-TREE.<sup>1</sup>

Dis a nice little story. Der woman had two chil'ren. One was a boy, an' der oder was a girl. De fader a dese chil'ren die. Moder decide to marry again. She marry to anoder man. Each day dese chil'ren did go to de mountain to get flowers. Dey went on dis day. Girl had a better bucket den what de broder got. Dey comin' wid

<sup>1</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 129 (note 1); Bolte u. Polivka, 1 : 260-276.

de flowers. On his way home, de boy stop wid de gal. He t'inkin' some evil plan. Want dis bucket which was his sister. She would not consent to gi' him dis bucket. He t'ink it best to kill der sister. He kill de sister. He kill dis girl near to a big oak-tree. An' he hide her dere. After he kill her, he go home. Can't give no account a he sister. Dey all went to search for de girl, but none can find her.

Der broder stay home. Month gone.

Shepherd-boy dat is comin' down de mountain meet a big bone like a flute. He pick dis bone under dat same tree. He took up de bone an' play. Comin' home wid de flock, he play on de bone. It play a sweet tune: —

“My broder has killed me in de woods, an' den he buryth me.

My broder has killed me in de woods, an' den he buryth me

Under de green ol' oak-tree, an' den he buryth me.”

Dat's all it could play. It play sweet, you know. Comin' home, all dat hear dis tune beg de boy for a play on it. He give dem a play.

Now he way down de mountain. Mos' to where de moder is livin'. He meet de moder. She ask him for a play. He give her a play. As quick as she play, t'ing say, —

“My dear moder, my dear moder, it my dead bone you play.

My dear moder, my dear moder, it my dead bone you play.”

She drop an' faint, but never die. All de people was lookin' for de girl. Dis broder meet de boy. He ask him for a play. Take de bone an' start. T'ing say, —

“My broder, it is you dat has killed me.  
My broder, it is you dat has killed me.”

An' dere he faints an' dies. Dat is de end a da green ol' oak-tree.

#### 28. THE FALSE FORTUNE-TELLER.<sup>1</sup>

Dis woman had los' her jewels. Nobody she could meet was able to find dese t'ings. Dey try to get some man to look fer dem. All dat go not able to do anyt'ing. Den dis day dere come a man name Maka, who say he will find dese t'ings. Dis Maka say he is a fortune-teller. He not able to tell fortune. Dis man wish to be able to receive food. He tell der lady dat he was a fortune-teller. She say, “All right!” He come to look for her jewels. He come into one room.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Louisiana (MAFLS 2 : 116), Georgia (Harris 3 : 32). Comparative: Bolte u. Polivka, 2 : 401; JAFL 25 : 251; 27 : 215.

Say firs' he wish to have time dere in de house. Der lady send one girl with food fer him. When she come, he smack his hands, an' say, "Well, dat one gone." Dis girl so fright, she run 'way scared. He talkin' 'bout de food. She t'ink he know dat she got some of dese jewels. She bring what she has to him, an' ask dat he will not tell. He take dem.

Der lady send de next girl wid food again fer dis man. When dis girl come wid all dese t'ings to eat, he smack his hand too, an' say, "Well, well, dat 'noder one gone!" What he say took dis girl also wid fright. De girl beg dat he not to tell. An' she gi' him dose jewel what she had stole. He all in glee now. He eat all dat dey took. He got de jewels also.

When night come, de lady send de las' girl wid food fer dis man. He happy now. Smack his hands; say, "Well, well, dat t'ree is gone!" Dat girl sure dis man mean she has got der jewel. She start to bawl. Say she will bring dem if he will not tell. He got da jewels all now.

Next day come. Maka go dis woman say he has found her jewel. He show dem to her. She say here was a big fortune-teller. She gi' him a big reward. Maka so please dis woman, dat she fall in love wid him. Maka den get dis woman fer his wife. An' I was dere an' saw what he did. Finish.

#### 29. THE FALSE SWIMMER.<sup>1</sup>

Dis fellow Maka spend all dat money what he got. You know he find de jewel dat dey been t'iefin'. He t'row 'way all dat he got. Not save anyt'ing. He has to sell his house, an' dey did banish him. He was compel' to go to some foreign land. Dey made him go. He is way off. Now, Maka did not want to go. He try everyt'ing dat he can to return. Dey will not permit him to return. In dis place de ship was goin' to his home. He manage to get on board dis ship. Dey would not take him back. So Maka fool dem, an' get on de propeller. Den ship start to sail. It sail days over days over days. Goin' all dis time to where Maka live.

Now dey reach almos' to Maka home. Maka t'row heself off de propeller. But he could not swim. He start to sink. Dey cotch him up. Captain see him; say, "Lord, what kind a man you, swim dis distance fas' as de ship?"

Maka swell out his chest, an' tol' dem dat he was de best swimmer in de world. But he could not swim any.

On dis same ship was some rich man. Dey was goin' to bet dat Maka could not beat dese Indian divers who was dere. Dey decide to bet. Bet all kind a money, an' will not permit to draw it back. Dey fix, too, some island at a distance which was to be the end a de race.

<sup>1</sup> Told also by Cape Verde Islanders in New England. — E. C. P.

Now, you know, dese rich men bet dat Maka cannot beat de Indians. Maka know he gwine drown. Still dey compel dat he race. He must try. Den he went to get some pot for cookin', and some pot of coal for fire. He rig up wid dese t'ings. Prepare to t'row heself in de water. Dey now ready to start. When de Indians see Maka wid all dese t'ings, dey refuse to swim. Say dat dis man goin' cook while he racin'. Dey can't beat no man like dat. Dey wanted to know what kind a man was he. An' Maka win all de money. Went back to his home. He is rich man again, 'cause he so smart. Dey did not banish him, 'cause Maka beat all dese people. Finish.

### 30. THE LAZY BOY.

Dis man had son name' Jack. Jack would not work. He spend all de fader money, but he would not work. He fader go to de field. De boy never went. When de fader done went to de field, Jack would go out. He gamble an' playin' about. No matter how he try, dis boy could not be persuaded to work. He is spendin' all de fader money.

Now he was sent to college. De fader t'ink he was gwine. But he did not. In de town he was playin' all dis time. When time come for him to return, fader ask him what did he learn in college. He tol' de fader dat he learn Latin.

Fader say, "How you say 'shoe' in Latin?"

De boy tell him, "Shoest."

Fader inquire how you say "fork" in Latin.

Boy tell him dat "forkest" is de way.

Fader say, "How you say 'spoon' in dat language?"

Boy answer him, "Spoonest."

Each t'ing dat de fader ask for, de boy say, "Est." He t'ink dat de fader fool. All he tell him is dis "est."

Den de fader tell him dis: "To-morrow mornest I gwine to de storest. Gwine buy you a hoe-est, an' you is gwine to workest de canefieldest." He went, an' de boy did work. Dat's all a dat.

### 31. THE SHEPHERD.

Dis shepherd-boy use' to help he fader. Was a big flock dat he tend to. He go out each day wid dem. An' he stay wid dis flock all de time, you know. Upon dis day dere come de priest by. Say to de boy, "Hello, son! How is you?" De boy tell him is all right, an' inquire after his own health. Next de priest inquire if de boy know de Lord's Prayer. Dis boy did not know it. Da priest say, "You know name a all dese sheep?" Dis boy say, "Yes." He did know dem. Priest say he mus' name dese sheep, "One call 'Our-Father;' de next, 'Which-is-in-Heaven;' de next, 'Hallowed-be-thy-Name.'"

He was to name dem all wid portions a de Lord's Prayer. Dis boy agree to do it. Time pass, — t'ree weeks. Upon de fourth week da priest start where dis boy have his sheep. When he meet him, he ask if he don' not know dat prayer now. When he look at de sheep, dey was all fightin'. Our-Father was fightin' Kingdom-Come, Hallowed-be-thy-Name was fightin' an' beatin' As-it-is-in-Heaven. Dere was a scramble, an' each was fightin' de oder. Boy tol' de priest to look what was goin' on. He blame de priest. Dis boy so in a rage, dat he cuss de priest. An' not satisfy wid dat, he kill de priest.

### 32. THE THREE QUESTIONS.<sup>1</sup>

De Pascha was king in dis country. An' de professor was de smartest man. Nobody know any more den he. It is somet'ing dat de professor do. When dis day de Pascha is passin', he angry wid de professor. He tell him he mus' come to de palace at de next day. If don' able to answer dese t'ree t'ings he ask him, den he gwine kill him. De professor didn't know if he could come. He in fright dat he cain't answer. De servant of de professor say let him go, dat he will take his place. Say, "If you will give me you' cloak an' glasses, I will go."

De professor did dis. An' de servant went.

On dis day de Pascha didn't know dat 'is was de servant. An' he ask him firs', "How many baskets it take to fill all de earth in yonder mountain?"

Servant answer so: "It take one basket if it big as de mountain. It take two basket if it half as big as de mountain. It take as many basket as it is as big to de mountain." De Pascha compel' to satisfy heself wid dis answer. Dis servant a wise man.

De next question was, "What am I t'inkin'?"

De servant tell him dat he was t'inkin', "Dat I am de professor. But I is only de servant." An' he took off de cloak an' de glasses. He was t'inkin' dat he was de professor.

Next he ask him, "How much am I worth?"

An' de servant say now, "De Lord only worth thirty pieces a silver. Ah don' t'ink you worth more den dat." An he answer all properly, an' saved dis professor life.

### 33. MASTER THIEF.<sup>2</sup>

Dis was a man what had two sons. One name Tom, an' he want to become a ship-master. De oder his name Jack, an' he want to become a t'ief. W'en de oldes' went to look for his fortune, Jack he ask he father to let him go too. Der father at las' permit Jack to go too.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bolte u. Polivka, 3 : 214-233.

<sup>2</sup> For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 11 (note 3), also FL 28 : 408-414.

He say, "I gwine sen' you to a man to teach you be a shoemaker an' a to be a t'ief." Jack went. He come to dis shoemaker, and commence to learn dat trade.

Dere 'a came a butcher buying stock one day. Dis man he, in passin', go by dat place where Jack an' his work-master was. Dey saw him. Jack up and said, "If dat man pass dis way wid his stock, I steal der stock." Jack said dat. Der work-master don' t'ink Jack able to t'ief dis man sheep. Dey bet. Work-master bet Jack two thousand dollars dat he don' t'ief dis man sheep. Den Jack sen' home to he father an' ask to have two thousand dollars. Der father sen' de money.

Jack have made one slipper. Dis an odd slipper. Der man come back wid all de sheep. Man pass on der road. Jack drop de one slipper in middle of der road. Dis man see der slipper, an' say, "If was two slipper like dat, would give to my wife." He lef' the slipper. Jack take up der slipper. Run by 'nudder road to come in fron' of der man. Drop dis slipper. Der man passin' see dis slipper an' pick it up. He turn back widout takin' his sheep. Gwin' to get dat firs' slipper. Jack take der sheep an' gone. He win dat two thousand dollars.

He say he gwine steal sheep again if dat man come. Work-master he say he don' t'ief sheep from dat man no more. Der man came back wid more sheep. Work-master he sure Jack don' steal dese. Dey bet. Jack say da bet is four thousand dollars. Work-master agree.

Dis time Jack run ahead. Come to where dere was cane growin'. Dis cane high. He hide. Man come passin' wid der sheep. Jack bawl like a sheep. Der man t'ink he los' one of dese sheep. Der man go in an' look for dis los' sheep. Jack he bawlin' trace back in de cane. Jack los' der man in de cane. Jack win dat money, an' go back to his home wid der proper portion. Dat was en' o' dat story.

#### 34. GENEROUS AND UNGENEROUS.<sup>1</sup>

Dere was a woman dat had two sons. De oldest said to da mother one day, "I want to go an' look for my fortune."

Da mother was willin'. He ask da mother to give him a bun. An' she gave it to him. He took his journey. On his way he was thirsty. He met an ol' man. An de ol' man was in charge of a pond. He ask de ol' man for a drink a water. De ol' man ask him, "Will you give me a bit a your bun?"

He said, "Me mother didn't give me da bun for you an' your dog." De ol' man refuse to give him da water.

He tol' da boy, "Go, an' da Devil go with you!" An' he went on. An' he was yet thirsty. He met de ol' man again, but he didn't

<sup>1</sup> Bolte u. Polivka, 2 : 468; French Canada (JAFL 29 : 25, and 30 : 79).

know it was he. He was in charge of a pond. As he met him again, he said, "Ol' man, will you give me a drink a water?"

De ol' man say, "Will you give me a bit a your bun?" Da boy tell him dat his mother didn't give him da bun for him an' his dog. He went on.

Da younger brother Jack came home, an' hear his brother go to look for his fortune. He want to go too. His mother was willin', an' she gave him a bun. He went. He met dis ol' man. He was thirsty too. He say, "Ol' man, will you give me a drink a water?"

He reply to da boy, "Will you give me a piece a your bun?" Da boy break da bun, an' give piece to de ol' man, an' piece to his dog. De ol' man said to him, "Da Lord bless you an' go with you!" An' he went on his journey. He met da same ol' man again, but he don' know it is he. He ask de ol' man for a drink. De ol' man again require a bit a da bun. Da boy break it an' give de ol' man an' his dog a bit. De ol' man turn da pond into a pond a lemonade, an' da boy drink till he was content. An' de ol' man tol' him, "Go, an' da Lord go with you!"

He walk on till da next day. He meet up with his broder. He tol' his broder how good dis ol' man treated him, dat he gave him his blessing. Da firs' broder got jealous, an' beat him in his eyes till he got blind. An' he left him so. Da boy feel his way out till he got in da gutter. He got under a arch, an' he lay down. Da next day he heard some students passin'. Deir conversation was, "What is it dat could cure da blind?" An' de answer was, "Dew-water." Da boy got up from where he was, an' he feel in da grass till he found grass dat was wet with dew. He took up some a da dew-water an' t'row it in one a his eye. He found he could glimpse out a dat eye. He t'row it again, an' find he can see clear out a both eye. He got a bottle full a dis water. Da boy heard of a king dat was blind for many years. Dis king would give his daughter an' one-half of his kingdom for any man what would cure him. He went to da king palace. He ask to see da king. An' dey would not allow him in. Da king heard of it, an tol' dem to allow da little boy to come in. "He may do some good," he said.

He went in. He start to put some a da dew-water in da king eye. As he put about two drop in da king eye, da king say, "What all dese pins an' needle doin' on da floor?"

Da queen his wife say, "You lie! How you say you can't see?"

He said to her, "Don' you see da boy is doin' good for me?" Da boy t'row again, an' da king finally receive his sight. An' he would not have da boy to leave. Dis boy would have his daughter, an' he would become a prince.

Jack did not like dat. He ask him if dere was not some ol' cattle

dat want to be fatten'. He will do it. Da king t'ought dat was too mean. He said, "No, you shall marry my daughter, an' stay in my palace as a prince."

Jack insisted he would have da cattle an' take care a dem. Da king agreed. He went out with da cattle, an' he staid one month. Whils' he away, he left dose cattle for demselves, an' went out to fight with giants. An' he killed many.

At de end a da month he came back home with dose cattle. Dey were well fattened. Da king was well pleased to see him, an' tell him he must not go out again. He must stay at home. He insisted he would go again to take some lean sheep to fatten. He went. Dis time he with some giants again. He could not fight with dem. He had not da suitable ammunition. So he came back home with all his clothes torn up. Da king want to know what is da matter, cause his clothes to be like dis. He ask da king to get him a suit of iron, a sword of sharpness, a cap of knowledge, an' a shoes of swiftness. An' da king got all what he ask for. He went out for da last time. He took out some more sheep. He spend anoder month. When he came back home, he tell da king dat he would not go out again. He would stay home to protect da king when da giant Blunder-Boar come to defeat him. Dis giant was expected on two days after. He arrived. Jack call out da king soldiers, an' went to face da giant. Defeated him. Da king at once gave over his throne to da boy. Den Jack was satisfied to marry da daughter. He send for his mother an' his broder, an' make a home for dem. An' I myself was dere as da servant, an' saw everything well done. Finish.

### 35. BLACK JACK AND WHITE JACK.<sup>1</sup>

Dere was two ladies, — a colored lady and a white lady. Dey came from some foreign part. The colored lady was supposed to be the maid of the white lady. So dey came to live in this strange land. Dey didn't know anybody in this land. So on the firs' day dey went out for a walk. An' dey took with them a bottle of water each. Dey walked a mile distance. The water finish, an' dey turn back. The second day dey went for anoder walk, an' dey took two bottles of water wid dem. Dey go two mile distance. Dat water finish, too, an' dey turn back. Dey went the third day, an' dey took three bottles of water. Dey go three miles. Dat water finish, an' dey turn back. An' on the fourth day dey took four bottles of water. Dey go four miles, an' dat water finish. Dey didn't turn back. Dey went on four more miles. Dey got thirsty. Dey saw two ponds. One was running white water, an' one was runnin' black water. The white woman

<sup>1</sup> Compare comparative, Bolte u. Polivka, 1 : 528-556; JAFL 25 : 258 (note 4); Radin-Espinosa, 202; FL 32 : 194-201; French Canada (JAFL 30 : 82).



drink from the white pond, an' the black woman drink from the black pond. Den dey returned back home, an' both fall sick. Dey call in the doctor, an' the doctor say dey were in pregnancy. An' dey remain sick for nine months. The time come for to be delivered; an' the white woman had a white son, an' the black woman had a black son. The white one call her son White Jack. The black woman call her son Black Jack. Well, dey grow up together like broders. Dey look alike, except one was dark, the other light.

After dey grow up to be young, Black Jack one day said, "You like to go out huntin'?" An' White Jack said he would go along wid him. An' Black Jack bought a knife, which he always carried wid him. He took this now. An' dey went out to hunt. Dey caught t'ree diff'rent kind of animal each, — a lion, a unicorn, an' a bear. Dey tame dem. Anyt'ing dey take dese animals to do, dey would go by dem (do it).

One day whils' dey was walkin' in the woods, dey met a crossroad. A large tree was dere. Black Jack stick his knife in dat tree, an' said, "White Jack, if you come back an' see dat knife drop an' rust, one o' us is dead." So dey took deir departure, each on one of the roads. Dey had each his t'ree animals along.

Black Jack heard of a king dat had a daughter. An' every year a lion come dere to destroy dat girl. Any man who could kill dat lion could have the girl to be his wife. So Black Jack made his way to the king palace. He made arrangement dat he would volunteer to kill dat lion. The next day the king send his daughter in a coach out to the woods where dis lion was. He must do this every year. An' Black Jack was in ambush. When the lion come out after the girl, Black Jack said to his beast, "Hold on, me lion, me unicorn, an' me bear!" An' his t'ree beast tear up dis lion. Dey killed him. Black Jack change his mind: he didn't want the king to know it was he had killed the lion. So he told the girl not to tell the fader it was he dat killed the lion. So whils' dey was goin' back, the coachman tell the girl to say to the fader it was he dat kill the lion. He threaten' to kill her if she do not. So the girl tell the fader it was the coachman dat killed the lion. So the king agreed to have the girl marry to dis coachman. On da next day Black Jack was passin' by the palace. The girl was lookin' out of the verandah. She saw Black Jack; an' den she said, "Ah, papa, papa! dat was the man who saved me from the lion." An' the king called him in. An' dey hang the coachman for tellin' a lie. Two days after, Black Jack marry to dis girl.

The day after dey was married, both was in the verandah lookin' out. Black Jack saw a cottage far away. So Black Jack asked his wife, "What place is dat over dere? I would like to go dere."

"Many has gone dere, an' hasn't returned; for dere is an ol' woman lives dere who eats people." His wife tell him dis.

So Black Jack say back, "I am not 'fraid. I will go. I will go." His wife could not persuade him not to go. After he go, she don' feel like she had a husband, 'cause she know he would lose his life dere.

Black Jack wid his lion, his unicorn, an' his bear, walk about four miles till dey reach to a river. He met an ol' man in dat river wid a boat. He said to the ol' man, "Ol' man, put me over dis river."

The ol' man say, "No, my massa! Dere is an ol' woman over here what eats people."

Black Jack say, "Ol' man, put me over dis river, I give you a guinea."

He say, "No, my massa! for many has gone, an' hasn't returned."

Den Black Jack said, "Hold on, me lion, me unicorn, an' me bear!" An' his beasts took him over the river. He went over. He met a gate, an' he rap on dis gate. The name of dis gate was Open-unto-Me. Den the ol' lady who was dere use dose very words, an' the gate open. When the gate was open, Black Jack went in. He left his t'ree beasts outside. When he went in, the ol' woman said to him, "Um a pretty massa, dis!" Den she took him all through the house, you know. An' when she got him to one certain room, she killed him. How she do it I don't know. An she t'row his body in a room wid many other bodies.

On dat same day White Jack returned back from his journey, an' came to the tree. An' he saw the knife drop an' rust. An' he said, "My brudder Black Jack is dead. Wherever his body is, I must find him." An' he set out in search of him. He walk all day till he come to the king palace. He stop dere an' ask for a drink a water. Both a dem was lookin' so much alike, Black Jack an' White Jack, dat dis girl took him for her husband. An' the fader also. So White Jack slept wid the girl dat night. During the night the girl said to him, how did he manage when he get to dis place where the woman who kill people was. Through next day dey was both in the same verandah lookin' out. He say to her, "What place is dat over yonder?"

She tell him, "You ask me of dat before. Dere is an ol' woman dere dat eats people."

Den he say to the girl, "I want to go, an' I will go." An' he set off wid his t'ree beast.

When he reach to dis river, he saw the same ol' man wid his boat. He said, "Ol' man, put me over dis river."

He said, "No, my mass'! I see one massa pass here like you, an' don' come back."

White Jack said, "Ol' man, if you put me over dis river, I give you ten guineas."

He said, "No, my massa! Dere is an ol' woman over dere dat eats people."

White Jack said to his beast, "Hold on, me lion, me unicorn, an' me

bear!" An' his beast took him over der river. When he got over der river, he see the t'ree beast of Black Jack mournin'. He was mad now. He rap on the gate. The ol' woman said, "Open unto me!" He went in. Da ol' woman say, "Um, um, a pretty massa dis!" Wid White Jack he had the t'ree beasts of Black Jack an' his own beasts. When the ol' woman say "a pretty massa dis," he say, "Da Devil an' hell, pretty massa! Go find my brudder Black Jack!" The ol' woman got scared, you know. She asked him to come into the rooms. He went, an' took the beasts wid him. When he reach to a certain room, he would not go in. He start to threaten the ol' woman. She got so scared, she took up some of a bottle a medicine to bring people back to life, an' went into where Black Jack was, an' use it on him till he came to life. As he got to life, White Jack say, "Hold on, me lion, me unicorn, an' me bear!" An' dey tore the ol' woman to pieces.

Dey left dis place. Whils' dey was on the way back, Black Jack did not tell White Jack dat he was married to the king daughter. So when dey came near to the king palace, White Jack said he slept dere last night wid the daughter of the king. An' Black Jack start to tell him it was his wife. An' Black Jack got mad an' kill White Jack, 'cause he slept wid his wife. Dey brought away wid dem the medicine which the ol' woman used. So Black Jack had it. Black Jack got sorry, an' brought back White Jack to life. Black Jack went home to his wife, an' White Jack married to the king next daughter. An' I was to the weddin', an' I got a glass a wine an' a kick.

An' I went through Miss Havercomb alley, etc.

### 36. A GREAT BIRD OF THE FOREST.<sup>1</sup>

Garee is a great bird a de forest. Dis Big Garee t'ink dat he always rule. No oder bird try to dispute him as de bigges'. An' all de oders have a hatred for dis Big Garee. When he up dere in de tree, he sing proud, —

"Garee garee garee garingo ringo ringo,  
Howsoever howsoever howsoever,  
Moshey marbre over again."

An' all de oder birds take in fright an' hide. Not one dare to answer. He is in such fear from de oder, dat dey will not contest him. Dey do' dare to go against dis Big Garee.

Now, dis young Garee spring up. He grow to be a big bird also.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jamaica (Pub. FLS 55 : XVII). (This tale, at least its second part, may be a variant of the preceding tale, the tale generally known as "The Two Brothers" [see FL 3 : 194-201]. — E. C. P.) In a variant heard by Edwards from Mr. McLoughlin of St. Kitts, Nancy's claim was omitted, and the bird was an eagle. Compare Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 125).

He is call Little Garee. Put out a proclamation dat who kill dis Big Garee will take a big lot a money.

Little Garee is not fright a de big one. Now Big Garee start out.

"Garee garee garee garingo ringo ringo,  
Howsoever howsoever howsoever,  
Moshey marbre over again."

Dis time Little Garee come back at him. Sing, —

"Garee garee garee garingo ringo ringo,  
Howsoever howsoever howsoever,  
Moshey marbre over again."

Dat put Big Garee in a rage. He rage all round, dat dis bird would answer him. Say, "How dis bird sing! Not man gi' me answer before." An' he give Little Garee a challenge.

Little Garee agree, say, "Dat I will fight him."

On dis tree where Little Garee was, he put under it a pot a boil' oil. An' he kibber it up. Big Garee not able to see dat it was dere. Now Big Garee come over to where Little Garee was. Now dey fightin'. Dey give a hot fight, an' den Little Garee push Big Garee down into dat pot a boilin' oil. He get scald up. When de oil cool, dey pick up Big Garee an' carry to de front a de court-house. He is stick up so dat all might see.

Now dat de bird dead, Bro' Nancy dress himself up. He get he little coat, he little stick, an' he dress hat. Come to where dis Big Garee was, an' tell all dat he was de one kill him. Say, "I kill him! Yes, I kill him! See dat bird, I kill him!" Dey t'ink he big fellow. He is dressed as de one dat has kill' him. De people all t'ink dat Nancy is a great one. He is sayin', "Yes, yes, I kill him! See him, I de one kill him!"

Now come Little Garee along. Nancy not know he de one kill dis bird; an' he say, "See what I do! Yes, I kill dat bird! See him! I kill him!"

Little Garee say, "All right!" If it is so, he ask Nancy to raise up de bird wid his little finger. Nancy try, an' can't raise even de wing a dis Big Garee. Den Little Garee try, an' he raise de whole bird up. Dat prove he is de one, an' he got da whole reward.

An' so de story en'.

### 37. MR. HARD-TIME.<sup>1</sup>

You see, it was like dis. A man was goin' out one day, an' he took his money an' give it to his wife, an' tell her to keep it for hard time. At the same time, you know, he had owed a man by the name of Mr. Hard-Time. His wife misunderstand him, an' pay it all to Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Bahamas (MAFLS 13 : 93-94). Comparative, Bolte u. Polivka, 1 : 520. VOL. 32.—NO. 131.—6.

Hard-Time. When da husban' come home, she tol' him, "Mr. Hard-Time was here, an' I pay him all da money you gave." You can picture dat man feelin', for it was all da money he had. Man got 'rouse', an' start to quarrel with his wife. Den he tol' her to close der door an' follow him. Instead of she closin' der door, she lift up der door an' put it on her shoulder.

An dey went travellin' through a wood. Whils' dey was goin' on, you know, dey saw all kinds of food under a tree, an' dey sat down an' was ready to eat some of what was dere. In da mean time dey heard a set of robbers comin', an' both clambered up in da tree. Dis woman climb da tree with dis heavy door on her back, too. Well, da robbers come an' form a circle under da tree. Dey bring in all dere gold, an' had it under dis tree. Well, da robbers didn't see dem. Den da woman said der door was hurtin' her shoulders, an' she were goin' to t'row it; an' her husban' tell her not to do it, da robbers see it an' kill dem. An' she t'rowed it down. Da robbers got scared, an' said, "Da Lord has sent us vengeance in an earthquake." 'Cause dat door came crashin' down. So dey run an' make another camp.

Dere was a little boy with dem. Dey sent him back to see what had become of da gold. Da little boy came along whistlin'. Da man tol' him dat's not da way to whistle — come, an' he'll show him how to whistle like a man. He tell him to long out his tongue an' let him scrape it. Da man did scrape a little of da boy's tongue, an' he whistle a little clearer. Den he ask him, "Don't you see you whistle clearer?" Da boy say, "Yes," an' ask him to scrape a little more. Da boy long out his tongue, an' da man cut off a piece of his tongue. At that da boy run back to da robbers, goin', "Ma, ma, ma, ma, ma, ma!" talkin' like a man who is dumb. At dat da robbers got scared an' start to run too, an' dey run in da sea an' all over. Some turn shark, some turn whale, some turn ballyho (a fish), some turn turtle, — dey turn all different kind a animal. During dis time da man an' woman took to carry home da gold. Dey brought back a wagon an' carry away da rest of da stuff.

An' I, da story-teller, got some of dat money, an' became rich myself.

And I went through Miss Havercomb alley,  
An' I see a lead was bending;  
So der lead ben',  
So der story en'.

## PROVERBS AND RIDDLES.

### PROVERBS.

1. On account of one latch a man has los' his whole fortune. (His ducks go out der yard. His wife was ironin', she set der iron, go out after ducks. The clothes catch a-fire, burn down der whole house. All a man's fortune in his house.)

2. Pig ask, "What, ma, make you' mouth so long?" — "Ah, buddie! when you will come,<sup>1</sup> you will know."

3. Stone onder water, you don' know when der sun hot. (Those of us who have no responsibilities don't know what the world is like.)

4. If words nor grass will not do, I'll try my virtue in stone. (That is to say, one thing does not help you, the best thing to do is try, try another.)

5.           Rainbow in da mornin' gives sailors warnin',  
              But a rainbow in da night gives sailors delight.

RIDDLES.

1. What is it —

That we love more than life,  
Fear more than death,  
The rich want it,  
The poor has it,  
The miser spends it,  
And the spend'rift saves it?

*Ans.* Nothing.

2. They eat my flesh and drink my blood, and t'row 'way my bones.  
— *Ans.* The coconut.

3. What is it that you can see once in a minute, twice in a moment, and you wouldn't find it again in a t'ousan' years? — *Ans.* The letter *m*.

4. It's in the church, but not in the steeple; it's in the parson, but not in the people. — *Ans.* The letter *r*.

5. Richard run Rivers around the river. How many *r*'s in *that*? — *Ans.* No *r* in *that*.

6. Take 500 from the opposite of light, and tell me where your forefathers dwelt in the time of the Deluge. — *Ans.* The Ark. Dark is the opposite of light, 500 in Roman letters is D, this leaves "Ark."

7. Where was the cock that crowed and everybody in de world hear him? — *Ans.* Was in the Ark. Everything in the Ark then.

8.           There was a man on earth,  
              He had no dwelling-place dere,  
              Neither in heaven nor in hell.  
              Tell me where that man did dwell.

*Ans.* Jonah, in the belly of the whale.

9.           Upstairs and downstairs caught a-fire,  
              Staircase was away,  
              How did they manage to get out?

*Ans.* The staircase was a *way*  
              for them to come out.

<sup>1</sup> "Come" means here "to grow up." The explanation given was that we realize values when we are grown. Compare Jamaica (JAFL 9 : 39, No. 8).

10. Five hundred begins it,  
 Five hundred ends it,  
 V in the middle is seen.  
 The first of all letters,  
 The first of all figures,  
 Take their station between.  
 What word is that?

*Ans.* The word is David. D is  
 500 in Roman letters.

11. How many balls of string would reach from here to the clouds?  
 How many you think? — *Ans.* One, if it were long enough.

12. What is it that you would cut with a knife, and, after finish  
 cuttin' it, you can't see where cut it? — *Ans.* The water.

13. There is one thing the more you cut it, the longer it gets. —  
*Ans.* A grave.

14. What t'ree words that you can get one single word out? — *Ans.*  
 "Into," "my," "arms," equals "matrimony."

15. James Lure. Bring that word to an ancient city reigning now.  
 — *Ans.* Jerusalem.

16. If anybody ask you what the half of 88, you say 44: I say "No,  
 half of 88 is nothin'." (The upper half of 88 cut horizontally forms  
 $\infty$ .)

17. Dere was a man he had a boat;  
 He went into his boat an' drew off his coat,  
 An' drew off his hat, an' drew off his shoes.  
 I've called his name t'ree times.  
 What was that man's name?

*Ans.* Andrew.

18. Fifty-six sheep went out to feed, one die. How many turn  
 home? — By loose pronouncing of fifty-six, we have "fifty sick sheep,"  
 and the answer to the riddle is "forty-nine."

19. Dere was a hunter went shootin',  
 And he saw t'ree birds passin'.  
 He shoot one. How many remain?

*Ans.* Der one that die remain.

20. A duck, a duck, a duck,  
 A duck behind a duck,  
 And a duck in the middle of two ducks.  
 How many ducks are dere?

*Ans.* T'ree ducks.

This was pronounced very rapidly, leaving a confused impression  
 as to even what the very nature of the riddle was.

21. "Good-morning, Mr. Hundred-of-Pigeons!" said Lark.  
 "We are not an hundred,  
 We want twice as many, half as many,  
 One fourth as many, and you yourself, Lark,  
 Would make an hundred."  
 How many pigeons did Lark see on that tree?

*Ans.* 36.

22. Blackee are we, much we admired,  
 Men look for us till this day they are tired,  
 Put 'to a bag, tied with a string,  
 If you will tell me what are we,  
 I will give you a ring.

*Ans.* Coal.

23. As I was going up St. James' Steeple,  
 I met three of St. James' people.  
 There were neither men, women, nor children.  
 What were they?

*Ans.* A man, a woman, a child.

24. The fruit of England and the flower of Spain  
 Met together in a shower of rain,  
 Bound with a napkin, tied with a string.  
 Tell me this riddle, and I'll give you a ring.

*Ans.* Plum-pudding.

A product of England is the currant, a product of Spain is flour.  
 Showers supply the water necessary in cooking the concoction.  
 This riddle is very hard, I am informed, and only experts are able to  
 guess the answer to it.

25. Hitee-Titee went to town.  
 Hitee-Titee tear her gown,  
 Not a tailor in Bridgetown  
 Could mend Hitee-Titee gown.  
 What kind a gown was dat?

*Ans.* An egg.

26. In the garden was laid a fine beautiful maid  
 As ever the day she was born.  
 She was a wife the first day of life,  
 And she died before she was born.  
 Who was dat?

*Ans.* Eve. She was created a  
 full-grown woman.

27. Two born and never die. — *Ans.* Enoch and Elijah. Dey were  
 translated to heaven.

28. Two spoke and never lie. — *Ans.* Jesus and Balaam's ass.

29. Two die and never born. — *Ans.* Adam and Eve were both  
 created.



30. Four foot jump up on no foot back,  
No foot tumble down an break four foot back.  
What is dat?  
*Ans.* Dat's a goat on a rock's back.  
The rock fall down an'  
break the goat's back.
31. Gi' me a t'ing what has two head an' one body. — *Ans.* A barrel.
32. H an' PP did agree  
To take the life of C.  
It couldn't be done without consent of G.  
MMM stood way off, and saw what was done.  
*Ans.* Herod and Pontius Pilate  
agreed to take the life of  
Christ. It couldn't be  
done without the consent  
of God. Mary and Mary  
Magdalene saw it done.
33. Could you spell hard water in three letters? — *Ans.* Ice is  
hard water.
34. Could you spell live rat-trap in three letters? — *Ans.* Cat is  
live rat-trap.
35. Could you spell black water in three letters? — *Ans.* Ink is  
black water.
36. Whole alphabet was invited to a party. One went late, because  
it went after tea (T). — *Ans.* Dat was U.
37. As I *was* going a Rockdunda,<sup>1</sup>  
I saw a great light.  
Silk *was* satin, an' satin *was* silk.  
I call its name three times,  
An' you would not call it once.  
*Ans.* The word "was."
38. Turn me back, I'm nobody;  
Turn me face, I'm somebody.  
*Ans.* Looking-glass.
39. Twelve brothers going along,  
Twelve pears were hanging high,  
*Eachman* took a pear,  
An' still leave eleven dere.  
How was dat?  
*Ans.* *Eachman* used as proper  
name of one man.
40. There is a word if you take out the *i*, it leave the nose. — *Ans.*  
The word is "noise."

<sup>1</sup> Rockdunda signifies a small island.

41. If I were in the sun  
And you were out of the sun,  
What would the sun be?  
*Ans.* The word "sin."

42. Hold me, an' I'm shining light; transpose me, an I'll become animals. — *Ans.* The *star* is a shining light; reverse the letters, and you get "rats."

43. There's white inside, yellow inside, and white outside. — *Ans.* The egg.

44. There is a t'ing, when she has root, she has no leaves; and when she pull up her root, the leaves appear. — *Ans.* Ship at anchor has no sails; when she pulls up anchor, she has sails.

45. Miss Nancy goin' upstairs with a ben'-down nose. — *Ans.* The cushia-seed, that grows out of an apple-like fruit in such a way as to resemble a nose.

46. Kittee up the hill,  
An' kittee down the hill.  
If you don't trouble kittee,  
Kittee won't trouble you.  
*Ans.* The stinging nettle.

47. There was a man born among souls, live without souls, and die among souls. — *Ans.* Jonah in whale. Fish have no souls.

48. There is a thing is the first to pity and the last to help. — *Ans.* The letter *p*.

49. My fader gave me money to count, an' I couldn't count it. What was it? — *Ans.* The stars.

50. My fader gave me t'ree animal, an' tol' me I was to count them. But I was not to count them 1, 2, 3, but must count them this, that, an' the other. — *Ans.* A ram, a ewe, and a wether.<sup>1</sup> All these are goats. The object is to name three animals of the same species.

51. My mudder give me four bottle of milk to turn down with no cork, and to t'row none away. What is dat? — *Ans.* A cow's four nipples.

52. Whittee send whittee go an' drive out whittee out a whittee garden. What is dat? — *Ans.* A white man sends his white servant to drive a white horse out of a white man's garden.<sup>2</sup>

53. There was a man comin' from Boston, an' he lost his son on der way. When he come to the Grand Central Station, he met a man who told him to take  $\frac{3}{7}$  of a chicken,  $\frac{2}{3}$  of a cat, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a goat, and he would find his son. — *Ans.* Chi + ca + go = Chicago.

54. There's a t'ing, it's no use to you, you cannot see it, but you cannot do without it, but you always have it with you. What's dat? — *Ans.* Your footsteps.

<sup>1</sup> A castrated goat.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Bahamas (JAFL 32 : 439, No. 4).

55. There's a t'ing, every man has it and every woman has it as their personal property. Only once in a while they use it themselves. Other people will use it, although it yours, whenever they want. — *Ans.* Dat's your name.

56. Six broders goin' along, two reach before four. — *Ans.* Your eyes reach before your two hands and feet.

57. (a) There was two persons goin' on, one day. One of them was in the rain. One got wet, and the other didn't get wet. — *Ans.* A pregnant woman.

(b) Two horses were goin' across the river. Only four feet get wet. How's dat? — *Ans.* A pregnant horse.

58. There's a man goin' on, on his horse. Rain was before him, and rain was behind him. Which rain did he go by? — *Ans.* The reins before, that he was driving with.

59. There's t'ing, you put one stick in the ground, at a certain time of the year it comes green, and the other time it comes yellow. — *Ans.* The sugar-cane.

60. Dis is a t'ing. Dere's a tree it bear fruit once every year. It have green inside, an' green outside; and when it comes certain time, it is yellow. — *Ans.* Mango-fruit.

61. Dere's a certain fruit, if you go to pick it, it leave you on da tree an' come down an' left you. — *Ans.* Dat fruit is da coconut. The custom is to climb the tree and chop off the limb with the fruit on it.

62. Dere's t'ing, it green inside, an' green outside, an' have one seed. — *Ans.* Dat is da white pear.

63. My mistress send me to your mistress for a bottomless t'ing to put raw flesh in. What is dat? — *Ans.* A ring.

64. Dere is a t'ing dat men use it; but dat t'ing women is crazy about, an' cannot be a right woman unless dey have dat t'ing. — *Ans.* Wedding-ring.

65. Dere is a t'ing dat neither man nor woman can do without. You walk with it, you keep it in your house; if you don't have it, you don't know which way you are. What is dat? — *Ans.* A clock.

66. A woman had four children. An' send t'ree to school first. An' the last one she send, go an learn an' come out of school 'fore these other t'ree. How's dat? — *Ans.* The children are three fire-stones and one pot. The fire-stones are stationary, and, so to speak, remain always in school; while the pot is put on the fire-stones to cook, and then is taken off again.

67. There is a thing, it is black and white and red (read) all over. What's dat? — *Ans.* A newspaper.

NEW YORK CITY.

## FOLK-LORE OF THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDERS.

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

THE material of these notes was obtained in the course of collecting folk-tales from Portuguese Negroes from the Cape Verde Islands living in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. There are advantages and disadvantages for the study of folk-lore in collecting through immigrants. Detached more or less from home beliefs and practices, the immigrant may feel comparatively free to discuss them, and he is more easily rendered unsuspicious of the foreigner.<sup>1</sup> Besides, merely from his own experience of more than one culture, he lends himself to a comparative point of view. On the other hand, he readily assumes an attitude of forgetfulness of his old-time customs and of emancipated indifference, — an attitude which, if thorough and persisted in, completely disqualifies an informant.

Sophistication among the Negro immigrants is due not merely to the culture of New England; in many cases it began at home, thanks to Portuguese culture. Sophistication appears to exist in somewhat different degrees on different islands. Just as dialectical forms are more marked in the Windward Islands, in S. Nicolao, S. Antão, S. Vicente, than in the Leeward Islands, Fogo, Brava, Cab' Verde, so in the Leeward Islands folk-lore in a more primitive form appears to flourish. Cab' Verde in particular is described by other islanders as *brut'* ("savage," i.e., primitive). In my own partial observations this differentiation is not apparent; and, without a first-hand knowledge of the Islands, such differentiations must at best remain surmises, chiefly of value as of themselves bits of folk-lore. Nevertheless it seems worth while in the following account to note the island source of special beliefs, if only for possible future reference.

To begin with beliefs (*agoura*, Fogo; *aranha*, S. Nicolao) or practices

<sup>1</sup> Not that even in these circumstances the motives of the folk-lorist pass unquestioned. I have had requests for tales refused by Cape Verde Islanders on the ground that a narrator might find himself in jail, but with one exception the objector was always jeered at and argued down by others in the company. The exception occurred when one evening Mr. Silva and I drove up to a cabin on a cranberry-bog in Nantucket. None of the dozen or more men in the cabin came from the same island as Silva, and their boss kept us at a further disadvantage by insisting on conducting the conversation in English. Wishing to display his knowledge of the world by disputing the value of recording the tales, the boss would reiterate, "They are good for us, but not for Americans." Intimidated by their chief, and shy of us, the gang asserted to a man that they knew no stories. The next day in a yard in town where we had made friends, one of these men apologized for our reception the night before, and joined in the story-telling and riddling.

about conception, birth, etc. If a woman wants to conceive by a certain man, she may put on his shoe (Fogo). A S. Antão woman knew of a girl who had put on a man's shoes and coat to make him care for her. Not long afterwards she conceived. Apart from this practice, I have learned of no methods to induce conception, to preclude it, or to determine sex, although, in connection with all these aims, it is said that the *sabib'* [*sabio*] or *curador* (virtually the island medicine-man) may be consulted. "He will tell you what to do."

A pregnant woman should not look at a corpse; nor should she comment on any deformity, lest the child suffer the same deformity. A pregnant woman should eat what she craves, otherwise the child will be marked with the thing foregone (general belief). If the mark is on the child's mouth, the child will die (S. Nicolao). In a settlement on Cape Cod I met a pregnant woman who daily at three o'clock put cabbage to boil for herself to eat, because it had been her first yearning. Another woman, a Brava-Islander, knew of a woman who had craved a bite out of the calf of her husband's leg. She was ashamed to tell him until pains in the belly set in. Then she told him, and he gave her the bite. She had pains again, and she took another bite. The third time she felt pain she was too ashamed and too sorry for him to ask for a bite. That night she was delivered of twins stillborn. The first was born with his mouth shut, it was he who had had the bites; the second was born with his mouth open, because he had not had what he wanted. — During his wife's pregnancy a man may be sick. If he is sick, his wife is not sick (Brava). The husband of my cabbage-eating acquaintance had actually suffered pregnancy nausea at irregular times of the day for two months during the early part of his wife's pregnancy. He had had to stop working. His wife, who was much distressed, would pray for him.

The first step of a pregnant woman is always taken with the left foot if she is carrying a girl, with the right foot if she is carrying a boy (Fogo). Twins are not desired, because they are a bother; but there is no belief in connection with them, or peculiar practice. One informant who had lived with relatives on the mainland for nine years observed that it was the custom of a tribe she called Pepel, living in the hinterland of Dissao, to expose a male twin in the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever dreamed of in the Islands. The seventh son or the seventh daughter (not the seventh child) is called a *lemuson* [*lobis homem*]. According to one informant, *lemuson* (*luzon*) is a "bad" child, wearing on its mother. To get the spirit out of it, when it is seven months old, its father will cut it on the back with a razor (S. Nicolao). According to another informant (Brava), after birth a gun will be fired off under its bed to scare out what is in it.<sup>1</sup> According to another informant (Fogo), a *lemuson* should be

<sup>1</sup> The mother of this informant had been godmother (*madrink'*) to a girl *lemuson*.

burned on its back in its seventh year with cotton soaked in oil, — a practice likewise for curing pain, the fuse being lighted on the seat of the pain. Still other informants stated that a *lemuson* could change his or her body a Friday night, taking on the body of the first creature met, — dog, cat, donkey (Brava).<sup>1</sup> One informant (Fogo) knew of a certain *lemuson* whose spirit had rolled through the streets, leaving his body in bed. A *lemuson* keeps to the left of the road. To restore the *lemuson* to his proper shape, he should be followed with a knife and a bottle of water, and pricked on his left side with the knife.<sup>2</sup> Restored to his own person, the *lemuson* will straightway ask for a drink of water. Were he not to get it, he would eat up his pursuer (S. Nicolao). A *lemuson* may become a *saib'*, particularly if he is born with a caul or a double caul (S. Antão).<sup>3</sup> One such old man is alive to-day in S. Antão.<sup>4</sup> The midwife (*parteira*) or mother must keep secret the occurrence of the caul, otherwise the child would go crazy or stupid (S. Antão, S. Nicolao) or lose its power (Brava). Reference may be made to the caul without risk when the child is seven years old (S. Nicolao). The midwife should dry the caul and hang it as a *relique* around the neck of the child<sup>5</sup> — when the child is seven years old, added a Brava informant. One born with a caul has the gifts of curing (Cab' Verde) and of prediction, if neither he nor another spoil his gifts. For example, if as a child he absent himself from home, on his return his mother must not ask questions, lest she spoil his gift. From a Brava man I heard of a girl born with a caul (*necê cu barête*, "born with a cap") who at home in Brava had told her mother that her sailor-father had escaped in a wreck. Subsequently the father wrote home from New Bedford of his escape. A child who cries in the womb, like a child born with a caul, "knows everything in the world;" and, if the mother keeps the fact of his crying to herself, he will become a *saib'* (Brava).

The after-birth is buried in the house near the woman's bed, otherwise she will catch cold in the uterus (Cab' Verde).

<sup>1</sup> A seventh son is declared in Portugal to be changed every Saturday night into an ass, and to be chased by dogs till morning light (Wm. Henderson, "Folk-Lore of the Northern Countries of England and the Borders" [Pub. Folk-Lore Soc. (London, 1879), 2 : 306]).

<sup>2</sup> I was told by a native from Faial, Azores, a white woman, that a *lemuson* went out at night and turned to the first thing he saw, — a tree, an animal, etc. My informant knew of a man who had followed his son, a *lemuson*, and saw him turn into a pig. The man cut the pig slightly with his knife, and his son appeared naked before him.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 100.

<sup>4</sup> In England and France seventh sons become healers (Henderson, *Ibid.*, pp. 305-306).

<sup>5</sup> A *relique* is hung around the child's neck, at any rate. It consists of a bit of paper on which the names of the child and of its parents and god-parents, and the birth date, are written, and which is rolled up and put in a little bag. In Cab' Verde the cord (*bico di minin'*) is put in a bag hung around the neck as a *guarda* or *relique*.

The youngest child in the family is always referred to as the *coude* [*cauda*]. In the tales it is the *coude* who succeeds, and who is all he should be. In actual life the *coude* may also be thought of as lucky (*sortiad'*) (Fogo, Brava), particularly in love-affairs (S. Nicolao), or as smart (*'spert'*) or half-witted (*'nocente'*) (Cab' Verde). He or she has a peculiar position in the family, less work being expected of him or her. The burden of the work expected of offspring falls upon the eldest child. Authority attaches to the eldest child. An elder brother or sister is expected to marry before a junior.

If a woman loses several children, she will burn a surviving child on the back with oil-soaked cotton, that the next child to be born may survive (Fogo).<sup>1</sup> The corpse of a hunchback is burned on the back, lest other members of the household follow him in death (Fogo).

If a child does not "mind," his mother may tell him to remember the boy who stamped his foot at his mother, and whose feet came off (Fogo). There is another Fogo legend of a disobedient son whose mother had told him he would come to no good end (*bom fim*). Buried without a coffin, later, when his body was exhumed,<sup>2</sup> it was found to be intact, — "that was his bad end." Children are told that the dead (*finad'*) or Wolf (Lob') (Fogo, Cab' Verde) will catch them at night.

In Cab' Verde children are told not to go under a tree when the sun is strong (i.e., mid-day), because of a "bad shadow" (*sombr' mdo*). Fogo boys believe that they will escape an otherwise expected beating if they put a pebble under their tongue and keep saying the "prayer" of San Custob [Cristovão]; i.e., "San Custob uncornad', San Custob uncornad'," etc. One informant told me he once did this with a desirable outcome after a donkey had strayed from him. Another time, when he had lost a cow, the prayer failed him, and he got the beating. A *sai'b'* may foresee an evil tendency in a child, — may foresee, for example, a murder to be committed. The *sai'b'* will consequently direct the mother to beat the child thrice daily during childhood (Brava). Children are told that if they tell tales in the day-time it will kill their mother, unless as a prophylactic they pull out an eyelash.<sup>3</sup> In asking for tales in the day-time, I would be told by the man I had asked that his mother was still living, and so he could not tell me stories. Nor was this explanation always merely

<sup>1</sup> I suspect that it was this practice which my other Fogo informant confusedly connected with the treatment of a *lemuson*. — I also heard of a Fogo woman whose children were born dead, being given a candle to burn by the *sai'b'* she had consulted. He told her that her neighbor, a witch (*f'itice'ra*), had killed her children by looking at her back. She was to tie up (*'marra*) the witch with prayer.

<sup>2</sup> Graves unpaid for may be dug up after six months to accommodate others. Graves are numbered and dug up in rotation.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Surinam (JAFL 30 : 242-243).

an excuse to justify the common inclination not to tell '*storia belh'* by day. Sons of any age do not smoke in the presence of their father, nor in Cab' Verde, the centre for snuff-taking, take snuff. Nor would they indulge in either form of tobacco before their mother (Cab' Verde).<sup>1</sup> It would be considered disrespectful.<sup>2</sup> A Fogo informant told me that his father knew quite well, of course, that he smoked, and would even leave out tobacco for him, but that he would not think of smoking before his father. To keep a lad from smoking, some one may say to him, "Si bu câ larga fumâ, êle ta da bu quêle que êle da Tin' di Renque" ("If you don't leave off smoking, he will give you what he gave Tin' of Renque"). The legend runs that once, when there were pirates in Fogo (*Puga* the raiding band was called), one Tino, moving his goods one night from one place to another, was discovered by the robbers by the light of his pipe.

There seem to be love-charms, but they are to be obtained only from the *saiô*'. Apart from the case cited above, I could hear of no generally known specific. A marriage-proposal is made either by letter (S. Antão) or verbally to the bride's father through a go-between, a friend of the bridegroom or his father, an older man of some position. If the proposal is accepted, the go-between is given a present (*prende*) by the girl's father. Elopements because of paternal opposition occur, however, and the wedding ceremonial may be deferred for some time.<sup>3</sup> One informant knew of a girl who had lived three years without the ceremony with her man's parents. The ceremony is announced three successive Sundays in the church by the priest (*publicô' casament'*). Each Sunday the couple goes to confession. Each Sunday evening a feast is held in the bride's house, at which the couple occupy special seats placed side by side. During the three weeks they are supposed not to speak to each other except at the Sunday evening feasts (S. Antão, Fogo). The *padrinh' di casament'*, who may be the aforesaid go-between, escorts the bride to the church; his wife, the *madrinh' di casament'*, being escorted by the bridegroom. The four take a position in line in front of the altar — the bride, the *padrinh' di casament'*, the *madrinh' di casament'*, the bridegroom — until the priest exchanges the positions of bride (*noiva*) and *madrinh' di casament'*. The priest wraps his stole around the clasped right hands of bride and groom.<sup>4</sup> There is no wedding-ring. In coming out of the church, if the bride says aloud the name of a girl-friend, the girl will soon be

<sup>1</sup> Women as well as men are said to take snuff and to smoke, and the same parental restrictions apply to them. The Island women I know neither smoke nor take snuff.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Matilde Bensaude tells me that this point of view prevails throughout Portugal.

<sup>3</sup> It may be deferred for economic reasons. The minimum marriage-fee to church and state is or was sixty *pesos* or dollars.

<sup>4</sup> This Catholic marriage-rite is still practised at Isleta, San Felipe, and San Domingo, Pueblo Indian towns in New Mexico.



married (Fogo). The bride is expected to hang her head, and not to talk, to act ashamed to show respect (Brava). If she weep, however, it is said that the couple will not have a good life (*bom vid'*) (Fogo). Her wedding-dress may be given her by the bridegroom or by her own *padrinh'* and *madrinh'*. The wedding-feast is always held in the house of the *padrinh' di casament'*. The wedding-party walks or rides. In Cab' Verde it is supposed to be unlucky for the bride to ride a horse whose left foot is white (*arixel*). It is a horse unlucky for any married person to ride. The bridal couple go to live at the house of the groom's family or at his own house.

Cousin-marriage is not only forbidden by the church, but the old people say that it would result in insane progeny. But cousin-marriage beyond third-cousins, or marriage with a family connection, is the favored marriage. Inter-island marriage is disapproved of. I have been told that the houses of kinsfolk are apt to be grouped together. In this country there is a marked tendency for immigrants from the same island to keep together. A group of Fogo men will board in a Fogo family, S. Antão men in a S. Antão family, etc. In collecting tales, we would go to what we called a Cab' Verde house, a S. Antão house, etc., when we wanted a variant from Cab' Verde, S. Antão, etc.

Conjugal continence is practised the night of Good Friday. Formerly a couple would sleep, as usual, in the same bed, but would observe the rule. Nowadays they sleep apart, because a couple once failing to keep the rule had to be separated by a priest with holy water (Fogo). If the father of a family is absent and his presence is desired, one of his children will be told to go under a table and call his name three times (Fogo).

Widows and widowers wear black for life or until remarriage (Fogo, S. Nicolao). In S. Antão they wear it for one year. They may remarry after one year, two years, or more, although they run the risk of displeasing the family of their first spouse. I heard of one widower remarried four or five years after his wife's death, to whom, in consequence, his first wife's relatives do not speak. In S. Nicolao, according to one informant, a widower may remarry after one year; a widow, after three years. In Brava, at the remarriage of a widow or widower, they *toca* ("play") *furnec* (i.e., outsiders make a racket with whistles, tin pans filled with stones, etc.) wherever the couple goes. I heard of one couple, for example, who, to escape the persecution or quasi-persecution, went off quietly to a distant village to be married; but word of them got abroad, and, as they returned home, the villagers on their route turned out to pursue them. In another case the bridegroom, a Brazilian, went to the authorities and said he would kill any one who played *furnec* against his bride. Despite the threat,

late the night of the wedding, after the couple had retired, the villagers surrounded the house and played *furnec*. In explanation of the custom, it is said, "Viuva câ debê casâ', mas se êle casâ', ê's ta tocâl furnec pa' dal brighonha" ("Widow [or widower] ought not to marry; but if she marries, they play *furnec* to her to make her ashamed"). The widow-bride I first referred to was indeed dismayed, for she wept for a week after the wedding. *Tocâl furnec* seems peculiar to Brava. In Cab' Verde they might say, however, to the husband of a remarrying widow, that he had got only what was left.

For parents and *geschwister*, mourning (*lut'*) is worn for six months: it is heavy for three months, *vestid' di pret'* ("dressed in black," i.e., no white); the following three months it is lightened. (Fogo, S. Antão, three months only for *geschwister*.) For first-cousins or for a friend, mourning may be worn for fifteen days. For offspring over seven it is worn six months, but for a child under seven it is not worn at all. A child under seven is an angel (*ang'*) (S. Antão). It has no sense, says the priest (Brava).

The corpse is buried twenty-four hours or more after death. In Fogo a cord is wound around the shroud (*mortêlha*) at points about four inches apart. The last knot, at the ankles, has a special name, but my informants forget it. In S. Antão, three or four inch strips of linen are wrapped (*ligar*) around the corpse; and over all, the burial-clothes are put on. A S. Antão woman who was telling a Fogo man and me about this burial-custom reached for his hand to show how the linen was wrapped. He drew back. "You are scared!" she exclaimed, and, despite his protest, I believe he was; as the woman well understood, there was too strong a suggestion of sympathetic magic in her illustration. In Cab' Verde a drum is beaten out of doors, and the spirit is definitely bidden begone. "Torna!" is called out (the word is taken from the burial-service, and means "return to dust," a Fogo informant suggests), or "Nossior ja sêr sirbid' d'êle" ("Our Lord is to be served by him"). Without this rite, it is believed, the dead will stay on with the living. The clothes and jewelry of the deceased, likewise articles used during his illness, are buried with him (Fogo, S. Antão). Only mean relatives withhold such property (S. Antão). In Fogo and S. Antão, only flowers are placed on the outside of the grave; but in Cab' Verde a pot of food — *cuscus*, molasses, etc. — is deposited on the grave. The immediate relatives of the deceased do not go to the cemetery; they remain indoors, the door of the house closed, for eight days (S. Nicolao), seven days (Fogo, S. Antão), or three days (Brava). During this time no fire is built. Neighbors cook for the mourners, and bring them food. Neighbors stay in the house of mourning, too, for the first three or four days. The mourners sit on the floor on mats, praying and weeping (*funçd*

[*função*] *di defunt'*). At the close of the seclusion the bedding of the deceased is burned, mass is said, and, with the neighbors helping out, a feast is provided for all, including the relatives who have gathered from all parts of the Island. Mass is said again and a feast made after one month (S. Antão, Cab' Verde), again after three months, after six months, after twelve months (S. Antão, Fogo).

Three days after the Day of All Saints (*dia di todos santos*) is celebrated the Day of the Faithful Dead (*dia di fiel difunt'*). A *patac'* (four cents) is given to the priest for him to say a prayer (*response*) for any dead relative; i.e., for any one who died old enough to sin (after twelve, suggested my informant). This offering is made by the family every year (Fogo, Cab' Verde). A lame ghost (*finad'*) would start three days before the others, so as to be on hand on the *dia di fiel difunt'* (Fogo). On the Day of All Saints children are told not to go near *palh' fed'*, — a shrub which bears large white blossoms, and which is large enough to hide under, — lest a ghost with a broken leg (*finad' pé quëbrad'*) catch them (Fogo). The counterpart to this ghost in S. Antão is referred to as Canelinh' ("Little-Leg"). If you go in zigzag, he cannot catch you, only if you go straight. In S. Vicente and S. Antão, people are said to be afraid of a bogie or ghost called Capotona ("Big-Coat"). In particular, Capotona haunts an uninhabited stretch in S. Vicente referred to as "Mat' Ingles" (English, "wilderness;" literally, "wood;" but *mat'* is used also to mean "the wilds"), and none will venture there at night. One S. Antão informant told me that a little dog he had with him one night turned into a towering *capotona* ("lost soul" [*alma purdid'*] he also called it) with a great furry coat. To exorcise it he said, "Com graça e fé em Deus eu vou seguir o meu caminh', e sêgue o seu distino por onde Deus o teu servido" ("By grace and faith in God I will follow my way, and do you go to the destination where God uses you"). A woman who has killed her child, born or unborn, is said to be a *revenante*. She carries her dead child in her mouth, and she will not "see God;" i.e., have rest for the period the murdered child would have lived on earth. Only the specially gifted can see such a *revenante*. On Cape Cod I met a Fogo-Islander who had moved away from Newport because he thought the spirit of the wife who had died three months before was keeping him awake of nights. A Cab' Verde man tells me he has heard of a deceased husband talking with his widow, and of the dead entering into people (*finad' entra na gente*). They must be got out by the priest. A Fogo-Islander tells me that as a boy he believed the spirit of his deceased mother came to him at night because he had not said prayers for her. At every tenth bead on the rosary a prayer (*offerice*) for the dead (or living) may be said. An *offerice* may be given to another to offer up for his own dead. Coins (*des reis*

["ten *reis*," or a penny], Brava) may be placed on the grave of a *finad' disemparad'* ("houseless ghost," Fogo), — a spirit that has had no offerings made to it, — to engage the spirit to work harm to an enemy. In S. Antão the copper coin is put secretly into the hand of the still unburied corpse. "Vae e vem buscar ('Go and come get') N —" (the name of the enemy), is said. Again, fourteen five-*reis* pieces (half-penny) may be buried near a cross, and the cross (*santa cruz*) asked to work the desired injury, to make crazy, ill, etc. The cross must be visited fourteen times (S. Antão). From a Cab' Verde informant I have heard of putting a copper coin on a grave when you want to kill or injure some one, as well as putting money with a saint (*po dinhe'r' na Santo*).

For a month after a death, one member of the household will stay at home to receive the prayers brought by neighbors and friends (Fogo, S. Nicolao, in Cab' Verde all stay home). "'M resâ um padre nosso e Ave Maria pa' alma di —" ("I pray a *padre nosso* and *ave maria* for the soul of —"), says the visitor (S. Nicolao). The mourning-custom as a whole is referred to as '*nojad*'.

There are two gates to the cemetery in Fogo, and, according to one informant, if the door by which a funeral-party leaves is not shut, a death in the village will ensue. According to another Fogo informant, if the church-door is left open after any service, somebody will die. A cloud cross in the sky, or a picture in the clouds of a casket with angels, is the token of the death of a priest (S. Antão), or of any grandee (*grande, rico* ["rich"]), Cab' Verde). If a person is sick, and a bluejay (*passadinha*) circles about the house and then flies townwards, the sick will die (S. Nicolao). If a person vomits after the sacred oil has been dropped by the priest on his tongue, he will die. Were any one to admire an infant, a blessing would straightway be said to avert misfortune (S. Nicolao). Or to the same end a little of the spittle (*cuspink'*) of the complimenter would be rubbed on the child (Cab' Verde).

If soil from a person's footprint is boiled and then thrown over a cliff, the said person will also fall over the cliff (Fogo). To injure some one in Cab' Verde, one also "takes his footprints" (*panhâ rast'*).

Black magic is believed in all the Islands to be practised by *f'itice'ra* (*brux'*), who may be old or young,<sup>1</sup> but who are always women (just as the *saib'* practitioners of white magic are always men). *F'itice'ra* practise evil eye, as we have noted. (A Fogo-Islander also tells me of how he once believed his goat dropped dead because a *f'itice'ra* looked at it.<sup>2</sup> But *f'itice'ra* have other methods, too. To make persons sick,

<sup>1</sup> "A young *f'itice'ra* does not know much; an old *f'itice'ra* knows too much" (Fogo). The knowledge goes in families; the daughters of a *f'itice'ra* will be accounted *f'itice'ra* (cf. Reginald Scot, *The Discoveries of Witchcraft* [1584; reprinted, London, 1886], p. 20).

<sup>2</sup> Scot, *Ibid.*, pp. 7, 8.

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they enter their bodies. The *f'itice'ra* in possession talks with her own voice, thus giving herself away. To exorcise her, a piece of her clothes or shoes is burned under the nose of the possessed (Fogo). If the ear or finger of the sick person is nicked, the whole ear or finger of the *f'itice'ra* is thereby cut off (Brava). Another Brava informant said that he had heard that if the stone of a saint's image was scratched, and the scrapings drunk in water, the *f'itice'ra* would be driven out. He brought out a prayer-book in which he said this remedy was prescribed. Black-sheep wool will also be burned under a patient (S. Nicolao). In this connection is to be noted that the milk of a black goat, drunk warm, together with mint (*hortelã*), is a specific for stomach-ache. I met in Onset, Mass., a woman who believed she was possessed by a *f'itice'ra*. (Her first baby was two or three months old.) She had consulted a *saib'*<sup>1</sup> in Providence. A *f'itice'ra* will exhume the body of a baby, and smear the grease over the house-walls of the person whose living baby she wishes to "eat;"<sup>2</sup> i.e., injure. The baby's dress should be put in the boiler, and pins and needles stuck in it. The *f'itice'ra* will feel the pins and needles in her own body; she will go to the house for relief, but the people must refuse to take out the dress until she cures the baby (Brava). To discover if a *f'itice'ra* is in the house visiting, a shrub called *aruda* (Brava) or *moru* (Fogo) is burned ("she doesn't like the smoke, and will go away"); or needles or scissors, particularly scissors, are stuck into the door, and the *f'itice'ra* will not leave until they are taken out (Fogo). In S. Antão, anything the *brux'* has touched should be turned upside down, — a chair, a chest, a cup. In these circumstances the *brux'* will not leave the house: she will start to go, and say "Good-by, good-by!" but she will not leave (S. Antão). To kill a *brux'*, see where she urinates, and stick a needle into the place (S. Antão). A *f'itice'ra* is said to take out her entrails (*tripa*), and, that much the lighter, to fly off without them. If dirt is put into them, the *f'itice'ra* cannot get back, and will die (Brava, Cab' Verde, Fogo). One Brava informant said that the guts which the *f'itice'ra* has hung on a banana-tree should be hidden, and then, not finding them, she would die. There is a certain cliff in Brava — Sempridon — from which *f'itice'ra* are believed to fly (Fogo). Flying *f'itice'ra* may be recognized by moving lights in the air,<sup>3</sup> "like a torch," said one informant; "they

<sup>1</sup> A fortune-teller, palmist, etc. His card was shown to me as that of an American *saib'* who corresponded to a *saib'* at home.

<sup>2</sup> *F'itice'ra come menin'* ("*f'itice'ra* eats the child"). Compare Scot (*l. c.*, p. 31). *Chupa* ("suck") *menin'* is the Azores equivalent. My Azores informant knew of a healthy infant found dead in bed, with only a few tiny black spots on the testicles where the *f'itice'ra* had been at work. Compare the belief as borrowed, no doubt, from the Spaniards by the Aztecs (F. Starr, "Notes upon the Ethnography of Southern Mexico" [Proceedings Davenport Academy of Sciences, 8 (1899-1900) : 120]).

<sup>3</sup> Compare Starr, *Ibid.*, p. 120.

drop fire as they fly," said another informant (Cab' Verde); "it is a green light," said another (Brava), and this man said he had himself seen such a light once in a certain mountainous district where people lived who were believed to be *f'itice'ra*. But wherever a *f'itice'ra* is off flying, if you make three knots in your handkerchief and say a fitting prayer, she will have to return (*'marra f'itice'ra*, "tie up *f'itice'ra*") (Brava). The right prayers will always tie up a *f'itice'ra* (Cab' Verde). A *f'itice'ra* can go into the body of a black cat <sup>1</sup> (Fogo). She uses the eyes and bones of a black cat to work magic (Brava). One informant gave the directions followed in S. Antão. In the eye-sockets of the dead cat, as well as in the anus and mouth, you plant a bean. You then bury the cat. The planting and burial should be done secretly, and on the *Dia di San Jon*. You note carefully the exact point where the bean in the mouth may be expected to sprout. The pods of this bean you gather, saying the *credo*. A little dog in which is the Devil (*diab'*) will come round; but you must pay no attention to him, and on your way home you must not look back. Entering your house, you keep saying, "Cred', cred', cred';" and to any questions asked you, you give no answer. The beans will bring you luck in any enterprise. Spotless black cats are, at any rate, unlucky (lucky in S. Antão), particularly when they cross the road in front of you (Fogo). If you see one in the morning, you will be unlucky all day (Fogo). — Cows are also possessed by *f'itice'ra*.<sup>2</sup> In that circumstance they give no milk (Fogo). Pigs who go "half-crazy" are whipped to exorcise a spirit (Fogo), probably a *f'itice'ra*; for human beings, when they are sick and thought to be possessed, may also be whipped (Fogo). In Brava they are whipped with a piece of grape-vine "to make the *f'itice'ra* come out." *F'itice'ra* can bend a man to their will, even to making him eat dirt (literally). Hair-cuttings are burned or hidden away, lest, found by a *f'itice'ra*, she should work evil (Cab' Verde). I heard of one family of *f'itice'ra* from whom, for very fear, taxes were for many years not collected (Fogo). A Brava informant, on his way to visit his girl, was once carried out of his course by his donkey possessed by a *f'itice'ra*.<sup>3</sup> If a *f'itice'ra* opposes a certain love-affair, she will by such means frighten the man off. The bogies he meets in these circumstances (or in others) are *bult*, *cusa ruim* ("bad things"). They characteristically appear without the sound of footsteps. A knife with a bone handle made of reindeer [?] horn is a charm to keep them off (Fogo). Scrapings from such a handle drunk in water will cure stomach-ache (Fogo).

The *saib'* (general term, *jabacos*, also in Fogo; *curador* in S. Nicolao and S. Antão; *mestre* in Cab' Verde) is the opponent of the *f'itice'ra* or

<sup>1</sup> Scot, *The Discoveries of Witchcraft*, pp. 73-74.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Scot, *Ibid.*, p. 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 73.

*brux'*, since he suggests means for her exorcism or undoing. In S. Antão it is in particular the *spongerer'*, one born with a caul (*butiad'*, S. Antão; *necê na sac*, "born in a sack," Fogo), who is effective against *brux'*. Like them, he is able to travel in spirit; and he goes to their place of spirit-assembly, and overhears their talk and how they have injured persons. Thus he knows the proper antidote. He is said, however, to be able to work black magic too. But on the whole, he appears to work beneficently, curing sickness in general, curing barrenness, finding lost articles. A S. Antão woman asserted to me, that were she in sickness to send a piece of her shirt or head-kerchief, anything that had absorbed perspiration, to the *curador* she knew in S. Antão, he would send her a cure across seas.

The *saib'*, as we have noted, is not depended on exclusively for charms. The hand of a *minin' mour'* ("Moor;" i.e., unbaptized child) gives its possessor magical power. He could burglarize a house, for example, without arousing the inmates. It is sometimes said of a bad and successful man, "He must have the hand of a *minin' mour'*" (Fogo). In Cab' Verde the finger of an *ang'* ("angel;" i.e., child dying under seven) is a good *guarda*. A *guarda* or *relique* is appealed to under various circumstances; but apart from the *relique* hung about a child's neck, as we have noted, the little tin or silver Beranc (Fogo), Vranca (St. Veronica), or Sant Age (S. Antão), — a picture of the saint hung about the neck and under the left arm to protect from accidents, — and the *relique* as it appears in the folk-tales (a magic hair or a *fusil*, "flint for striking a light"), I could learn nothing definite about such charms. The Guinea Coast fetich — a piece of wood, a stone, a bird — is known of and called *iran*.<sup>1</sup> I have heard it compared with the *relique*. Between the *iran* and the Catholic *relique* there are, I suspect, many connecting links. For example, in Cab' Verde not only the finger of an "angel," but the finger-nails of an *onç'* ("tiger") and the horn of a *licordia*, both Guinea animals, are said to be good *guarda*. The fruit of a certain shrub planted on the *Dia di San Jon* will keep the eater from being hurt by any steel (S. Antão).

To stop thunder I was given the following prayer. It had been said that very morning at Newport in a thunder-storm. "Santa Barba Virgem Generosa, rosa, da-m' vida qui bu bibê, libra-m' di mort' qui bu morrê" ("St. Barbara, generous virgin, give me the life you lived, free me from the death you died").

Tuesday and Friday are days of bad omen (in Brava, Friday and Sunday, according to one informant); and on these days people would not initiate enterprises.<sup>2</sup> No co-operative work in farming, house-

<sup>1</sup> A S. Nicolao woman who had been to the Guinea Coast (Giné) said that Giné women who had lost children would take presents of chickens, etc., to a tree, and pray to the *iran*.

<sup>2</sup> In the Azores, Tuesday is similarly unlucky. My Azores informant knew of a boy

building, hat-making, etc., would be started. "Bó lá bu ta morré Sestafeira!" ("You there, you will die on a Friday!") is said to one who does something foolish or expresses a foolish idea.<sup>1</sup> — It is bad luck (*zangado*, "cross, angry") to break a mirror: for seven years you will be unfortunate (Fogo). — If the first fish you catch on going fishing is a *pe'x' real* ("kingfish"), you will catch no more fish (Fogo). — It is believed that after turtles lay eggs, it will rain; and when it has been raining, people will say, "Nu ba praia jobê ob' di tataruga!" ("Let us go to the shore to look for turtle-eggs!") — To bring fair weather, sailors will throw *des reis* into the sea from the prow of their vessel (Brava). — It is bad luck to give a needle to any one at night, or to pick up a pin pointing towards you. Pointing away from you, the pin brings luck (Fogo). — It is bad luck to stub your left toe as you go out in the morning (Cab' Verde). — One must not eat with money on the table — Jesus Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver (Fogo). — Such beliefs are referred to as *agour' de belh'* ("beliefs of the old").

A hen that crowed would be straightway killed and taken to the priest<sup>2</sup> (Fogo). — A bluejay (*passadinha*) singing in a tree is said to bring "news" (Fogo, Cab' Verde). You speak to the bird, saying, "Passadinha di boas nobas, se noba é boa, bu sacudi pescoss' tres bes, bu torna cantâ" ("Jay of good news, if the news is good, shake your head three times and sing again") (Brava). The bird is possessed of a spirit (*alma di alguem*, "soul of some one," Cab' Verde). — Striped cattle (*brazinh'*; they are marked brown, gray, and white) are said to be the progeny of a bull that once came in from the sea and mated with cattle at a certain spring which at Pa (Praia) Ladron flows out of the side of the cliff. The cattle are called *boi di mar* ("bulls of the sea"). — Mermaids (*serena*, Windward Islands; *Maria Condon*,<sup>3</sup> Leeward Islands) not only figure in the folk-tales, now and again some one will tell you that her mother or grandmother once saw a mermaid. — There is a legend of a certain Brava sea-captain who, because he was a bad man, kidnapping people and selling them, still sails the seas. Those on shore hear him giving sailing-orders as well as counsel paralyzed from swimming on Tuesday. On Friday everybody bakes bread and cleans to children who are naughty and troublesome on that day is said, "Hoje é um dia de ma mulher" ("To-day is the bad woman's day"), meaning that a woman is irritable on Friday. Tuesday is the unlucky day in Mexico (T. A. Janvier, "Mexican Superstitions and Folk-Lore" [*Scribner's Magazine*, 5 (1889) : 349]).

<sup>1</sup> Funerals occurring necessarily on a Sunday are skimped, and my informant explained that dying on a Friday would mean burial on a Sunday. The saying is open, no doubt, to other interpretations.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the Mexican belief that the Devil is inside a crowing hen, which must therefore be killed (Carl Lumholtz, *Unknown Mexico* [New York, 1902], 2: 351).

<sup>3</sup> From *varinha de condão* ("little wand of obligation"), referring to the part of herself the scale or hair, the mermaid gives as a charm.



against imitating his evil deeds. My informant told me that the ancient mariner had a grandson in Brava who left Brava several times with his family to elude the pursuing spirit of his grandfather. The grandson was recently lost at sea. The widow of this *capoton* remarried, and it is said that the *capoton* would throw the second husband out of bed. There is in Fogo a wilderness chapel to a rain-making saint, — Noss' Sehnora da Sacorr'. A man from the mainland (*homi di Giné*) once found the image of the saint walking about in the mountains. They put the image in a church near the altar, with the image of another saint. The next morning Noss' Sehnora was found standing at the door. They decided to build her a chapel. There was no wood to build it until supernaturally the sea washed in great beams from the mainland and all the wood that was needed. As evidence of the mountain peregrination of Noss' Sehnora da Sacorr', prints of her hand holding a rosary are to be seen on a certain cliff-side. The feast day of Noss' Sehnora da Sacorr' is Aug. 5. Rain is expected on that day. If it does not fall before Aug. 15, the saint's image is taken out and paraded. Rain is sure to fall before the procession closes.

Aug. 5 is a local Fogo feast day. The most important feast days for all the islands<sup>1</sup> are June 24 for San Jon, June 29 for San Pedro, Jan. 20 for San Sebastian; and of these the *Dia di San Jon* is most notable. The evening before, bonfires are lighted to the saint. Each household burns up the trash collected during the year. The church bonfires are made in part of the saintly clothes or trappings discarded during the year. The ashes the priest uses on Ash Wednesday to make a cross on the forehead of women and on the crown of men<sup>2</sup> are the ashes from this San Jon bonfire. The boys of the village spend the evening of June 23 jumping over the bonfires in the barrels set on three sides of the approach to the church (*adro*) (*salt' di San Jon*, "jump of San Jon")<sup>3</sup> (Fogo, S. Antão). The boys call out, "San Jon, San Jon, sarna na lumi, sauda na corpo!" ("San Jon, San Jon, pox in the fire, health in the body!") (Fogo.) There is much feasting on the *Dia di San Jon*, and preparation for it begins three weeks or more in advance. In Fogo the pounding of the corn for the feast is accompanied by song. There may be three women pounding in one of the tall mortars or *pilon*; and these *pilander* will sing, to the time beaten double quick (*repica*) on the edge of the *pilon* by a man, the following song.

<sup>1</sup> On May 3, 4, 5, a great feast is held on Brava, — the feast of Santa Cruz.

<sup>2</sup> I was told that the seams of the skull made a cross, its position thus differentiated according to sex.

<sup>3</sup> Compare A. Wuttke, *Der Deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart* (Berlin, 1900), p. 80.

BRIAL (CANTIGA DI *PILON*, "SONG OF THE *PILON*").

O sabê Colinha!  
 Colinha manda rufâ na pontal figuerinha.  
 Quêê qu'ê sujo bu da cachô'  
 Quêê qu'ê limpo bu da-m' dime.

(O sweet Colinha!  
 Colinha sends to beat double time on the top of the fig-wood.<sup>1</sup>  
 What is nasty, give to the dog.  
 What is clean, give me.)

In S. Antão the corresponding "*colinha*" is sung, not to the *pilon*, but to the drum. Before singing, the singer says, "'Nha mã' manda-m' pa' Senhor San Jon 'mbem sabê di cert' si San Jon este. Outro (*an'* understood) eu torno vir" ("My mother sends me to Sehnor San Jon, I come to know for certain if San Jon is. Another (year) I will come back"). The song follows:—

"Colinha manda-m' um ram' na boca di figural 'marrad' num fita pret' pençand' mi era viuva. O mã' Josefa, cola, cola coladera. Soba p'ra cima na saia fina sem cardon. P'ra baix' é câ di bó conta. Tud' gente vae para port' fóra 'Nha' Juana Duca. Cahin p'ra rocha baix' na lombo Dalmirin pa' valia d'um rôl' di chuca.

"Cola, cola, coladera, o sabe!  
 O mã' Josefa, cola sabe, cola sabe!  
 Ai sabe!"

("Colinha sends me in the mouth [i.e., entrance of the settlement] a blossom tied with a black ribbon, thinking I was a widow. O Mother Josefa! clap, clap, clapper! Butt<sup>2</sup> above my fine, without roughness (?) skirt! Below, you have no business. Everybody goes to the door except Lady Juana Duca. She falls from the Dalmirin ridge for the sake of a roll of pork.

"Clap, clap, clapper, o fine,  
 O Mother Josefa! clap fine, clap fine!  
 Ai fine!")

In Brava the celebration is like that in S. Antão. In S. Nicolao there is no drum-beating, or singing, or jumping about (*soba*), only illuminations and the conventional church service. On *rabespa*, the day before the vespers of St. John, June 22, there is masking (*canisade*) in Fogo. The giver of the feast invites persons to come to a dance at his house in masks. A drum summons them to the masked dance

<sup>1</sup> The *pilon* is made of fig-wood.

<sup>2</sup> In the excitement, people fling themselves about and bump into one another. A young man once bumped into his mother. "Don't you know I am your mother?" she complained. He answered, "At this time there is no mother, there is no father." Strangers make free with one another.

(*balh' canisade*). They wear false faces, and dress up as brides, bridegrooms, kings, queens, cavaliers, etc.

Masking occurs in S. Antão in connection with *carnavale*, occurring during the usual season. During this week occurred a day called *di' d'entrud* ("day of intrusion"),<sup>1</sup> when gangs of boys would go from house to house stealing (*furtá*) what they wanted, more particularly food and drink. Every one was bound to take the stealing as a joke, and special pots or dishes of food would be left out for the thieves. *Dia d'entrud* is celebrated also in Fogo, but my informants forgot the date.

On the three principal saints' days is held in Fogo<sup>2</sup> a *desafio pa' argolinha*, a contest for little rings. It is a ring-spearling sport, which in this connection I need not describe in detail. Of interest, however, is the fact that it is not engaged in except on the aforesaid saints' days. After the ring-contest the horsemen dismount and carry the standard of the saint (*bandera*) to the church. Here whoever volunteers to give the feast the following year raises up the standard, and carries it to his own house to keep it for the year. If the *bandera* is left buried (*'nterrad*) in the church (i.e., if none volunteer), it will be a dry, poor year.

In Brava on saints' days (particularly in June, "June is just for play") a tall pole (a "mast") is set up, and to it several crosspieces are fastened, on which are hung fruit of all kinds, vegetables, sugarcane, etc. From the head of the mast flies the *bandera* of the saint. Late in the afternoon the crosspieces are lowered, and the populace scramble for the things on them. This largess has been contributed by the man who has kept the *bandera* in his house the preceding year. He may have been sick and made a vow to take the *bandera* of the saint whose help he needs. His friends and relatives send in to him great platters of fruit, etc., to rig the mast out with. The women carry these dishes on their heads to his house.

There is in Fogo an organization of "holy kings" (*sant' reis*) which serves as almoner to the church. There are twelve "kings" (*rei di Nossinhora*),<sup>3</sup> and with each a *carragador di Nossinhora* ("porter of Our Lady") and a drummer. Each group is accompanied by an indefinite number of courtiers (*reniads*). On both Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve these groups sing in the church, the church of Nossinhora da Conceição, and visit from house to house about the town of San Filipe, soliciting gifts for the church. Early on the morning of

<sup>1</sup> *Mardi gras*; and Miss Bensaude tells me that the visitation practice is general in Portugal.

<sup>2</sup> Not known in S. Nicolao.

<sup>3</sup> The "king" is referred to by his own name plus his title (as, *Rei Jon*, *Rei Pedr*, etc.), and he is addressed as *'nha 'mun Jon*, *'nha 'mun Pedr* ("my brother Jon, my brother Pedr").

Jan. 6 (*Dia di Sant' Reis*<sup>1</sup>) the people at large race their horses. The races over, the *Sant' Reis* and their companions set forth from town in two main divisions, — one going north, the other south. The southern division spends the night at Lusianoni, and the following day visits the chapel of Nossinhora da Sacorr'. The next day the division continues its southern route. The two divisions circle about during the following weeks until at a fixed place they meet, when each division returns (some time in March) to the town by the way it set forth. When the divisions meet on their road (*contra Nossinhora*), they perform certain set movements: they "take steps" which my informants could not describe in detail. Were the divisions to make a complete circle in their tour, the world would come to an end (*mund' caba*). The divisions, as they peregrinate, remain in their subdivisions of twelve. The groups are entertained wherever they stop. They have customary stopping-places, to which each year they return. Their hosts are called *m'ordom' di Nossinhora*. The groups are given money and credit orders for oil, cotton, or corn (*simola* ["alms"] *di Nossinhora*).<sup>2</sup> The money is put into the kid-skin bag called *saralh'*,<sup>3</sup> which is carried across the shoulders. The money and orders representing "the fruits of the field" (i.e., tithes?) are carried to the priest. It is said that a government official (an *administrador de conselho*) once suppressed this pilgrimage (Fogo).<sup>4</sup> There was little or no rain that year, and on the following *Dia di Sant' Reis* the official died. — On Ash Wednesday (*Quarta fera di Treba*) the *Sant' Reis* re-enter the town, and on Easter Thursday (*Quinta fera D'induença*) the feet of the twelve are washed by the priest. Until Easter Monday the groups camp near the church, engaging in prayer, and going out only to go to Mass.

Easter (*Diming' di Pascōa*) morning about four o'clock a fig-tree (*rama* ["branch"] *Juda*) is planted on one side of the church. On it is hung a straw-stuffed figure of a man called *Juda*. A cigar is put in his mouth, and a bomb on his chest. About noon, when the day's procession from the church is at hand, the bomb is exploded by the fuse held in the mouth of the figure.<sup>5</sup> All the men drag the tree and the figure, or what is left of it, by a rope around the neck, to the shore. Here they beat the figure and then drown it (Fogo). In Cab'

<sup>1</sup> Epiphany.

<sup>2</sup> Living in the country, families keep depositaries of produce in town, upon which they give orders.

<sup>3</sup> Small individual purses, made similarly of the skins of kids stillborn or miscarried, are in vogue as bringing luck.

<sup>4</sup> In Brava an analogous custom was permanently suppressed twenty years or so ago. Fogo appears to be the only island in which this custom is known or persists. Probably to-day it is not celebrated even in Fogo.

<sup>5</sup> There is a like custom in Mexico (N. O. Winter, *Mexico and Her People of Today* [Boston, 1907], pp. 233-234).

Verde the figure of Juda is paraded on a donkey and beaten. It is paraded, beaten, and burned in Brava.

During Passion Week, groups of school-boys, twelve in each group, — the leader dressed in black, the others in white, — make the twelve stations on the *via sacra* (Fogo). — On New Year's Eve there is a church service, and the children are kept in the church until one A.M. Then the children go forth, and mark in chalk on every house-door, —

"Bons Dias  
Bon Ans  
Boas Feste  
An' [1918]."

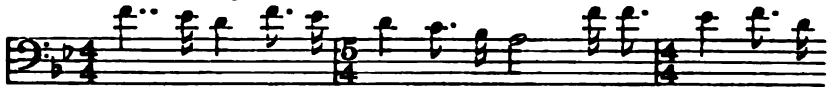
On New Year's evening as well as on Christmas evening, boys would go from house to house, begging for themselves. One of them carried a bag; and what they collected — fruit, corn, coffee, money, etc. — would be evenly divided among all. On Christmas they sang: —

"Do natal o redentor' qui esta chegada a função. As sextas feiras vencidas, a minha humilde petição. Nha dá cá, da cá, nha dá cá face. 'M sa ta ba pa' nin que pouco nha pô na mon. Si nha cá dá, 'm ta mandâ San Jorge ta bem buscâ. Sabe 'ma Jorge é um sant' di bom cunsencia, punde [por ondê] êle entra êle' ta tirá cheo, êle ta dixa pouco."

("From the Saviour's birthday this function came. Fridays overcome, my humble petition.<sup>1</sup> Give here, give here, give here quickly! I will go, however little you put in my hand. If you do not give, I will send St. George to come and look for it. You know that George is a saint of a good conscience; where he enters, he takes out a lot, he leaves little.")

New Year's the boys sing:<sup>2</sup> —

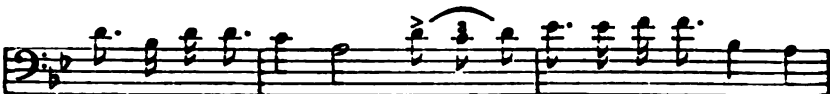
J=63. *Deliberately.*



J=80.



acc. J=92.



<sup>1</sup> "I beg that Fridays may be overcome," was the meaning of this to my informant.

<sup>2</sup> This song and the following song were transcribed by Helen H. Roberts. The words as sung are run together too indistinctly, and they are too much broken up, to be intelligible. Nor do they correspond closely enough with the words given above in the text to enable us to set words to music.

acc.  $J=120$ .

$J=138$ .

<sup>1</sup> Possibly not intended as part of the music.

"San José Sagrada da Maria Angelina, quando foi para Belem rasgatar o menin' de Jesus lá na pé di Santa Crus. Nha dá cá face, nha dá cá face, 'm sa ta ba pa' nin que pouco nha pô na mon. Se nha câ da, 'Nho' San Jorge ta rametê. Nossa Senhora fica nesta casa cu' pas' cu' gost' e alegria, alegria pa' tudo mund'."

("St. José Sagrada da Maria Angelina, when he was at Bethlehem to save a child of Jesus there at the foot of the blessed cross. Give here quickly, give here quickly! I will go, however little you put in my hand. If you do not give, Lord St. George will remit it. [At this point the presents are made, and the boys sing.] May Our Lady be in this house with peace and pleasure and joy, joy for all the world!")

Bands of men as well as of boys go about singing and begging New Year's evening. They sing to the guitar a song almost the same as the song of the boys:—

"San José Sagrada Maria Angelina, quando foi para Belem rasgatar um minin' di Jesus. San tres pesson Santiximo Trindade. Gaspar Balchor de Butisad'. Nha dá cá face, nha dá cá face. 'M sa ta ba pa' nin que pouco nha pô na mon. Se nha câ dá, 'Nho' San Jorge ta rametê. Nossa Sinhora fica nesta casa cu' paz, cu' gosto, cu' alegria, alegria pa' tudo mund'."

The men also sing, —

"Neste dia do Janer', neste dia, dia do Janer', Janero,  
É grande mericimento Deus  
Por cem Deus ali ofertad', por cem Deus ali ofertad'.  
Tambê' sime qui  
Christo passa 'strumento.  
Tambê' sime qui Christo passa 'strumento."

("On this day of January, on this day, day of January, January,  
Is great merit,  
For hundreds [?] God is here offered.  
For hundreds God is here offered.  
So, too, Christ passed through torment.")

#### NEW YEAR'S SONG (FOGO).





In S. Antão the New Year's evening song of the boys is as follows: —

"Bendito seja Deus para sempre com grande senhor qui eu ja vi a vossa luz a luz di Deus, sp'rito santo quen da nos lumia na vida e na morte. 'Cor-dar quem estas adurmido para que lá vem uma trópa reial que para vir dar boas festas do nosso. Queremos a Deus ali na casa do Senhor e Senhora chegam's, homem honrado, que Deus, Nosso Senhor entra dent'o esta casa com gosto e alegria e satisfação e muito serviç' a Deus 'que hoje é uma dia que Deus Nossenhör Jesus Christo foi batisado. O Rei Don Jon do Jordon por êle non podia batisar nem no padre, nem no bispo, nem no arcibispo.

"Dá cá, dá cá, se o Senhor vae cu me porque já nos vamos remeter boas festas cu' baptismo do senhor fica dentro desta casa com alegria, alegria, halelu'a, halelu'a."

("Blessed be God forever and the great Lord whose light I saw, the light of God the Holy Ghost, who gives us light in life and in death. Awake, you who sleep! because there comes a royal troupe for you to come and give them festive greetings. We ask of God coming here in the house of Lord and Lady, an honorable man, that God our Lord enter this house with pleasure and joy and satisfaction and much service of God, because to-day is the day that God our Saviour Jesus Christ was baptized. King Lord John of Jordan, him no priest could baptize, nor any bishop, nor any archbishop.

"Give here, give here, if the Lord goes with me, because we are going to bring festive greetings and the baptism of the Lord to stay in this house with joy, joy, haleluia, haleluia!")



## RIDDLES AND RING-GAMES FROM RALEIGH, N.C.

BY SUSAN DIX SPENNEY.<sup>1</sup>

## RIDDLES.

1.                   When it goes in,  
                      It's stiff and stout.  
                      When it comes out,  
                      It's limber and greasy.  
                                  *Ans.* Cabbage.<sup>2</sup>
  
2.                   Little trotty hetty coat  
                      In a long petticoat  
                      And a red nose;  
                      The longer she stands,  
                      The shorter she grows.  
                                  *Ans.* Candle.<sup>3</sup>
  
3.                   There was an old man  
                      That had but one eye,  
                      And a long tail that he let fly;  
                      And every time he went a gap,  
                      He left a bit of his tail in a trap.  
                                  *Ans.* Needle and thread.
  
4.                   What would make more music than two little kids?  
                                  *Ans.* Why, two more just like you.
  
5.                   If a herring and a half  
                      Cost a cent and a half,  
                      What will twelve herrings and a half cost?  
                                  *Ans.* Twelve and a half cents.
  
6.                   One duck before two ducks,  
                      One duck behind two ducks,  
                      One duck between two ducks.  
                      How many ducks?  
                                  *Ans.* Three.<sup>4</sup>
  
7.                   If a horse and a wagon come to five hundred dollars,  
                      What will the load of wood come to?  
  *Ans.* To ashes.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Spenney is a graduate of Hampton Institute.<sup>2</sup> Compare Guilford County, North Carolina (JAFL 30 : 205, No. 38).<sup>3</sup> Compare Bahamas (JAFL 30 : 275, No. 5; 32 : 440, No. 20).<sup>4</sup> See this number, p. 84, No. 20.

RING-GAMES.

I. KING WILLIAM WAS KING GEORGE'S SON.

The ring chorus first sing *a*; then, after the player in the centre of the ring makes his choice, they sing *b*.

*a.* ♩ = 63.



King Wil-liam was King George's son, All the roy-al race is run, Up-



on his breast he wore a star, Three gold rings and a glitt'ring star. Go



choose the East, Go choose the West, Choose the one that you love best, If



he's not heah fo' to take yo' part, Choose an-oth-ah with all yo' heart.

*b.*



Down on this ca'-pet you must kneel, Suah's the grass grows in the fiel'.



When you rise up - on yo' feet, Sa-lute yo' bride and kiss her sweet.

2. LONDON BRIDGE.

Virginia-reel formation, girls on one side, boys on the other. A couple, one from each line, start through the lines and sing *a*. Then the lines sing, first *b*, then *c*, which is repeated three times.

*a.* ♩ = 63.

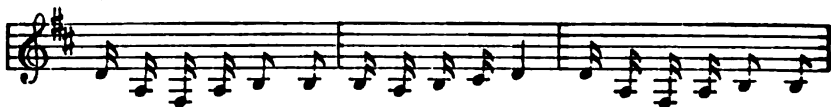


Lon-don bridge is burn-ing down, Oh, how it trou-bles me! The



mor-tar and the clay will wash a-way 'til the first go, la-dies, turn.

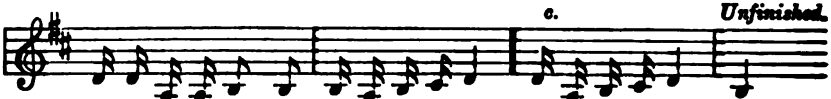
b. acc. ♩ = 69.



Heist, go, ladies, turn, turn! Heist, go, ladies, turn! Heist, go, ladies, turn, turn!



Heist, go, la-dies, turn! Heist, go, la-dies, turn! Heist, go, la-dies, turn!



Heist, go, ladies, turn, turn! Heist, go, ladies, turn! Take yer la-dy home. Take

## 3. COLD, STORMY MORNING.

The players march in couples, leaving one without a partner. After singing, the girls turn the boys aloose, and the boys look for new partners. Each time an odd one is left, and this is where the fun comes in.

♩ = 84.



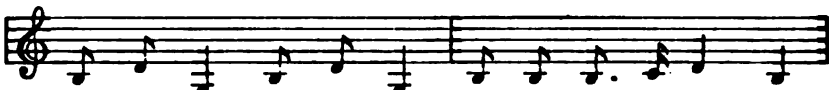
It rains, it hails, Cold storm-y morn-ing. In comes the far-mer



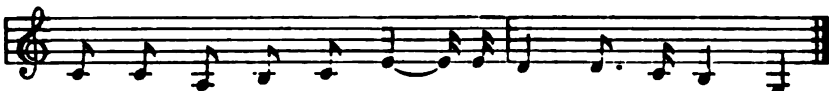
with a jug of ci-der. You reap the oats, and I'll be the bind-er.



Now I've lost my true-love, And where shall I find her?



Here we go, to and fro, Look-ing for to find her.



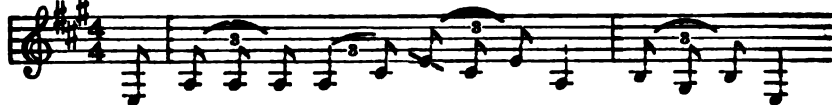
I have lost my true-love, And where shall I find her?

## 4. GRANDDADDY IS DEAD.

One player lies stretched on the ground for granddaddy; another represents the tree, waves his hands for apples falling; another player

outside of the ring represents the old lady. "Granddaddy" jumps up and thumps her. The player who represents the old woman, the next time represents the old man.

$\text{♩} = 78$



1. Grand-dad-dy is dead and laid in his grave, laid in his grave,



laid in his grave, Granddaddy is dead and laid in his grave, Oh heigh oh!

2. There grew an old apple-tree  
Over his head,  
Over his head,  
Over his head,  
Oh heigh oh!
3. The apples got ripe and began to fall:  
Then came an old woman  
A-pickin' them up,  
A-pickin' them up,  
A-pickin' them up.
4. Granddaddy jumped up  
And gave her a thump,  
Gave her a thump,  
Gave her a thump,  
Oh heigh oh!

5. HANDS ALL 'ROUND.

$\text{♩} = 63$



Hands all 'round! Jing jang! Hands all 'round! Jing jang!



Hands all 'round! Jing jang! Hands all 'round! Jing jang!

LEADER. Hands all 'round!

RING. Jing jang!

LEADER. Stop right still!

RING. Jing jang!

LEADER. Right hand to your partner!

RING. Jing jang!

LEADER. Right and left!

RING. Jing jang!

LEADER. Jump!

RING. Jing jang!

LEADER. Skip!

RING. Jing jang!

LEADER. Run!

RING. Jing jang!

#### 6. REG'LAR, REG'LAR, ROLLING UNDER.

One player faces one way, holding the hand of the next, who faces the other way; and so on. The leader takes the line in and out.

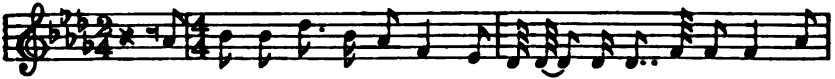
$\text{♩} = 80.$



Reg'-lar, reg'-lar, roll-ing un-der, Gi' me the gourd to drink wa-ter.



Reg'-lar, reg'-lar, roll-ing un-der, Gi' me the gourd to drink wa-ter.



Don't want no mo' fo' snow wa-ter, Gi' me the gourd to drink wa-ter.



Don't want no mo' fo' snow wa-ter, Gi' me the gourd to drink wa-ter.



Reg'-lar, reg'-lar, roll-ing un-der, Gi' me the gourd to drink wa-ter.

#### 7. OL' MIST'IS CALLS ME.

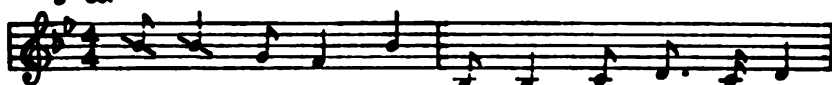
The player inside the ring sings, —

“Ol' mist'is calls me.”

The ring sings,—

“You sha'n't get out of here,” etc.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



O! mis - t'is calls me. You sha'n't get out of here!



O! mis - t'is calls me. You sha'n't get out of here!



Break your neck wid a sil - ver lock, You sha'n't get out of here!

## GAMES OF DANVILLE, VA.

BY CADDIE S. ISHAM.<sup>1</sup>

## I. "MY OLD MISTRESS SENT FOR YOU."

THIS is an old game, no longer played. The players sit in a circle, and a dialogue between one player and the circle follows:—

ONE. My old mistress sent for you.

CIRCLE. What to do?

ONE. Pat your ones to knee.

Each pats knee with right hand.

ONE. Pat your twos.

Each pats knees with both hands.

ONE. Pat your threes [two hands, one foot].

Each pats with hands and right foot.

ONE. Pat your fours [two hands, two feet].

Each pats with both hands and both feet.

ONE. You alls.

All get up and dance.

2. HEN AND OLD LADY.<sup>2</sup>

MOTHER HEN. Chickame, chickame, cram your crow.  
I went to the well to wash my toe;  
An' when I got back, my chicken was gone.  
What time, old lady?

OLD LADY. One o'clock.

Here they start to fight for the chicken.

OLD LADY. I shall have a chicken.

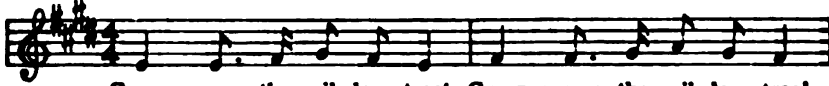
MOTHER HEN. You sha'n't have a chicken.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Isham is a graduate of Hampton Institute.

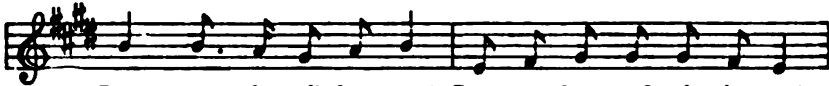
<sup>2</sup> Compare Charleston, S.C. (JAFL 30 : 376).

3. GREEN GROWS THE WILLOW-TREE.

$\text{♩} = 60.$



Green grows the wil-low-tree! Green grows the wil-low-tree!



Green grows the wil-low-tree! Come, my love, and sit by me!



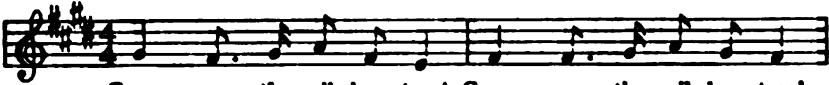
On the banks the rush-es grow. On the banks the rush-es grow.



On the banks the rush-es grow. Kiss her sweet and let her go.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

(Variant.)



Green grows the wil-low-tree! Green grows the wil-low-tree!



Green grows the wil-low-tree! Come, my love, and sit by me!



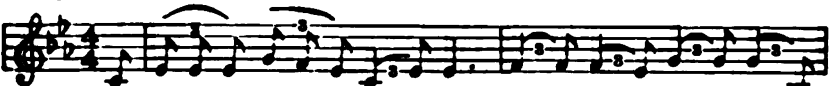
On the banks the rush-es grow. On the banks the rush-es grow.



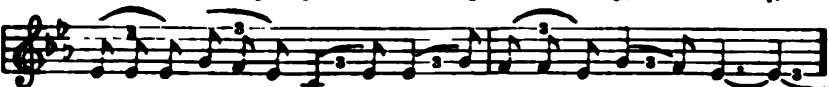
On the banks the rush-es grow. Kiss her sweet and let her go.

4. HERE SITS A YOUNG LADY.

1.  $\text{♩} = 44.$

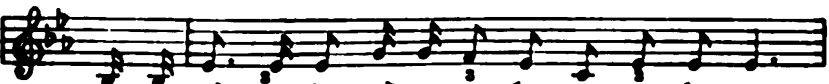


Here sits a young lady a' down to sleep, down to sleep, a' down to sleep, she



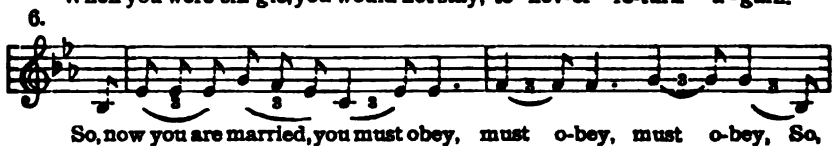
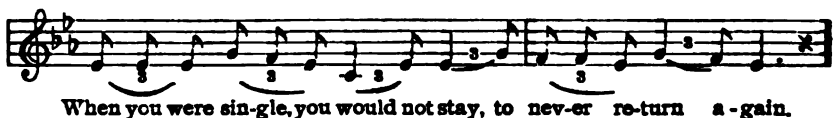
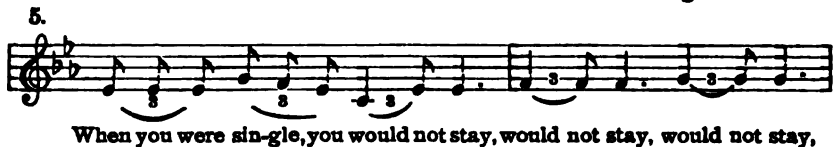
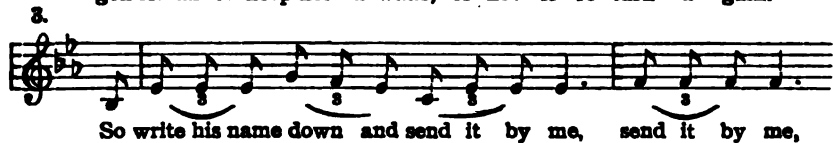
sits a young lady a' down to sleep to nev-er re-turn a - gain.

2.



It re-quires a young gen'leman to keep her a - wake,

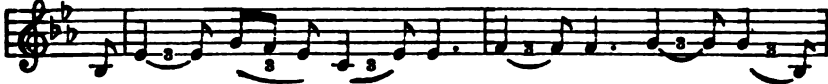




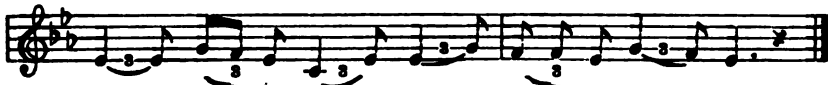


now you are married, you must o-bey, to nev-er re-turn a-gain.

7.



Sa-lute your bride and walk a-way, walk a-way, walk a-way, Sa-



lute your bride and walk a-way, to nev-er re-turn a-gain.

5. SHOW ME YOUR MOTION.

1. ♩=72. FIRST VOICE.

SECOND VOICE.



Show me your motion, tra la la la la! Show me your motion, tra la la la



la! Oh, show me your motion, tra la la la la! He likes su-gar in his tea!

2.



Show my motion, tra la la la la! There's my motion, tra la la la la! Oh,



show my mo-tion, tra la la la la! He likes su-gar in his tea!

6. SAIL AWAY!

♩=69.

FIRST VERSE.



Now, Miss Car-rie, sail a-way! Seek fo' yo' lov-er, Sail a-way.



'fhe is not he-ah, Sail a-way, Choose an-oth-ah, Sail a-way.

## CHORUS.

♩=72. *acc.*

Sail all o - vah, Sail a - way, Sail all o - vah, Sail a - way.



Sail all o - vah, Sail a - way, Sail all o - vah, Sail a - way.

## SECOND VERSE.



When you'ah sin - gle, Sail a - way, Would not stay, Sail a - way.



Now you'ah married, Sail a - way, You must o - bey, Sail a - way.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

SONGS FROM GEORGIA.—The first of the following songs is one of my earliest childhood recollections on a Georgia plantation. There are many more verses. This is all I remember.

## BETTER LIVE HUMBLE.

Stop steady, chillun, study yourselves!  
Jest let me tell you 'bout God himself  
When he was a-walkin' here below,  
'Twixt de earth an' den de skies,  
Eatin' of de honey an' drinkin' of de wine,  
Somethin' like a Jerico, O Noah!

*Chorus.*

Better live humble,  
Better live mil',  
Better live lak some heab'ly chil'. [*Repeat indefinitely.*]

Water 'gins a-risin' to de third story high,  
Hear dem chillun when dey 'gins to cry,  
O Noah! open unto us in de name of de Lord!  
If you don't let us in, we's gwine to die,  
O Noah!

When I gets to heaben, I 'spects to stop,  
Choose my seat, an' den sit down,  
Argue wid de Father, chatter wid de Son,  
Talk about de world dat I jest come from.  
Talk about de green tree well as de dry,  
Green tree die jest as well as de dry.  
Talk about de short grave well as de long,  
Short grave die jest as well as de long,  
O Noah!

Simon Cyrene gwine dig my grave,  
Dig my grave wid a silver spade.  
Angel Gabriel gwine hold me down,  
Hold me down wid a golden chain,  
O Noah!

## JOSHUWAY.

Joshuway was de son of Nun,  
He prayed to de Lord for to stop de sun;  
An' de sun was stopped, an' de battle was won.  
God was wid him till de work was done.  
God opened de windows an' began to look out,  
De ram's horn blowed, de chil'en did shout,

De chil'en shouted till de hour of seben,  
De wall fell down, God heard it in heaben.

*Chorus.*

Redeemed! Redeemed!  
I've been washed in de blood of de Lamb.

Isaiah spoke of de comin' Messiah  
Before he left de worl' on high;  
Matthew's gospel loudly did cry,  
Jesus is born an' sur'ly must die!

Judas was a deceitful man,  
For he betrayed de innocent Lamb;  
For thirty pieces of silver 'twas done;  
He went to de woods an' himself he hung.

De Lamb was eatin' his las' passover  
When Judas rested on his shoulder.  
He spoke one word dat seemed to fright:  
"One of you shall betray me to-night."

Matthew cried out, "Lord, is it me?"  
Mark cried out, "Lord, is it me?"  
Luke cried out, "Lord, is it me?"  
John cried out, "Lord, is it me?"  
He told John to watch an' see:  
"It is him dat sopped in de dish wid me."

Judas dropped wid a murderous eye.  
Judas cried out, "Lord, is it I?"  
An' Jesus cried, an' was not afraid,  
An' told Judas thou hast said.

Judas went unto de priest.  
"De man you want is at de feast;  
An' when we meet him, you'll know by this,  
I'll walk up to him an' give him a kiss."

De high priest followed ol' Judas straight,  
An' met him at Gethsemane's gate.  
"We seek Jesus of Nazareth."  
Christ he tol' 'em, "I am he."

They boun' my lord wid a purple cord,  
An' led him away to de judgment-hall.  
"We caught de fellow," I heard one say,  
An' dey whipped him till de break of day.

Dey raised him upon de Roman cross.  
Jerusalem was six furlongs off.  
Dey nailed his hands an' riveted his feet.  
De hammer was heard in Jerusalem's street.

I hear King Jesus as he groans,  
Zion's daughters weeps an' moans,  
An' de blacksmiths were nailin' him down,  
God himself began to groan.

Christ called his Father,  
He called him in love,  
De doors an' de winders flew open above.  
De saints who wore girdles 'round their waists  
Drooped their wings an' veiled their face.

His soul went up on a pillar of cloud.  
God he moved an' de heabens bowed.  
Jehowah's sword was at his side,  
On empty air he began to ride.

Some join de church an' put on pretence,  
Until de day of grace was spent.  
Dey've never a chance, dey know it well;  
When Gabriel blows, dey go to hell.

Sunday comes, it's Christian's faith;  
Monday comes, dey lose their grace.  
De Devil gets 'em, dey roll up their sleeve,  
Their religion comes out, an' begins to leave.

Dey go to church an' can't be still,  
Because dey have not done God's will.  
Old man Adam has never been out;  
When God condemns dem, dey gits up an' shout.

THE ONE YE SOUGHT TO FIND.<sup>1</sup>

I am the one ye sought to find,  
Able to turn the water to wine.

*Chorus.*

Go on! I will go with you.  
Open your mouth, and I will speak for you.  
Lord, if I go and tell them what you say,  
They won't believe me.

Brother, you ought to been standing at the pool,  
See me when I try on my gospel shoes.

Sisters, you ought to be standing at the spring  
To see me when I dip my silver wings.

One day, when I was walking along,  
I met old Satan on the way.

Old Satan told me I need not pray,  
For Jesus is dead, and God has gone away.

<sup>1</sup> I did not attempt the dialect in this.

He gave me a ticket, and he told me to go.  
 He gave me a horn, and he told me to blow.

And if I blow these lungs away,  
 My Jesus will renew them at the judgment day.

JESSE JAMES.

Frank and Jesse James,  
 Not many years ago,  
 Went off on an Eastern train,  
 Saying, "Your money or your life!  
 Your children or your wife!"  
 But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

*Chorus.*

No more Jesse James,  
 No more Jesse James,  
 He robbed the Denver train,  
 It was on a Friday night,  
 The moon was shining bright,  
 But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse James was a man,  
 He travelled through't the land,  
 Sword and pistol by his side,  
 Saying, "Your money or your life!  
 Your children or your wife!"  
 But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse went to the depot  
 Not many years ago,  
 Something he had never done before,  
 He fell upon his knees,  
 And offered up the keys,  
 For the banks he had robbed many years.

Jesse James had a wife,  
 Called the darling of his life.  
 The children all grew up very brave,  
 But they fell upon their knees  
 And offered up the keys.  
 But they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

All the people of the West  
 Heard of Jesse's death.  
 They wondered how the hero came to fall.  
 Robert Ford's pistol-ball  
 Brought him tumbling from the wall,  
 Then they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

SUSAN FORT REDFEARN.

ALBANY, GA.

TALE AND SONG FROM VIRGINIA. — On the bank of the Rapidan River, near Germanna Bridge, Culpeper County, Virginia, I saw four fishermen; and after I landed from the canoe, in the course of talk, Walter Cottoms told the following tale, which he had heard in the neighborhood, and sang the following song, which had been composed, he said, by the sergeant of his company, on the eve of their departure from service in France.

There was a pore feller goin' over to see a girl, ridin' a pore mule. Two girls. In comes two more young fellers ridin' fat horses, to see this girl. They wanted to take this girl from this pore boy, so they thought they would play a trick on him by goin' out splittin' mule mouf open from year [ear] to year. Comes back again an' sit down, an' got to laughin'. Pore boy, he gets up an' goes out, find mule mouf split open. He goes to the boys' horses an' cuts the tail off, an' comes back in an' goes to the winder, an' gets to laughin'. Then they all goes to the winder to see what's the joke. An' de pore boy says, "The mule has split his mouth open laughin' at the horses' tails being cut off."

As I was strollin' along rue <sup>1</sup> dee vint <sup>1</sup> blanc,<sup>2</sup>  
 I met my comerad Mezou <sup>2</sup> Neuf <sup>2</sup> Shank.  
 He said, "Comerad, allez-vous." <sup>2</sup>  
 I say American bucoup.<sup>3</sup>  
 He wants to know when are you comin' back.  
 And then I sing a sweet refrain: —

"I'll come back  
 When de elephint  
 Roo'ts [roosts] in de tree.  
 I'll come back  
 When de whale  
 Makes love to de bee.  
 I'll come back  
 When the sun  
 Refuse to shine.  
 I'll come back  
 When the cuniac [cognac]  
 Floats the River Rhine.  
 I'll come back  
 When the sun  
 Turn from white to blue.  
 I'll come back  
 When the Yankee boys  
 Forget about de hobnail shoe.  
 I'll come back  
 When the statue of Veen  
 Execute the skirt-dance.  
 Then maybe I'll come back to France."

E. C. P.

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced as in English.

<sup>2</sup> Pronounced as in French.

<sup>3</sup> First syllable as in English, second syllable as in French.





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## A FOLK-LORE EXPEDITION TO SPAIN.

BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

FOR the last ten years extended collections of the folk-lore of New Mexico, Mexico, Central America, and Porto Rico, have been published in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore." The Spanish folk-lore of these regions has already been collected in sufficient abundance to give us fairly definite ideas of its character and extent. In the New Mexican field I have worked almost alone. During the years 1910-16 I published in this Journal a number of articles on the Spanish folk-lore of New Mexico.<sup>1</sup> A collection of traditional Spanish ballads from New Mexico was published in the "Revue Hispanique" in 1915.<sup>2</sup> Lately Professor Boas and Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons have published Indian folk-tales of New Mexico influenced by Spanish sources.<sup>3</sup> In Mexico, thanks to the efforts of Professor Boas, several collections have been made, — one by Dr. J. Alden Mason,<sup>4</sup> another by W. H. Mechling,<sup>5</sup> and a much more extensive one by Dr. Paul Radin.<sup>6</sup> Besides these, smaller collections have been made, the most important being one published by Professor Boas himself, with abundant comparative notes.<sup>7</sup> The Spanish folk-lore of Porto Rico was collected on a very large scale by Dr. J. Alden Mason, under the auspices of the American Folk-Lore Society and the New York Academy of Sciences,

<sup>1</sup> New-Mexican Spanish Folk-Lore: I. Myths; II. Superstitions and Beliefs; III. Folk-Tales; IV. Proverbs; V. Popular Comparisons; VI. Los Trovos del viejo Vilmas; VII. More Folk-Tales; VIII. Short Stories and Anecdotes; IX. Riddles; X. Children's Games; XI. Nursery Rhymes. See also "Comparative Notes on New-Mexican and Mexican Spanish Folk-Tales" (JAFL 28 [1915]: 343-351).

<sup>2</sup> Romancero Nuevomexicano.

<sup>3</sup> "Spanish Tales from Laguna and Zúñi, N.Mex." (JAFL 33 [1920]: 47-72).

<sup>4</sup> "Folk-Tales of the Tepecanos" (JAFL 27 [1914]: 148-210).

<sup>5</sup> "Stories from Tuxtepec" (JAFL 25 [1912]: 199-203).

<sup>6</sup> El Folklore de Oaxaca, recogido por Paul Radin y publicado por Aurelio M. Espinosa (New York, G. E. Stechert & Co., 1917).

<sup>7</sup> "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (JAFL 25 [1912]: 204-260).

and parts of the vast collections have already been published.<sup>1</sup> The material from Central America is as yet small, but nevertheless welcome.<sup>2</sup> In Brazil and Chile, also in the Argentine Republic, much material has been gathered.

A study of the collected materials showed at once that most of the Spanish folk-lore which is found to-day in the Spanish-speaking countries of America is of traditional Spanish origin. The same materials began to appear in the various Spanish countries studied, notably in folk-tales. In spite of the fact that we had discovered a definite relation between the American and Spanish tales, there still remained a great deal unaccounted for, because the material available from Spain was not sufficient. Up to the present time the number of Spanish folk-tales collected and published in Spanish America is about four times the number published in Spain. Not even for the material that seemed to be for the most part of peninsular Spanish origin could we assemble enough comparative material to reach definite conclusions as to its origin. In order to carry on the study in a satisfactory manner, a better acquaintance with the folk-tales of Spain itself was indispensable.<sup>3</sup> The problem became all the more difficult when it was attempted to study the influence of Indian and Negro folk-lore upon that of Spanish, Portuguese, or French America. Students of Spanish-American folk-lore have always been inclined to consider the Indian elements as negligible. I myself have always been of that opinion, and I am happy to state that these theories now seem to be sustained. Still more complex is the problem of the influence of Spanish folk-lore upon that of the Indian and Negro. For these reasons a folk-lore expedition to Spain had long been considered by Professor Boas, others, and myself.

<sup>1</sup> "Porto-Rican Folk-Lore: Riddles" (JAFL 29 [1916]: 423-504); "Décimas, Christmas Carols, Nursery Rhymes, and other Songs" (JAFL 31 [1918]: 289-450). The folk-tales which constitute the most important collection of Spanish-American folk-tales in existence will appear in part in this number.

<sup>2</sup> Adrián Recinos, "Cuentos populares de Guatemala" (JAFL 31 [1918]: 472-487).

<sup>3</sup> The most important collection of peninsular Spanish folk-lore published is to be found in the Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares (Sevilla, 1883-86), eleven very small volumes. There are only some sixty folk-tales in the entire collection. There are other collections of folk-tales from Spain that contain literary tales, translations from Grimm, etc., which do not concern us here. Those recently published by Calleja of Madrid are better, often real popular tales, but always written in literary Spanish, and changed much from the original form. They are not satisfactory for comparative studies. These Calleja tales are known in Spain in the larger towns, but the people never confuse them with the really popular material. Better collections of popular tales have been published in Portugal and Brazil: F. Adolpho Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes* (Lisboa, 1879); S. Romero, *Contos Populares do Brasil* (1907); etc. In South America all the material is more extensive: see Rodolfo Lenz, "Un Grupo de Consejas Chilenas" (*Anales de la Universidad*, vol. cxxix). A very good collection of Spanish popular poetry (not including ballads) is Rodríguez Marín, *Cuentos Populares Españoles* (Sevilla, 1882-83), five small volumes.

The Indian and Negro elements that may be found in the folk-lore of certain regions of Spanish America are especially difficult to study. Some years ago I had almost reached the conclusion that a certain number of animal tales found to-day in the Spanish folk-lore of New Mexico and Mexico might be of Indian or Negro origin. A close study of the tales themselves, however, did not bear out that supposition; and, in spite of the fact that I had no peninsular material with which I could make a close comparison, I finally concluded that even the Tar Baby story, for example, is not necessarily of Negro origin. If I am not mistaken, Professor Boas is substantially of the same opinion.<sup>1</sup> At the present moment I am absolutely convinced that it is not of Negro origin, and I shall prove it by publishing a Spanish version of the original tale. There will also be other surprises. In the same manner a series of versions of a tale called "Pedro de Urdemalas" was discovered in various parts of Spanish America; and because we had no Spanish version with which it could be compared, the origin of the picaresque tale remained until recently somewhat of a mystery, although I had always been firm in the belief that it was a peninsular Spanish tale and merely a by-product of the picaresque novel.<sup>2</sup> Now I have discovered, not one peninsular Spanish version of the tale, but many, thus proving my former assertion absolutely. Besides, I have received from Professor Boas the most welcome news, — that while I was in Spain, he collected an Indian version of the same tale from the New Mexican pueblo of Laguna, — showing that the Indians have assimilated from their Spanish-speaking neighbors perhaps many a folk-tale.

But we have already anticipated certain aspects of the folk-lore expedition which I have just completed in Spain. The account of the expedition itself, and the extent of the materials collected, will interest, no doubt, the readers of this Journal; and this I now propose to do. From the foregoing remarks it will be clear to all that an expedition to Spain was necessary for Spanish studies. When Dr. Mason returned from Porto Rico some six years ago with the abundant collection of folk-tales which we are now preparing for publication, the necessity of undertaking it seemed imperative. Thanks to the efforts of Professor Boas, our indefatigable investigator of American archæology, ethnology, and folk-lore, and to the generosity of the past President of the American Folk-Lore Society, Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, the expedition to Spain was made possible. Stanford University gave me a leave of absence for seven months, — from June, 1920, to January, 1921. I reached Spain early in July, and staid until early in December. I was in the field collecting folk-lore four months and a half. I was

<sup>1</sup> See my remarks on the subject in this Journal (27 : 211, 216), and the opinion of Professor Boas in "Notes on Mexican Folk-Lore" (*Ibid.*, 25 : 253-254).

<sup>2</sup> See JAFLL 27 [1914] : 220-221.

fortunate enough to bring together a collection of folk-tales from various parts of Spain, which I believe will be of considerable help in the study of Spanish folk-lore. On account of the short time at my disposal, I concentrated my efforts upon the collection of folk-tales. Other materials were collected, but not in abundance.

Professor Boas advised that an effort be made to collect folk-tales from various parts of Spain. He had in mind a collection of popular tales that should include particularly Andalusia, because so many of the Spanish colonists came from that area. Although I personally would have preferred to remain the whole our months and a half in the various provinces of Castile in the north, I now believe that the plan which Professor Boas suggested, and which I followed, was the best for our studies, inasmuch as it is not probable that we can repeat the expedition many times and concentrate each time on one region. Nevertheless it involved much loss of time in going from one place to another, especially when one considers the difficulties in travelling in some of the remote districts. In the actual work of collecting my materials I found no difficulties whatever. My experiences everywhere, but especially in old Castile, were such that I feel it a solemn duty to state that a large share of the success of the expedition may be ascribed to the courtesy and kindness of the Spanish people, from the scholars and university professors to the humblest men and women who recited tales and ballads. In most cases, in collecting material among the poorer people, I always offered a small gratification for a good tale or ballad; but this was never asked, and in some cases it was refused when offered.

I shall now give a detailed account of the regions visited, together with a brief description of the kind and abundance of material collected in each region; and finally I shall give a brief summary of the general character and value of the material.

On my arrival in Madrid I sought an interview with my friend and colleague, the distinguished philologist Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal, who, together with Ramón y Cajal, the great histologist, Menéndez y Pelayo, and Joaquín Costa, organized in 1907 the Junta para Ampliación de Estudios e Investigaciones Científicas of Spain, — a sort of extension of the Universidad Central, and in reality a centre of investigation and research in all lines of human activity. Menéndez Pidal is the director of the part of the Junta known as the "Centro de Estudios Históricos," which comprises the various studies in history, literature, philology, and folk-lore. He himself, with the aid of his distinguished wife, Doña María Goyri, is now preparing for publication "*El Romancero Español*," — a monumental work on which they have been engaged some twenty years, and which will probably take some ten years more to conclude. This, however, is only one of the

several tasks that claim the attention of this great investigator. A history of the Spanish language, a history of Spanish epic poetry, and other works of equal scope, continually occupy his thoughts. The publications of Menéndez Pidal in all these fields of investigation are so numerous, that I refrain from mentioning even the most important. The student of Spanish literature, dialectology, and folk-lore, knows what modern science owes to this great mind.

I had the pleasure of spending an entire day with him, and we discussed the whole matter of my proposed folk-lore expedition. He showed the keenest interest in the subject, and gave me valuable information about the regions which I was to visit, the people, the dialects, etc. He placed at my disposal not only his intimate knowledge of the Spanish peninsula, but also the help and co-operation of the Junta para Ampliación de Estudios and his colleagues; and, besides the assistance and co-operation of Menéndez Pidal himself, I was aided in many ways by Don Américo Castro, professor in the Universidad Central, and by other scholars of the Centro de Estudios Históricos. The gift of a carefully prepared map of Spain, showing the regions where folk-lore studies had been carried on, together with those where little or nothing had been done, and showing also the regions where, according to studies already made, tradition seemed to be alive and more archaic, was a favor for which I can never sufficiently thank Menéndez Pidal. It served me as a constant guide and companion in my journeys throughout the peninsula. It is a duty and a pleasure to here express to him and his colleagues my gratitude and appreciation. Upon the advice of my friend and colleague, Don Adolfo Bonilla y San Martín, I decided to start in the north of Spain, and gradually to move to the south in the late autumn.

In the middle of July I left Madrid for Santander, in the extreme north. After visiting Don Miguel Artigas, the learned librarian of the Biblioteca Menéndez y Pelayo, the collecting of folk-lore began. On the second day a friend of Señor Artigas, the poet López Argüello, recited for me a beautiful version of "*La Pega y sus peguitos*," which he had learned from his mother, a version of "*La Paloma y sus pichones*," which my mother recited for me thirty years ago in Colorado. I visited some of the villages around Santander and the Casa de los Pobres, where, thanks to the kindness of the good sisters, I took down about a dozen good folk-tales. From Santander I made a trip by rail, automobile, and on horseback to Tudanca, the place made famous by Pereda in his novel "*Peñas Arriba*." There I remained three days, enjoying the hospitality of Don José María Cossío, the present heir to the famous Casona de Tudanca. Here in Tudanca and the neighboring village of Santotés I continued to collect many tales. The picaresque tales of "*Pedro de Urdemalas*"



appeared here, as they had appeared in Santander before. Señor Cossío is a folk-lorist of note, and has collected and published many traditional ballads from the province of Santander. He showed the greatest interest in my work, and went about from house to house in Tudanca and Santotís, looking for good folk-tales. In his own Casona the servants told me stories, the best being related by Pito Salces, the hero of Pereda's famous novel "Peñas Arriba," above mentioned. After returning to Santander, I left for Reinosa, where the Ebro has its source. Here I remained six days, and the folk-tales appeared in great abundance. Animal tales seemed to be especially common, at least among those whom I chanced to meet. In the early part of my travels, however, I may say that I made a special effort to look for animal tales. Later, when I discovered that they were to be found everywhere, I made no special effort to seek them, except certain types in which we are especially interested.

From Reinosa I went to Burgos by way of Palencia. Up to this time I had been collecting folk-tales in regions where folk-lore studies had been made, although not extensively. The only exception was Tudanca, where, aside from a few ballads, little had been collected. In Santander, Tudanca, and Reinosa I began to collect also the interesting frog stories which I later continued to find in all parts of Spain, — little anecdotes which seem to make up a complete legend about the frog. In Burgos I remained a few days visiting the neighboring villages of Villatoro, Plazuela de Muñó, and Urbel del Castillo. The "Pedro de Urdemales" tales and other picaresque tales abound here. Burgos was the first Castilian territory visited, and the charm of the Castilian language as spoken in the province of Burgos added pleasure and enthusiasm to the work. From Villahoz came also a fine *cuento de encantamiento*. Here in the Castilian territory the ballads began to appear in abundance. I had determined to make no effort to collect ballads; but when I heard them recited, and saw that some were rare ones or complete versions of some shorter known versions, I began to take them down. In this way I was fortunate enough to collect about two hundred versions of some forty different ballads in the entire four months and a half, and made a present of the entire collection, in my name and in the name of the American Folk-Lore Society, to Don Ramón Menéndez Pidal, who is collecting them everywhere in Spain for the publication already mentioned. This is the first aid given by any American folk-lorist to the great future *Romancero* of Menéndez Pidal.

From Burgos I made a trip to Salas de los Infantes, Barbadillo, Contreras, and Santo Domingo de Silos, — villages to the east in the direction of the province of Soria. The journey was made by automobile, in the classic and archaic *tartanas*, and on foot. It was on a

trip on foot that I was making from Barbadillo to Santo Domingo de Silos that I chanced to stop at Contreras and collected from the lips of Doña Juana Martín the beautiful legends of the Infantes de Lara which were recently published in the "Romanic Review."<sup>1</sup> These are national Spanish legends, and distinct from our general European folk-lore; and I have studied them apart and together. In Salas de los Infantes, Barbadillo, and Contreras I began also to collect riddles. Later, however, I did not continue to collect many riddles. Aside from the ballads, I concentrated all my attention on the folk-tales.

In the material so far collected the coyote of the American Spanish tales was often the plain wolf of the Spanish tale, and the fox that played one trick after another on the stupid wolf was the fox of the traditional European versions.

I then left Burgos and its wonderful cathedral for another centre of Castilian speech and tradition, the province of Valladolid, where I remained five days. The material collected here was in the main not different from what had already been collected in Santander and the province of Burgos, — the same animal tales, the same picaresque tales, a few different *cuentos de encantamiento*, etc. An interesting accumulative tale appeared in Valladolid, but it is not essentially different from a similar one found in Barbadillo in Burgos. During my stay in Valladolid the weather permitted a visit to only two of the villages about the city.

The first week in September I left for Soria, in northeastern Spain, the farthestmost region to the east that belongs to the Castilian territory proper. This was one of the regions which was said to be preferred as a folk-lore field, and my stay there proved it beyond doubt. It was the first place visited where the wealth of material taxed my endurance. In ten days I collected some thirty of the best folk-tales in my collection, — animal tales, some entirely new, accumulative tales, picaresque tales, and a few good tales of the *niña perseguida* or Cinderella type. The best version of "Juan Oso" in my collection is from Blacos, in the province of Soria. I visited the neighboring villages of Garra, near the famous Numancia, and also the mediæval and ancient Calatañazor, long held by the Moorish king Almanzor, and which seems to be Moorish to-day in every respect except language and religion. Some interesting versions of the ballad of "Gerineldo" were found in Calatañazor.

Leaving Calatañazor, I made a long and tiresome journey to León, in the northeast, where I remained but three days, and collected only a few folk-tales from there and from Villecha, a neighboring village. León was not marked in my itinerary as a choice region. Astorga and Porqueros, to the east, were; and there I collected a few of the

<sup>1</sup> Sobre la Leyenda de los Infantes de Lara, April-June, 1921, 135-145.

best tales in my collection, among them the first version of the "Tragaldabas." From Astorga I went to Zamora, where I discovered a region equal to Soria for folk-lore studies. In the barrio de San Vicente alone I collected a dozen good folk-tales, among them a few of the *niña perseguida* or *niña sin brazos* type, which I believe are of the best collected anywhere. The old witch or fairy of the European prototype has been converted, in the Spanish tale, into the Virgin Mary or St. Joseph. This new element throws a good deal of light on the religious side of the problem of changes in the form of folk-tales. I found later that this type of tale is common in the central and southern parts of Spain, but not common in the north. In Zamora there was so much material to be found in the city itself, that I did not have time to visit any of the villages near by. In Zamora I made a very interesting discovery, and one which, as Menéndez Pidal told me later in Madrid, has been verified also in the collecting of ballads; namely, that in some Spanish regions where some of the modern collections of tales and modern ballads are known the people never confuse the old, traditional material with the newly learned material. The old traditional material lives, and is perfectly well known as such, and not confused with the modern. The woman who narrated for me in Zamora some of the best traditional versions of the *niña sin brazos* tale narrated also modern versions of the same story, which, as she said, were not old, and were learned from others. These others had learned these modern versions, as I discovered later, from the Calleja collections. The really old and traditional Zamora versions were told with a *gracia* and *soltura* absolutely beyond the power of any modern story-compiler.

Very reluctantly I left Zamora on the 26th of September for Segovia in Castile, *via* Salamanca and Medina del Campo. I had no time to stop at Salamanca. In Segovia I remained five days. Here I did not discover a region as prolific in folk-lore as Soria and Zamora had been, but material was a-plenty. Both in the city of Segovia and in the neighboring villages of Valseca and Fuente Pelayo, various versions of animal and fairy tales were found, the "Tragaldabas" tale of Astorga appeared again, and I found a few very good versions of some rare ballads.

From Segovia I went to Ávila, in the extreme south of the province of Old Castile, and a region where folk-lore was said to be plentiful and archaic. Again I found myself in a field as prolific as Soria and Zamora. To the charm of visiting the city that gave birth to one of the world's greatest women, Santa Teresa de Jesús, who rivals Cervantes as a writer of Castilian prose, was added the pleasure of seeing my folk-tale collection grow from day to day in size and importance. Here it was that I finally found an original version of the

so-called "Tar-Baby" story, — the story of the giant trapped by means of a tar baby, the old tale found in India. The modern Negro tale is therefore not necessarily of Negro origin. It may be a modern, newly-developed version of the ancient Indian and European tale. In Ávila the *niña sin brazos* tale also appeared, and in very fine old versions. From a family from Jarafz de la Vera, in the province of Cáceres, living now at Ávila, I collected several folk-tales from a region which I did not visit, and which therefore were quite welcome. On the 10th of October I left Ávila de Santa Teresa.

On the 20th of October, after a short stay in Madrid, I left for the province of Cuenca, in the extreme southeast of New Castile, one of the regions considered archaic and old. Here, again, my hopes were not disappointed, and folk-tales and ballads were found in abundance. The *cuentos de encantamiento*, the moral or didactic tales, and the animal tales of this region, are especially good. Here in Cuenca I found also two tales of the greatest importance, — a fine version of the rare but well-known European tale, "The Angel and the Hermit," so admirably studied by Gaston Paris; and a most interesting version in prose of a theme that is quite common in the balladry of Spain, *la Niña guerrero*. In Cuenca I remained one week, leaving the capital of the province for Motilla del Palancar, a most interesting mediæval village about thirty miles to the south. The trip from Cuenca to Motilla del Palancar was made by automobile, as there is no railroad. After remaining a day at Motilla, I left for Utiel, in the province of Valencia, also by automobile. It had been my original intention to go from here to Teruel; but time was passing rapidly, and I feared I should not return with a sufficient number of folk-tales from Andalucía proper, so I left Utiel by rail for Valencia.

From there I went to Granada. Arriving at Granada, the first thing I did was to visit the famous Alhambra. Returning from the Alhambra, I approached the guide on the subject of popular tales. "Yes, I know an old gypsy who can tell you popular tales all day and all night." The next morning he took me to where the gypsy lived in the *barrio gitano* of El Albaycín, the old Moorish city of Granada, opposite the Alhambra. She knew only two good tales; but, once in the *barrio gitano*, I easily found many more. In Granada I came into contact for the first time with the real Andalusian Spanish. Since in all localities I took down the folk-tales as they were recited, the work went a little slowly at first. The tales from Granada and Santa Fé, which I also visited, were of all kinds, — animal tales, witch tales, and *cuentos de encantamiento*. Two very interesting riddle-tales are from Granada, as well as the first version of the legend of "Don Juan," a second of which version appeared later at Ciudad Real. The well-known tale of "Los dos compadres" or "Los dos hermanos," the

first versions of which I had found from the very beginning in Santander, appeared again in Granada. These stories came to light when I asked for rabbit stories, on account of the incident of the educated rabbit which one of the *hermanos* uses to deceive the other.

I did not leave Granada until the 10th of November. The next stop was Sevilla. In this province I remained another ten days, visiting and collecting folk-tales at Sevilla, Triana, Santiponce, near the old and famous Itálica, and Utrera. Folk-tales were a-plenty everywhere. In fact, I had no trouble anywhere in finding material. In some villages I often had a waiting-list of persons who were anxious to tell me a tale. This happened specifically in Calatañazor and Soria, in Zamora, in Ávila, and in Santiponce. The best version of the tale of the race between the fox and the frog is from Santiponce. From Sevilla and Triana I have also some good versions of animal tales, notably one of the donkey and the lion, a version of "La zorra y el lobo," and one of my best versions of the gifts of the animals.

It was now the 20th of November; and I had intended to go to Mérida, in the province of Badajoz, but it was no longer possible. I decided to go from Sevilla to Córdoba, and collect more folk-lore from southern Spain. In Córdoba I remained six days, collecting many folk-tales and ballads. It rained almost all the time, and the weather was cold, so I did not leave the city. Most of the folk-tales from Córdoba were collected in the barrio called "El Campo de la Verdad," on the other side of the Guadalquivir. Interesting rabbit stories appeared, one being a tale of the rabbit that played a series of tricks on the wolf, but a different tale from the New Mexican coyote and rabbit tales. The incidents are different, but in reality the folk-tale may be the same in origin. The fact that this kind of tale appeared only in the south impressed me at first, and I was about to conclude that the fact may bespeak African source; but I really think it would be very dangerous to hazard such an opinion. In spite of the abundant collection of tales which I have from Spain, and in spite of the fact that I looked everywhere for certain types of tales without finding them, I do not believe that we can say that they are not to be found. After all, my expedition was only a preliminary investigation. There is folk-lore work in Spain for several investigators, and for years of investigation. The results of my trip will enable us to come to some positive conclusions; but, from a preliminary investigation, it would be dangerous to attempt to come to definite negative conclusions. In Córdoba I found the second version of the chick that could not be killed, the first being from Cuenca.

On the 26th of November I left Córdoba and its famous Mezquita for Ciudad Real, where I remained three days. Ciudad Real and the country about have never been investigated in the folk-lore line. My

Spanish colleagues had never been there; and I discovered for myself and for them a region as prolific, as interesting, and apparently as archaic, as any region of Spain. A version of the Don Juan legend found here is one of the best found anywhere. Two versions of the *niña sin brazos* tale are especially old and well told. A version of the tale of the woman who is punished for her curiosity, which I had found also in Córdoba, appeared in Ciudad in a longer and older form. Very reluctantly I had to leave Ciudad Real towards the end of November to wind up my expedition with a goodly collection of folk-tales from the very heart of Spain, — Toledo, the city of art, — palaces, Gothic and Jewish traditions, enchantment, and wonder. Toledo is really an enchanted castle; and one walking about its streets collecting folk-tales in its *patios*, that actually seem to sleep in past ages, can hardly realize that one lives in the twentieth century. Although only ninety kilometres from Madrid, and visited by all who go to Spain, Toledo remains to-day the old imperial city of the age of Charles the Fifth. It is worth while going to Toledo merely to see that famous painting of el Greco, "El Entierro del Conde de Orgaz," in the quaint and picturesque church of Santo Tomé; but to go to Toledo to collect folk-tales is a distinction accorded to very few mortals. In this mood, and with the reverence of one who approaches an ancient city made famous by various successive peoples and civilizations, — Romans, Visigoths, Arabs, Moors, Jews, and Spaniards, — I began to collect folk-tales in Toledo. And my work was not in vain. I found many old friends, but copied all I could find with the enthusiasm of new discoveries. One of my best "Pedro de Urdemalas" tales comes from Toledo. "Pedro el Malas" he is called there. A charming tale of the donkey, the ox, and the cock, was found in Toledo; the prototype of the New Mexican "Mano Fashico" tales also appeared; and the tale of the woman who disinters a corpse from a cemetery and cooks the entrails for her husband — a tale which I had heard mentioned before, but never told in full — was also met with. Folk-tales, ballads, and riddles, — all were found in abundance in this enchanted mediæval city of beauty and legend. The stay in this enchanted land, however, was of short duration. A few days had to be spent in Madrid, and my boat was to leave Cadiz for New York on the 9th of December. A collection of some fourteen folk-tales from Toledo, Madridejos, and Villaluenga, was the result of a six-days' stay in the province of Toledo. In Madrid I found three more tales, recited by the servants of my friend, the distinguished phonetician, Tomás Navarro Tomás; and then the folk-lore expedition to Spain had come to an end.

The above is a brief but complete account of the expedition. I have also given some information about the kinds of folk-tales found.

The localities visited include most of the regions of Spain, but there are some notable exceptions. Time only prevented my going to other places.

To summarize, then, I visited and collected folk-tales in the provinces of Santander, Palencia, Burgos, Valladolid, Soria, León, Zamora, Segovia, Ávila, Cuenca, Granada, Sevilla, Córdoba, Ciudad Real, Toledo, Madrid, and Zaragoza. I also collected folk-tales from five provinces which I did not visit, — namely, Jaén, Málaga, Cáceres, Guadalajara, and Pontevedra, — from individuals residing in places visited. There are to be added as well the provinces of Orense and Oviedo in Asturias, since a good collection of some twenty Asturian popular tales, gathered in various villages and towns of Asturias (a few are from León) by a pupil of Menéndez Pidal, was generously given me to add to my collection. We have, then, in our present collection, folk-tales from practically all parts of Spain, with the exception of Galicia, Aragón, Catalonia, and some regions of the western Portuguese border. We have material from twenty-four of the forty-nine provinces of Spain. The entire collection consists of some 297 versions of folk-tales, — 277 collected by myself, and 20 from the Asturian collection. Some fifty tales are repeated, but in versions that must by all means be studied. The material is not yet definitely classified, but I should say that we shall have to publish and study some 280 versions of about 230 different folk-tales. Of these, some are very long, such as the *cuentos de encantamiento*, persecuted-child tale, etc.; while a few are very short, — some animal tales, for example.

The following is a complete list of all the provinces, and of all the cities, towns, and villages, from which we have folk-tales. The figures to the right of each are the number of folk-tales from each. The totals from each province are given first, followed by the cities and villages with the number from each.

	No. of Folk-Tales.		No. of Folk-Tales.
Asturias <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	14	San Esteban de Muñana . . .	1
Asturias (source not given)	4	Solosancho . . . . .	1
Llamo . . . . .	6	Villafranca de la Sierra . . .	3
Llanuces . . . . .	3	Villanueva del Campillo . . .	4
Pravia . . . . .	1	—	—
	—		
Ávila. . . . .	16	Burgos . . . . .	31
Ávila . . . . .	4	Burgos . . . . .	4
Rasueros . . . . .	3	Barbadillo del Mercado . .	6
		Briviesca . . . . .	3

<sup>1</sup> The tales from Llamo, Llanuces, Láncara, and Villablino, and three of source not given, are from the collection presented to us by Menéndez Pidal.

	No. of Folk-Tales.		No. of Folk-Tales.
Contreras . . . . .	1	Madrid . . . . .	2
Palazuela de Muñó. . . . .	2	Torrejón de Velasco . . . . .	2
Quintanilla del Coco . . . . .	2		
Retuerta . . . . .	2	Málaga . . . . .	4
Salas de los Infantes . . . . .	8	San Pedro Alcántara . . . . .	4
Urbel del Castillo . . . . .	2		
Villahoz . . . . .	1		
<hr/>		Palencia. . . . .	7
Cáceres . . . . .	8	Palencia . . . . .	1
Jaraíz de la Vera . . . . .	8	Aguilar de Campoo . . . . .	1
		Herrera. . . . .	1
Ciudad Real . . . . .	5	Montañar de Cerrato . . . . .	1
Ciudad Real . . . . .	4	Villamediana . . . . .	3
Daimiel . . . . .	1	<hr/>	
<hr/>		Pontevedra . . . . .	1
Córdoba . . . . .	11	La Guardia . . . . .	1
Córdoba . . . . .	11		
		Santander . . . . .	29
Cuenca . . . . .	22	Santander . . . . .	1
Cuenca . . . . .	18	Fontibre . . . . .	2
Arcas . . . . .	1	Fresno . . . . .	2
Palomera . . . . .	1	Hoznayo . . . . .	1
Villarejo sobre Huerta. . . . .	2	Liévana . . . . .	1
<hr/>		Reinosa. . . . .	3
Granada . . . . .	18	Riotuerto . . . . .	3
Granada . . . . .	14	Santotis . . . . .	2
Atarfe . . . . .	1	Soto la Marina . . . . .	3
Santa Fe . . . . .	3	Tudanca . . . . .	9
<hr/>		Villacarriedo . . . . .	2
		<hr/>	
Guadalajara . . . . .	1	Segovia . . . . .	8
Yebra . . . . .	1	Segovia. . . . .	2
		Aldeorno . . . . .	2
Jaén . . . . .	2	Escalona . . . . .	1
Jaén. . . . .	2	Fuente Pelayo . . . . .	1
		Parral de Biovela . . . . .	1
León <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	19	Valseca. . . . .	1
León . . . . .	2	<hr/>	
Astorga. . . . .	5	Sevilla . . . . .	15
Láncara . . . . .	4	Sevilla . . . . .	10
Porqueros . . . . .	2	Santiponce . . . . .	4
Truchas . . . . .	1	Utrera . . . . .	1
Villablino . . . . .	4	<hr/>	
Villecha . . . . .	1		
<hr/>			

<sup>1</sup> See footnote on p. 138.



	No. of Folk-Tales.		No. of Folk-Tales.
Soria . . . . .	30	Valladolid . . . . .	16
Soria . . . . .	21	Valladolid . . . . .	10
Almenar . . . . .	1	Mucientes . . . . .	4
Blacos . . . . .	1	Valdearcos . . . . .	2
Calatañazor . . . . .	1		
Canos . . . . .	1		
Garrey . . . . .	1	Zamora . . . . .	21
Nódalo . . . . .	1	Zamora . . . . .	19
Retortillo . . . . .	3	Bamba del Vino . . . . .	1
	—	Toro . . . . .	1
			—
Toledo . . . . .	14		
Toledo . . . . .	9	Zaragoza . . . . .	3
Madridejos . . . . .	1	Torrijo de Cañada . . . . .	3
San Pablo de los Montes . . . . .	1		
Villaluenga . . . . .	3		
	—		

We have, then, a total of 297 versions of folk-tales from 87 different places (cities, towns, and villages), representative of 24 provinces and the most important territories of Spain in the old racial and linguistic regions of La Montaña, Asturias, León, Castilla la Vieja, Castilla la Nueva, Andalucía, La Mancha, and Extremadura. In some of these regions, such as Andalucía and Castilla la Vieja, the folk-tales have been collected in abundance. From Old Castile we have 91 tales, or about 30 per cent of the entire collection; but we must remember that the old Castilian territory includes the modern provinces of Ávila, Burgos, Segovia, Soria, and Valladolid.<sup>1</sup> From Andalucía, or southern Spain proper, we have an even 50, or 16 per cent of the total; while from New Castile and central Spain, not including old Castilian territory, we have some 40, or 13 per cent. From Extremadura and La Mancha we have 13, or only 4 per cent. A larger number of folk-tales from Extremadura, La Mancha, and Andalucía would be very desirable; and it is very much to be regretted that time prevented our collecting more from those regions.<sup>2</sup> Taking into consideration the great difficulties in travelling and the consequent loss of time,<sup>3</sup> I feel

<sup>1</sup> I am not following the exact boundaries, of course. The southern part of the modern province of Palencia belonged in olden times to the kingdom of Castile, and belongs to the old Castilian territory racially and linguistically.

<sup>2</sup> Our friends and colleagues from the Centro de Estudios Históricos — Navarro Tomás and García Solalinde, as well as Menéndez Pidal himself — are now on the lookout for the Tar-Baby and other stories which are of interest to us, and will try to find them for us from these and other regions.

<sup>3</sup> During the time I was in the field a-folkloring, I actually spent in travelling on trains, automobiles, and *taritanas*, 28 days. Only on one occasion could I travel and take down

that we ought to congratulate ourselves that we were able to gather together the 297 versions we now have. And in spite of the fact that we realize that, after all, the expedition was only preliminary, I feel that the efforts of Professor Boas and the generosity of Dr. Parsons have not been in vain, and that the value of the collection for folk-lore studies is important and definite. To be sure, we cannot yet speak definitely, as the material must first be carefully studied. I may say, however, that I have verified fully some of the theories which I have always held relative to the sources of some of the important folk-lore material found in New Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, and to which reference has already been made in the first part of this article. After our material is published, I am sure that some of our Negro and Indian folk-lorists will have to revise some of their theories as to the sources of many folk-tales found among the Negroes and Indians. These peoples of a lower culture seem capable of assimilating many institutions from their superior neighbors, but do not seem to give as much as they receive. I do not know yet just what folk-tale, of all those I have collected and published from New Mexico, for example, I could say is of Indian or Negro origin, and be positive about it. If I find the same or identical tales in Spain, some one has to prove that the Spaniards got them from the Negroes or Indians. I, for one, shall not accept any such fantastic conclusion. However, I would be the last one to state that, because we find them in Spain, they originated there. The study of the tales in their oldest form may reveal the source; but I am quite sure that the Negro and American Indian have added no folk-tales to the valuable treasures of folk-lore found in Spain to-day. This, of course, is only one phase of the problem. Greater and more important may be the question of the relation of many of these Spanish folk-tales to the actual material from which they certainly come; namely, the Celtic, Germanic, Arabic, and other sources, and ultimately that greatest and most important fountain of European tradition, India. The version of "El Angel y el Ermitaño" which I found in Cuenca, for example, is one that has come from India, and our problem is to study its relation to the other versions found in Spain and other parts of Europe.<sup>1</sup>

Spain is a rich field for the folk-lorist. Although I had hoped to find folk-lore in abundance, I certainly had no idea of the vitality of the oral traditions of the Spanish people. In our folk-lore studies we have been interested in a few problems, but many more appear a tale at the same time; namely, on my return from Santo Domingo de Silos to Burgos, when I travelled on a *lartana* as far as Covarrubias, and took down a tale from a passenger (!) who got in the *lartana* at Retuerta.

<sup>1</sup> In a recent study of Ramón Menéndez Pidal, *Estudios Literarios* (Madrid, 1920), we have a very erudite exposition of the general legend with which our tale is related, the theme of "El Condenado por desconfiado."

when the folk-lore of Spain is studied. We are dealing with a country that has been the home of various races and nationalities; where the currents of Celtic, Roman, Germanic, Arabic, and Moorish civilizations, peoples, languages, and traditions have crossed and recrossed. The Spanish people may be said to be a unit in religion only. Even in the matter of language, there is the widest diversity; for in the Spanish territory proper there are spoken not only the various dialects of Castilian itself (such as the Andalusian and the related dialects of Leonese, Asturian, Galician, and Aragonese, — all derived from Latin, and closely resembling Castilian), but also the Catalanian, — a different Romance language, akin to Provençal, and the Basque of the north-east, which is not even considered an Indo-European language. Aside from all this diversity in speech, however, we actually have a diversity of races and institutions that offer work and study for scores of investigators. It is no wonder that traditions more than a thousand years old live among these people, when one considers that in many of the remote regions of Spain the people actually live, dress, eat, work, and think in exactly the same way as the inhabitants of these regions lived, dressed, ate, worked, and thought in the time of Scipio Africanus, two thousand years ago. I have seen many evidences of this, and one could write volumes on it. It is my earnest hope that this will not be the last folk-lore expedition to Spain from the United States. Let us all hope that the publication of our Spanish collection in the near future will inspire others to continue the work now begun!

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA.

## PORTO-RICAN FOLK-LORE.

## FOLK-TALES.

BY J. ALDEN MASON; EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

A GENERAL account of the important folk-lore materials collected by Dr. J. Alden Mason in Porto Rico in 1914-15 has already been given in Volume 29, No. 114, of this Journal (p. 423). In that number were published the riddles, 800 in number, in some 1288 variants. In Volume 31, No. 121 (pp. 289-450) a most interesting and important collection of 373 *décimas*, Christmas carols, nursery-rhymes and other songs, was published. The traditional Spanish ballads of the collection were published in "*Revue Hispanique*" (vol. 43, 1918).

The most abundant and most important part of the Mason collection, however, is the folk-tale material. Although many of the tales were written down by school-children, and are therefore often fragmentary, the folk-tale collection as a whole is by far the most abundant and important Spanish folk-tale material collected in Spanish America. Its importance for American-Spanish folk-lore studies is inestimable.

Our comparative study of the Porto-Rican folk-tales will be published separately later. A large number of the folk-tales are traditional Spanish tales, often changed or distorted. Some of the tales are probably of African origin, at least in part.

By far the most popular group of folk-tales known in Porto Rico seem to be the picaresque tales. The main elements of these tales are traditional, since such tales as "*Pedro de Urdemalas*," "*Juan Tonto*" (in Porto Rico, "*Juan Bobo*"), "*Juan sin miedo*," etc., are known in most Spanish countries and also in Europe; but in our Porto-Rican collection we find many new and important developments. The "*Juan Bobo*" tales, which are the most numerous of this group, absorb many versions of European folk-tales. Often only the name has been changed. In our general classification of the first part of the Porto-Rican folk-tales, the picaresque group, it has been thought best to publish the tales together according to the main titles rather than to attempt to classify them in their proper scientific affiliation. There are many novel combinations. In the Porto-Rican popular tradition, a "*Juan Bobo*" tale may not be very different from a "*Pedro de Urdemalas*" tale; or, on the other hand, a "*Juan Bobo*" tale from

Porto Rico may be practically identical with a "Mano Fashico" tale from New Mexico.

For convenience of reference, each incident, as it occurs in the tales, has been numbered, so far as possible in consecutive order. These numbers, enclosed in parentheses, follow titles of incidents in the tale-headings. Corresponding numbers have also been placed at the beginning of paragraphs relating to those incidents.

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## I. CUENTOS DE JUAN BOBO.

I. JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO (2):  
JUAN MATA LOS POLLOS (3): JUAN MATA LA VACA (4).

(1) Una vez había una madre que tenía un hijo que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Un día que la madre fué a misa le dijo: — Mira Juan, tú me tienes que cuidar los pollos, todos los animales y el nene. Y él le dijo: — Si, *mare*, — y se fué para misa. Entonces dijo Juan Bobo a la puerca: — Mira, ahora yo te visto y te vas para misa, como *mare*. Y cogió a la puerca y le puso las sortijas y la vistió y la mandó para misa y se fué la puerca.

(2) Cuando empezó a llorar el nene y se fué a mecerlo, le tocó la mollera y dijo: — Mira que *mare* más puerca; ¿cómo deja que el nene tenga este tumor? Y cogió una varilla de paraguas y se la enterró. El nene quedó muerto y dijo Juan Bobo: — ¡Ve! ¿qué calladito está el nene? Si era aquella postema que no lo dejaba dormir.

(3) Y se fué entonces a donde estaba el caballo relinchando y lo cogió y lo amarró de un palo por una cuesta, y se ahorcó. Y entonces se fué y dijo: — ¡Ves! que se quedó callado. Y se fué entonces a donde los pollos estaban piando y los cogió y los metió en una olla llena de agua y los ahogó y dijo: — ¡Ves! que calladitos están.

(4) Y se fué donde la vaca estaba bramando y dijo: — Esta tiene gana de que la ordeñe, — y se puso a ordeñarla y le cortó la ubre y se murió.

El se fué para la casa y ya entonces había llegado la madre y le dijo: — Mira Juan, ¿dónde está la puerca? — Yo la mandé para misa contigo. Y la madre le dió una soba.

Y entonces le dijo Juan Bobo: — Mira *mare*, tú eres puerca, mira qué *nacido* tenía el nene y se lo reventé. Entonces fué a donde estaban los pollos y los encontró ahogados, y le preguntó por la vaca y le dijo que la había ordeñado y la encontró muerta *guindando* por una cuesta, y cuando fué a donde estaba Juan Bobo, lo cogió por las patas y lo *guindó* con una sogá y empezó a darle fuetazos y lo acabó de matar y se murió Juan Bobo.

Se acabó el cuento con ajo y pimienta y el que me oiga que me cuente otro.

Entro por un callejón y salgo por otro y el que me oiga que me cuente otro.

(Version a.<sup>1</sup>)

(1) Había una vez un hombre zángano, que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Llegó el día que tuvo que ir a misa su mamá y él se quedó en la casa y al cabo de un rato la puerca salió gritando y él decía: — Ella quiere

<sup>1</sup> For incidents 6 and 44, added to this version, see also Tales 4 and 41.

irse a misa a donde está la madre. Y él la subió arriba y la vistió con las mejores ropas que tenía ella y la mandó para misa y la puerca se fué al bañadero y se puso sucia.

(2) Después el niño se puso a llorar y Juan lo cogió y se puso a registrarle la cabeza y le encontró la mollera blandita y cogió un alfiler y se la reventó y dijo: — Madre es puerca; mira qué postemita tenía allí.

(4, 3) Y el nene se quedó dormido y Juan cogió la vaca y la *guindó* del techo de la casa para que comiera yerba y encontró una gallina clueca y la quitó de encima de los huevos y le cortó las plumas y se las pegó él con engrudo y se echó encima de ellos y cuando la madre vino decía: — Juan Bobo, ábreme la puerta. Y él decía: — ¡Cloc, cloc, cloc! *May*, estoy clueco. — Juan Bobo, déjate de pocas vergüenzas y ábreme la puerta. — ¡Cloc, cloc, cloc! *May*, estoy clueco. Y Juan Bobo se levantó y le abrió la puerta y la madre lo cogió y le dió una pela como para él, y ella fué a ver al nene y a la vaca y a la puerca y todos estaban muertos.

(6) Ella cogió a la vaca y la mandó al pueblo a vender y se la fió a los *locones*, y a las matas, y a los perros, y a las moscas y se fué para su casa y les dijo que iba a cobrar el domingo y el domingo siguiente se fué a cobrar y no encontró quien le pagara.

El dijo que dondequiera que encontrara una, la mataba y donde encontró una, fue en la frente del cura y él llevaba una macanita y sacó la macana y la chocó y se escondió detrás de la iglesia.

(44) Al mismo tiempo pasaba un médico y Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Hum! tú fuiste quien mató al padre cura. — ¡Ay! mira Juan Bobo, yo no fui. El le dijo: — Si no me das cinco taleguitas de dinero doy cuenta. Y se las dió y al pasar por la calle había un hombre sentado en una silla y le pegó un macetazo y lo mató.

Llegó y se escondió detrás de la puerta y al mismo tiempo pasó el comandante de la policía y salió y le dijo: — ¡Ah! tú mataste a ese hombre y yo mismo voy a dar cuenta. Y él le dijo: — Mira Juan Bobo, te doy dos taleguitas de dinero y no des cuenta. Y él le dijo: — Oh, si no me los das doy cuenta, — y cogió su dinero y se fué para su casa y todavía estará viviendo.

(Version b.)

(2) Una vez y dos son tres, en un pueblo una mujer que tenía dos hijos. Al mayor le decían Juan Bobo por lo tonto que era. Un día fué su madre a misa y le dejó cuidándole un chiquitín de dos meses.

El niño empezó a llorar y le enterró una aguja por la cabeza.

(1) El cerdo entonces empezó a chillar y le puso la mantiola, y los zarcillos de la mamá y lo mandó a la iglesia. Cuando vino la mujer no encontró el cerdo, y le preguntó donde estaba. — Madre, — dijo, — le puse los zarcillos y mandé a la iglesia.



La madre furiosa le dijo: — ¿Y el nene ha llorado mucho? — Madre, cuando V. se fué, empezó a gritar, le reventé un tumor que tenía en la cabeza y se ha quedado dormido.

En fin fué la mujer a ver al niño y lo encontró muerto. Cogió a Juan Bobo y lo mandó a buscar el cerdo y lo encontró metido en el fango, los zarcillos los botó, y la mantilla la encontraron llena de fango. La madre cogió a Juan Bobo, lo amarró a un árbol y le metió una fuetiza que no se sabe si todavía le estará pegando.

Cuento acabado, arroz con melado.

(Version c.)

(1) Se dice que una vez había una señora muy rica que sólo tenía un hijo y éste era bobo. Su nombre era Juan, y le llamaban Juan Bobo. Como su madre era rica tenía muchas prendas finas y animales. Una vez la madre se fué para misa y dejó a Juan Bobo sólo en la casa. Antes de salir para misa dejó una cerda amarrada cerca de la casa, y cuando fué a salir le dijo a Juan Bobo: — Ten cuidado que no le dé sol a la cerda.

Se tardó la misa, la señora no pudo venir antes y el sol calentaba demasiado, y la cerda empezaba a gruñir. Juan Bobo oyó que el animal gruñía y como bobo que era, dijo que la cerda estaba llorando por ir a misa también con su ama. Pensó un momento y dijo: — Yo te voy a mandar a misa.

Luego cogió y desamarró el animal, lo llevó a una habitación donde la señora tenía todas sus prendas y vistió a la cerda con los mejores trajes de su mamá, y puso pantallas en las orejas de la cerda y pulseras en las patas, y después de prepararla de todo, la mandó para misa.

Seguramente que como la cerda lo que tenía era calor, corrió apresuradamente hacia un bañadero que se encontraba en el camino de la casa. Se ensució y rompió las ropas que llevaba puesta y botó las prendas.

Cuando vino la madre le preguntó por la cerda, y él respondió que ella había llorado por irse detrás de ella y que él la había vestido y la había mandado para misa. Y le preguntó a la madre que si ella no había visto a la cerda en la iglesia.

La madre, llena de cólera por la torpeza del muchacho, le pegó muy fuerte para que así no fuera más bobo. Pero Juan Bobo siempre siguió siendo bobo.

(Version d.)

(2) Pues señor, ésta era una vez que la madre de Juan Bobo se fué para misa y le dejó cuidándole al muchacho. Pero el muchacho se puso a llorar, y llora y llora. Juan Bobo en ver que no se callaba le daba comida, y agua pero el nene seguía llorando. Entonces Juan

Bobo le tocó la mollera y se la encontró blandita y dijo: — ¡Ay! si él tiene una poteca en la cabeza. — Pero era la mollera y entonces cogió una espina de naranja y se la enterró y le reventó la mollera, le sacó los sesos por el agujero que le hizo y el muchacho se murió y él creía que estaba dormido.

(1) Ahora Juan Bobo tenía una puerca y como la puerca tenía sed porque no había bebido en todo el día, pues se puso a gritar y a chillar. Juan Bobo oyó la puerca chillando y se le acercó y le dijo: — ¡Ah! Tu quieres irte a misa con mamá. Pues, espérate que yo te voy a vestir. — Cogió las pantallas y un vestido de la madre y se las puso a la puerca y la mandó para misa. Pero la puerca tenía sed y se fué a un bañero a beber.

Ahora cuando la mamá vino de misa le dijo: — Juan Bobo ¿y la puerca? — Adiós, mamá si yo la mandé para misa. — ¡Ay! Muchacho ¿para que has mandado la puerca para misa? — Pero madre, si ella no hacía nada más que llorar porque no la mandaba a misa, y la mandé.

Después le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ¿y el nene? — Mire, madre, tenía una poteca en la cabeza y yo se la reventé y desde que se la reventé está durmiendo. Y era que estaba muerto. Cuando la mamá lo vió cayó pataleteando en el suelo porque Juan Bobo le había matado el muchachito. Después se fué a la puerca y la encontró en un bañero con el vestido roto, las pantallas perdidas pero no las encontró más nunca y todavía las están buscando.

(Version e.)

(1) Un día la madre de Juan Bobo se fué a misa y dejó a su hijo cuidándole la puerca y los puerquitos.

Los puerquitos empezaron a chillar, y Juan para que se callaran los mató y se los comió asados. Cuando la puerca vió que Juan había matado sus hijos, empezó a llorar. Entonces Juan Bobo para que se callara, la vistió con los mejores trajes de la madre, le puso una mantilla y la mandó para misa, etc.

(Version f.)

(2) [Véase p. 146.]

(3) Salíó para misa su madre. Los pollitos empezaron a piar. Juan Bobo compadecido de ellos y muy creído que tenían ganas de dormir, los ensartó en una varilla de paraguas por las alas, para que se quedaran dormidos. Luego los engachó en la cocina.

(1) [Véase p. 146.]

(Version g.)

(2, 1) [Véase p. 146.]

(3) Y los pollos los cogió y los ensartó en una vara y los puso encima de la casa. Entonces cuando llegó la madre le preguntó por el nene y le dijo que el nene se quedó llorando pero que lo acostó en el suelo y le dió un golpe en la cabeza y se lo reventó con una aguja.

## (Version h.)

(1) [Véase p. 146.]

(3) Después los pollos empezaron a pillar porque tenían hambre, y Juan los cogió y los puso todos en un palo y los colgó. Como vio que no se movieron, dijo: — Ya se callaron esos pollos.

(2) [Véase p. 46.]

## (Version i.)

(1) [Véase p. 146.]

(3) Juan Bobo oyó en el corral los pollitos piando y dijo: — ¡Uh! estos pollos siempre están fastidiando la paciencia. ¡Ah! es que tienen frío.

Cogió a los pollos, los puso en una vara y los colocó en la hornilla. Los pobres pollos se asaron.

(2) Después el niño gritó; Juan Bobo fué a ver lo que le sucedía y dijo: — ¡Mi hijito! ¿tienes hambre? Bueno, pues ven acá.

Cogió un racimo de plátanos que había colgado en la cocina, mondó algunos y se los fué dando con leche. Llegó un momento en que el niño no quiso más y él se lo *atarugaba* con una paleta, hasta que lo hizo comer el racimo de plátanos.

Vió que el niño se durmió y dijo: — Mi hijito tiene sueño; vamos a dormirlo en la hamaca, — y lo acostó.

Al poco rato vino la madre y le dijo: — Juan Bobo, me falta una puerca.

Y él le respondió: — ¡Ay! mamá, yo la mandé para la iglesia con usted y no ha venido todavía.

— ¡Mira, muchacho, lo que tú has hecho con mi puerca!

Después la madre vio los pollos en la hornilla y le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ¿qué hiciste tú con los pollos?

— Pues mire mamá, estaban piando de frío y yo *truje* una vara y los ensarté y los puse en la hornilla.

Entonces le preguntó por el nene, y él le contestó: — Mamá, principié a llorar y yo le di plátanos con leche, y como estaba harto, se quedó dormido y lo acosté en la hamaca.

Ve la madre la hamaca y empieza a despertar al niño, pero estaba muerto.

Después que la madre lloró y se consoló, le dió una fuetiza a Juan Bobo, que le quitó la bobera.

## 2. JUAN MATA LA VACA (4): JUAN VENDE LA CARNE A LAS MOSCAS (6).

(4) La casa en que la familia de Juan Bobo vivía estaba techada de paja, y como ya era un poco vieja y la paja se había podrido había nacido una mata de berenjena, y bajo de la mata de berenjena había una yerba muy verde que se brindaba al animal que se la quería comer.

Una mañana en que Juan Bobo salió de su casa a llevar la vaca de su madre a pacer no bien iba distante de la casa cuando su vista recorrió el techo de la casa y vió las yerbas y se detuvo un momento y pensó: — Mamá ha sembrado esas yerbas para la vaca. Yo hoy no voy al río. Yo voy a dejar la vaca aquí; se come las yerbas ésas. Así lo hizo. Cogió la vaca, volvió atrás con ella, la subió arriba de la casa. Cuando subió la vaca arriba de la casa la ahorcó y la dejó, pero él pensó que era que la vaca estaba cansada con la jornada que había hecho y se metió en la casa para decirle a su madre lo que había hecho. Cuando ella supo lo que había hecho le echó un regaño que Juan Bobo pensó abandonarla.

(6) La madre fué entonces donde la vaca y la halló muerta y la bajó. Juan Bobo viendo la vaca muerta la cogió y le dijo a su madre: — Mamá, no te apures y verás como yo vendo la carne de la vaca y nos hacemos ricos. Cogió la vaca, le sacó el cuero, cogió la carne y se marchó a venderla a un pueblo cerca de donde ellos vivían. Pero Juan Bobo no encontró venta para la carne y volvió a la casa con ella. Y cuando venía de la ciudad vió un hato de moscas que venían zumbando detrás de la carne. Cuando miró atrás vió las moscas y dijo: — ¿Ustedes son las señoritas del manto prieto? Y cuando él les hacía la pregunta ellas más zumbaban. Entonces él les dijo: — Ustedes parece que quieren comprarme alguna carne. Yo puedo fiársela si es que en dos semanas me la pagan, y al mismo tiempo arrojó dos pedazos a la orilla del camino y siguió con la carne que le quedaba.

Más adelante encontró un perro que estaba muriéndose de hambre y luego que vió a Juan Bobo con la carne se le fué detrás. Juan Bobo le dijo: — Perro, tú quieres alguna carne. Y como el perro le seguía al fin le dijo: — Yo te voy a fiar le que me queda, pero me la pagas entre dos semanas. El perro, que era tuerto, cuando oyó a Juan Bobo que hablaba voltió la cabeza y él creyó que le decía que sí y le tiró la carne igual que hizo con las moscas y se fué para su casa.

Cuando llegó a su casa la madre le preguntó si había vendido la carne y él le dijo que sí pero que la había fiado toda. La madre, indignada, no le dijo nada y le dejó, porque sabía que su hijo era bobo.

Al cumplirse las dos semanas Juan Bobo se marchó a cobrar su carne y llevaba en las manos una pistola. Y cuando miraba para ver si veía al perro tuerto vió que a la casa de un agricultor subía un perro tuerto. El amo de la casa también era tuerto.

Juan Bobo se dirigió a la casa de este hombre y dió los buenos días. Lo saludaron lo más amable y Juan Bobo, muy serio, les dijo: — Señores, échenme al tuerto abajo para que me pague mi dinero. El dueño de la casa no estaba en el sitio donde cobraba la carne Juan Bobo, y Juan Bobo repitió dos veces que le echaran abajo al tuerto para que le pagara la carne. La señora del agricultor creía que era su

marido y le dijo: — Juan Bobo, yo te voy a dar una taleguita de dinero y véte. Así lo hizo y Juan Bobo cogió el dinero y se marchó para su casa. La madre lo recibió muy contenta porque ya era feliz.

El día siguiente Juan Bobo volvió a la misma casa pidiendo que le echaran al tuerto para abajo. La señora, temiendo que fuera a haber un compromiso, le ofreció diez talegas de dinero por que no volviera más. Juan Bobo las cogió y se fué. Su madre y él fueron ricos, y Juan Bobo se casó con una hija de un vecino y ahora viven muy felices.

### 3. JUAN VENDE LA VACA AL SANTO (5).

Una vez y dos son tres que en un país había una mujer que tenía un hijo que se llamaba Juan Bobo. A éste la madre lo mandó a vender una vaca<sup>1</sup> y le dijo que no se la vendiera a uno que hablara mucho.<sup>2</sup> Este fué primero donde un hombre y le dijo: — ¿Me quiere comprar esta vaca? Entonces el hombre dijo: — ¿En cuánto la das? Juan Bobo entonces le dijo: — A V. no se la vendo porque habla mucho. Entonces fué a donde estaba un perro y le dijo: — ¿Me quieres comprar esta vaca? Y el perro ladró y Juan Bobo le dijo: — No te la vendo porque hablas mucho. Entonces fué donde había un gato y le dijo: — ¿Me quieres comprar esta vaca? Y el gato maulló, y Juan Bobo dijo: — No te la vendo porque hablas mucho.

Por último fué a la iglesia que estaba sola. Allí encontró a Jesús,<sup>3</sup> y le dijo: ¿Me quieres comprar esta vaca?<sup>4</sup> No le habló. Entonces se la amarró de la cintura y se fué. La vaca se asustó al estar allí y se fué a correr por la calle con el santo detrás de ella.<sup>5</sup> El cura lo metió en la cárcel a Juan Bobo y él que me está oyendo que me cuente otro.

### 4. JUAN VENDE LA PUERCA (LA MIEL) A LAS MOSCAS Y MATA UNA DE ELLAS EN LA CABEZA DEL JUEZ (6).

Una vez había un hombre que se llamaba Juan Bobo. El vivía con su mamá y un día le dijo Juan Bobo: — Mamá, mata esa puerca. Y la madre le dijo: — No, señor. Y Juan Bobo estuvo rogándole a su mamá hasta que la mató. La madre le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ven acá y véndeme esa puerca. Juan Bobo se fué y cantaba la carne: — Llevo carne de puerca.

Cuando Juan Bobo pasó por la calle de La Canfinfora, vió a un caballo muerto y estaban las señoritas del manto prieto y se le fueron

<sup>1</sup> Var.: Novilla.

<sup>2</sup> Var.: Hombre charlatán.

<sup>3</sup> Var.: Cristo; San Antonio.

<sup>4</sup> Var.: Toño, te vendo esa vaca.

<sup>5</sup> Var.: En la punta de la soga. Entonces le gritó: — ¡Toño, ahínca un pie atrás y dale vuelta!

detrás. El les echó la carne y les dijo: — Mañana vengo a buscar el dinero.

Cuando fué a su casa la madre le dijo: — ¿Adónde estabas tú que yo estaba esperando los chavos para hacer la comida?

Entonces le dijo Juan Bobo a su mamá que le habían dicho que lo fuera a cobrar al día siguiente. Y fué a cobrarlo, y las moscas no le hacían caso y se fué en casa del juez. — Señor juez, — le dijo. — ¿Qué te pasa Juan Bobo? Le dijo lo que le había pasado y el juez le dijo que en donde encontrara una que la matara. Y él vió una en la cabeza y se la mató. Después hubo un juicio y le dijeron que declarara. El dijo lo que había pasado. Y él salió absuelto y se rieron muchísimo los de la corte.

(Version a.)

Un día la madre de Juan Bobo mató un cerdo y le dijo a él que lo iba a matar para que se lo fuera a vender. Al otro día le puso la mitad de la carne en un plato y se fué a venderla. Se cansó de gritar la carne y nadie quiso comprarla. El ya tenía un poco de coraje, pero las moscas que son tan impudentes le cayeron encima del plato formando una tertulia atroz. Entonces Juan Bobo les dijo: — ¿Que ustedes quieren carne? Y se la dió y le dijeron que se la pagarían mañana y se fué. Llegó a su casa y la mamá le preguntó por la carne. El le dijo: — V. no sabe; si yo encontré a unas señoras del manto negro y me la compraron pero me dijeron que la pagarían mañana.

Al otro día le dijo: — Juan Bobo, hoy tienes que ir a vender esa carne y también les dices a esas señoras del manto negro que te paguen la carne. Y él le decía: — Sí, mamá.

Se fué y donde quiera que encontraba una mosca, le cobraba la carne y no le hacían caso, como si con ellas no fuera, y las moscas encima del plato de carne. El con muchísimo coraje les volvió a preguntar: — ¿Que quieren carne? Téngala; pero me la pagan mañana porque si no llevo el dinero a casa me pegan. Entonces se fué, llegó a su casa y le dijo lo mismo a la madre. Entonces la madre le dijo: — Mañana vas a cobrar la carne sin falta. Y él le dijo: — Sí, mamá.

Al otro día bien temprano se fué, y a donde quiera que veía a las moscas les cobraba la carne y ellas seguían como si no fuera. Ya cansado se dijo para sí: — Yo me voy a casa y le digo a mamá que no me quieren pagar. El se fué y se lo dijo a la madre, y entonces la madre le dijo que fuera a la casa del juez a decirselo. Llegó donde el juez, y el juez le dijo que le dijera como y de que manera había pasado todo. Juan Bobo le contó todo, y el juez le contestó que no había más remedio que donde quiera que viera una mosca le diera un palo y la dejara muerta. Al mismo tiempo por la cara del juez corría una

mosca, pero Juan Bobo tenía un bastón en las manos y le mandó a la mosca que estaba en la cara de él y le aplastó las narices.

Pero el bobo le dijo que lo perdonara porque él le había dicho que donde quiera que viera una mosca que le diera un palo. El le perdonó, y se quedó con las narices aplastadas por toda la vida. El muchacho se lo contó a su madre y ella le dió una zumba, que cada vez se acordaba.

(Version b.)

Se dice que en tiempos muy remotos, o allá, como dice el otro, en tiempos de María Castaña existía un bobo, que creo sería el más bobo de todos los bobos.

Pues bien, voy a contarles el cuento. Esta era una vez y dos son tres que había en una parte de Utua'o una mujer que tenía un hijo.

(1, 2) [Véase p. 146.]

(3) Fué a donde los pollos, y los ensartó en una parrilla. Y fué a donde los burros y los ató hasta el pescuezo.

(6) Bueno, cuando vino, la madre se fué a caer muerta después de rebuscar y rebuscar. Mas después lo mandó a vender un melado y las señoritas del manto prieto se lo compraron; se bañaron en él. Y después fué a cobrárselo y todas se le alborotaron. Luego se fué donde la madre, berreando. — ¿Qué te pasa, mi hijo? — le dice la madre. — ¡Ay, mamá, que las señoritas del manto prieto me han comprado el melado y luego que he ido a cobrárselo no me lo han querido pagar! Y Juan Bobo llora que te llora hasta que la madre lo envió a donde el alcalde para que le diera la queja. La madre le dijo: — Si no le das las quejas te mato y te achueco.

Se fué Juan Bobo muy contento a donde el alcalde. — Señor alcalde, aquí vengo a darle unas quejas. — ¡Ja, ja, ja! — repuso el alcalde. — Cuéntame las súplicas. — Pues que esta mañana, al amanecer del día, mi madre me mandó a vender un melado y las señoritas del manto prieto, después de habérmelo cogido fiado, no me lo quieren pagar.

El alcalde le dijo: — Mira, pues dondequiera que encuentres una de esas señoritas le metes una gaznatada, pero fuerte. Habla que te habla, en una de éstas se paró una en la cara del alcalde y le tostó la cara de una fuerte gaznatada; y arrancó a huir, corre que te corre hasta que llegó a su casa y contó la historia.

— Cójame ese bobo — decía el alcalde; pero ni consiguieron cogerlo. Y el alcalde se quedó sufriendo una fuerte tostada en la cara que hasta se le hinchó.

Si sigo no acabo. Me meto por un callejón y salgo por otro. El que me oye que me cuente otro.

(Version c.)

. . . El alcalde se rió y le dijo que donde quiera que se encontrara una mosca, la matara.

Un día pasaba por la iglesia, entró, y con lo primero que se encontró fué con el alcalde que estaba orando, arrodillado. Y como era calvo tenía una mosca en ese sitio. Como su afán era matarlas, él le dió con un palo, dejándole casi muerto. Al quererlo prender la policía, contestó que el alcalde le había dicho que matara todas las moscas donde quiera que las encontrara. Por esta contestación lo perdonaron.

(Version d.)

Había una vez una señora que tenía un hijo que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Y un día le dijo:— Juan Bobo, vete cómprame un galón de miel para dárselo al caballo. Y cuando se fué a darlo al caballo, oyó una cosa que hacía:— Bu . . . bu . . . bu . . . um. Eran las moscas y les dijo:— Señoras del manto prieto ¿quieren miel? Pues denme chavos. Y él derramó la miel en el suelo y se fué para su casa. Y le dijo la mamá:— Juan Bobo ¿dónde está la miel? Y él dijo:— Yo se la vendí a unas señoras de un manto prieto. Y dijo la mamá:— Ve a buscar los chavos. Y él fué donde las moscas y les pidió el dinero y como ellas no contestaron fué a donde el juez y le dijo:— Yo vendí la miel a las moscas y no me quieren pagar. Y el juez dijo:— Pues, cuando V. vea una señora de esas, mátele.— Y él vió una en la frente del juez, y cogió una piedra y la tiró y mató al juez.

(Version e.)

. . . Este le dijo que donde quiera que encontrara una, la matara. Al otro día cogió Juanito un garrote, y se fué a misa. Ver una mosca en la calva del cura y aflojarle un garrotazo, fué cosa de un momento. Demás está decir que mató la mosca y al cura. Lo llevaron a la cárcel, pero como fué una orden del rey, lo perdonaron.

Y se acabó mi cuento con arroz y pimienta.

(Version f.)

. . . Un día fué a la carnicería y había un jíbaro que tenía un callo encima de un dedo y se le paró una de las señoritas del manto prieto. Como el juez le había dicho que donde quiera que se parase una de ellas que le diera con un palo pues cogió y le dió en el callo al jíbaro para matarla con el palo, y le desbarató el dedo al jíbaro y no le denunciaron.

Otro día fué a la iglesia y el cura estaba diciendo un sermón. Y en la calvita del cura se le paró una señorita del manto prieto. Cogió el palo y le dió en la cabeza del cura y se le desprendió del cuerpo. No le pagaron el dinero, pero se conformó con haber matado a dos de las señoritas del manto prieto, y se fué para su casa con el palo muy contento.



## 5. JUAN ECHA UNA AGUJA DENTRO DE UNA CANASTA (7).

Era una madre que tenía un hijo el cual era bobo. Un día lo mandó a buscar una aguja prestada a la casa de una vecina. El la echó dentro de unas banastas que él llevaba. Cuando llegó a su casa fué a buscarla para dársela a su madre, y no la encontró. Entonces su madre le dijo:— Juan, cuando tú vayas a buscar algo que tenga punta, te lo pones en la camisa, para que no se te pierda. Luego lo mandó a buscar un asador para asar carne, y él se lo puso en la camisa para que no se le perdiera. Y después cuando llegó la madre, lo castigó.

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Otras versiones: (a) Cuando se fué a bajar del caballo, se enterró la vara (el asador) y se murió.

(b) Un día su madre lo mandó a comprar una aguja y la puso en la canasta. Cuando llegó a su casa, la madre le preguntó por la aguja y él dijo que se le había ido corriendo.

## 6. JUAN ECHA A SU HERMANO A LOS ANIMALES (8).

Esta era una vez que había un joven llamado Juan el cual tenía unas cosas muy raras por las que se distinguía. Una de éstas fué que un día su madre salió para la iglesia dejándole a él encargado de la casa. Le dijo que cuando los animales tuvieran hambre, echara a hervir lo primero que encontrara y después se lo echara a los animales. Con esto quería decir su madre que cocinara frutas o vegetales para los animales. Pero él entendió que con lo primero que encontrara y cogió a su hermanito menor, que tenía seis meses. Lo echó en agua ardiendo por término de dos horas. Visto que ya los perros, cerdos, gatos y otros animales gritaban echó a la criatura al patio donde fué destrozada por los hambrientos animales.

Al poco rato vino su madre de la iglesia. Preguntó si los animales habían comido. Le dijo que sí, que tanta era el hambre que tenían que se habían comido a su hermanito y él se había escapado con su vida en un árbol de aceitunas.

## 7. JUAN ECHA UNA CARRERA CON LA OLLA (9).

Una vez la madre de Juan Bobo lo mandó a casa de una vecina a buscarle una olla. Fué Juan a casa de la vecina, y le dió una olla que tenía tres patas. Para ir a la casa de Juan había dos caminos, y Juan le dijo a la olla:— Tú tienes tres patas y yo tengo dos. Así es que vamos a hacer una apuesta a cual llegue primero. Juan puso la olla en el camino y echó a correr hacia su casa. Cuando Juan llegó a su casa, le dijo a la madre:— Madre, ¿La olla no ha llegado aquí? — ¿Con quién la mandaste? — respondió la madre. — Como ella tenía

tres patas y yo dos, hice una apuesta al que llegara primero. — ¡Ay! Muchacho no seas tan bobo, — dijo la madre.

Entonces Juan se fué a ver que le había pasado a la olla. Cuando llegó adonde estaba la olla, le dijo: — ¡Tú, con tres patas y te has dejado ganar de mí!

(Version a.)

(7) [Véase p. 156.]

(9) Sucede que tampoco tenía caldero para hacer el arroz con pollo. Y mandó a pedirle a su hermana un caldero. Pues, como antes no se usaban los calderos de ahora. Antes se usaban los que tenían tres patas. Ese día Juan Bobo fué a pie, le pidió el caldero a su tía y se fué con el caldero.

Cuando ya estaba cansado miró al caldero y vió que tenía tres patas y dijo: — Tú que tienes tres patas puedes andar más que yo. Lo tiró en el camino y cogió por otro camino. Cuando llegó le preguntó su madre que dónde estaba el caldero, y entonces él dijo: — ¿El no ha llegado? Cuando fué a buscar no lo encontró.

#### 8. JUAN VA A LAS BODAS DE SU HERMANO (10).

Había una vez una mujer que tenía dos hijos. Uno se llamaba Juan y el otro Pedro. Juan era demasiado bobo y por este motivo se le conocía comunmente como Juan Bobo.

El día que Juan supo que su hermano, Pedro, se iba a casar, se empeñó a ir a las bodas. Este le decía a su hermano: — Hermano, llévame a las bodas. — Vas a ir, pero con la condición de obedecerme, — dijo Pedro. — Si, hermano, — dijo Juan. — Bueno, — dijo Pedro, — hablarás lo necesario y cuando nos sentemos en la mesa dejarás de comer cuando te toque la punta del dedo grande de los pies.

Al siguiente día salieron bien temprano para ir a las bodas. Todo pasó lo más bien hasta que llegó la hora de comer. Al sentarse Juan a la mesa, ya iban a empezar a comer cuando pasó un gato por debajo de la mesa y con el rabo tocó la punta del dedo grande de los pies, y Juan Bobo no comió más.

#### 9. JUAN VENDE UN PAVO (11).

Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo llamado Juan, pero le decían el bobo. Un día la madre lo mandó al pueblo para que vendiese un pavo, pero era carísimo y no encontraba a quien vendérselo.

Por fin, cuando más cansado estaba, llegó a una casa donde había un casamiento y lo vendió. Ahora le pagaron el dinero, pero vieron que Juan Bobo no se iba.

Entonces en la casa le preguntaron porqué no se iba. Entonces él dijo que quería más dinero y la señora de la casa se lo dió con tal que se fuera. Pero Juan Bobo se propuso hacer una maldad al matrimonio y se quedó en la puerta.

Volvieron y le preguntaron que qué quería. Y él dijo: — ¡Ah! yo quiero comer del pavo. Entonces le contestaron que el pavo no se comería hasta el otro día. Juan Bobo cogió y se escondió en un callejón. Después por la noche se escurrió por el callejón y entró por una puerta de la cocina.

El estaba dispuesto a hacer una maldad al matrimonio y se entró en el cuarto de la sirvienta y escondióse debajo de la cama de la sirvienta. Como a eso de media noche, Juan Bobo empezó a cantar con voz de gallo marrueco.

El matrimonio encendió un candelabro y buscaron y registraron todos los rincones, pero fué en vano. No transcurrió media hora, cuando volvió a cantar otra vez, pero la sirvienta averiguó que era debajo de su cama y como una loca, fué a dar el grito de alarma; pero Juan Bobo huyó y metióse dentro de un barril que estaba lleno de miel, bañándose dentro de él y como vió que lo seguían, se escondió en otro lleno de pluma.

Entonces el matrimonio vió que aquella figura tan fea, salía del barril y el hombre que llevaba un revólver, se le cayó, y Juan Bobo riéndose se escabulló.

Y se acabó mi cuento. Salgo por un callejón y entro por otro, y el que me está oyendo que me cuente otro.

*(Version a.)*

Esta era una vez que Juan Bobo iba a vender un pavo que le cogió a la mamá. Fué a una casa y estaba una señora en la puerta. Le ofreció el pavo y eso sucedió una Noche Buena. La señora cogió y le dió doce reales por el pavo, y lo mató en la misma Noche Buena.

Juan Bobo se quedó allí hasta que guisaron el pavo y ya cuando el pavo estaba guisando le dieron a Juan Bobo un muslo de él. Volvió Juan Bobo y dijo: — Hasta que no me den el otro muslo no me voy. — Se lo dieron y Juan Bobo se fué. Cuando vino la mamá le preguntó por el pavo a Juan Bobo y él le dijo: — Yo lo vendí y los chavos se los dí a un muchacho. Entonces la mamá le dijo: — Vaya, busque el pavo. Juan Bobo se fué a la casa donde había vendido el pavo y lo pidió. No se lo dieron y se fué. Se puso a llorar, y después se fué y le robó dos gallos. Se fué a venderlos y lo metieron a la cárcel. Desde ese día Juan Bobo no volvió a coger lo ageno.

*(Version b.)*

Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Un día le dió un pavo y le dijo: — Vete a la ciudad y véndelo para que podamos comer hoy. El muchacho se fué y al llegar a una hacienda donde estaban fabricando melado, cogió y metió el pavo en un tanque que estaba lleno de melado y lo sacó entripado. Después

siguió y se encontró una sortija con dos piedritas. Después pasaba una mujer con un sombrero. La paró y le dijo:

— Oiga, señora, ese sombrero es de mi hermana; y estuvo porfiándole hasta que después de haberle sacado dos de sus mejores plumas, le dijo: — Es verdad, me he equivocado, ése no es de mi hermana.

Después cogió las dos plumas y se las puso al pavo; luego que llegó a la ciudad, compró cinco centavos de dorado en la botica, le pintó el pico, las patas y las uñas de dorado y se puso a cantar. "Llevo un pavo con ojos de brillantes, con el pico, las patas y las uñas de oro, con la carne dulce y con dos plumas diferentes en todo a los otros pavos." Pasó por la casa de un rico el cual le ofreció por el pavo cien pesos. Pero Juan le dijo que no.

Entonces le ofreció ciento cincuenta y Juan el Bobo se lo dió. Después de haberle pagado, le dijo: — Mira, muchacho, ve a avisarles a mis amigos que vengan, que tengo un gran banquete.

Después de haber estado todos en la mesa se sentó Juan en una de las sillas. El amo le preguntó: — ¿Porqué no te has ido? — Y él le dijo: — Por que V. no me ha pagado el dinero, y también mamá me dijo que no me fuera hasta que V. no me diera un muslo del pavo. Y el dueño le dió otra vez ciento cincuenta y un muslo. Después de Juan haberse comido el muslo le dijo: — Mamá me dijo que no me fuera hasta que no me comiera el otro muslo. — El dueño se lo dió y entonces le dijo que se fuera pero Juan Bobo le dijo que hasta que no le diera el pescuezo y un plato de arroz para su mamá no se iba.

El dueño, refunfuñando, se lo dió a Juan Bobo. Se fué y le dijo: — Mamá a que tú no sabes en cuanto vendí el pavo. Ella le contestó: — Lo menos en un duro. Juan se echó a reir por que lo vendió en trescientos duros.

Al otro día Juan Bobo se fué a la ciudad y fué donde el rico que le había comprado el pavo y le dijo: — V. en su fiesta no me dió nada más que cien duros y mamá me mandó a que me diera los cincuenta duros que restan. — Y él se los dió sin decir nada. Conque figúrense por cuanto, salió el pavo, trescientos cincuenta duros. Juan y su mamá viveron sin trabajar por un buen tiempo.

Y se acaba el cuento con ají y pimienta.

#### IO. JUAN CALIENTA A SU ABUELITA (12).

Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo que era bobo. Un día salió la madre para misa y dejó al bobo cuidando la casa y a los animalitos.

Después que la madre se fué, cogió a su abuelita, que estaba muerta enterrada, la sacó y la puso al sol, que para que se calentase. Cuando vino la madre de misa le preguntó: — ¿Qué tú hacías que no cuidaste a los animales, ni les diste agua? Y él le dijo: — Estaba calentando a

mamá vieja. La madre lo cogió y lo mandó a enterrar a la abuelita.

Después se fué la madre otra vez y él se quedó y volvió a sacar a la abuela. Entonces cogió todas las prendas de la madre y se las puso y la montó a caballo; la cogió y la echó por una cuesta abajo, dándole al caballo para que se matara.

Vino la madre y le dijo: — ¿Qué tú haces, Juan Bobo? ¡Dios de los cielos! Cogió la madre y mató a Juan Bobo. ¡Pobre Juan Bobo, Dios se lo lleve!

(Version a.)

Había una vez y dos son tres una mujer que tenía un hijo llamado Juan y era bobo.

Un día la madre se fué para misa y lo dejó cuidando a su abuelita que era una viejita que ya no podía pararse de tan antigua que era. Y él se quedó solo con ella y viendo que la viejita temblaba de frío, le preguntó: — Mamá ¿qué tiene? Y después le dijo: — No se apure, mamá vieja, que yo la caliento ahorita. Y fué y calentó un caldero de agua caliente y la cogió y la metió dentro del caldero. La vieja se engarñó seguida, y él dijo: — Ya veo que se le quitó el frío. Y la vieja se murió y Juan Bobo la cogió después de la muerte y la encaramó en un palo de guayaba y le puso una guayaba en la boca.

Bueno, pues cuando vino su madre de misa le preguntó: — ¿Dónde está mamá? — Mírela encaramada en el palo de guayaba, riéndose y comiendo guayabas. Y la señora vino y la apeó y vió que estaba tiesa. Y cogió a Juan Bobo y por poco lo mata y fuerte va y fuerte viene. Y se acabó mi cuento con ají y pimienta.

## II. JUAN CALIENTA A SU ABUELITA (12): JUAN Y LOS BANDIDOS BAJO DEL ARBOL (58).

(12) Una vez, la madre de Juan Bobo ya era una viejita y había que sacarla en petates al sol. Juan Bobo tenía un hermano que se llamaba Pedro. Pedro tenía que irse a trabajar y estar fuera varios días. Al tiempo de irse Pedro, le dijo a Juan que pusiera a tibir agua y bañara a la vieja.

Juan Bobo al otro día, en lugar de tibir el agua la calentó tanto que cuando estaba bañando a la vieja, se murió. Cuando acabó de bañarla, la sacó y la puso al sol. Cuando Pedro vino le preguntó por la vieja y él le dijo que desde que él se había ido la había bañado y que todavía estaba en el sueño.

Bueno, va Pedro a ver a la vieja y estaba muerta. Pedro le dijo a Juan que había matado a la vieja. Entonces se pusieron a hacer la caja; cuando la caja estuvo hecha, la echaron y se fueron a enterrarla.

(58) Cuando la hubieron enterrado, Pedro le dijo a Juan que cerrara la puerta del cementerio, pero Juan oyó que se la trajera; empezó Juan a luchar con la puerta hasta que la arrancó y se la llevó. Pedro

vió a Juan y le preguntó: — ¿Para dónde llevas esa puerta? Y Juan le dijo: — ¿Para qué me dijiste que me la trajera?

Entonces Pedro no le dijo nada. Cuando iban por el camino se encontraron unos bandidos. Pedro y Juan se treparon a un árbol, pero siempre Juan cargando con la puerta.

Al poco rato llegaron los bandidos debajo del árbol donde estaban ellos. Estaban contando tanto dinero que eso era atroz. Uno de los bandidos dijo: — ¡Ay Dios, títame un pedazo de cielo! Entonces Juan le tiró la puerta y los bandidos dejaron el dinero y Juan y Pedro se hicieron ricos.

#### 12. JUAN PIERDE SU DINERO (13).

Una vez había un hombre, llamado Juan Bobo, colocado en el palacio del rey. Hacía mucho tiempo que estaba colocado y cuando salió de palacio arregló sus cuentas y le dieron un montón de oro.

Buenos, pues cuando iba ya en mitad del camino ya el oro le pesaba mucho y entonces se encontró con un hombre a caballo y le dijo: — ¡Qué bueno es ir a caballo, descansando a todo galope! Yo voy aquí a pie, cansado con este oro. . . . ¿Quieres cambiar el caballo por mi oro? Entonces cambiaron el oro por el caballo, y Juan Bobo se montó y le sacó un grito al caballo y arrancó al galope.

Cuando ya iba un poco más lejos se encontró con un hombre que venía con una vaca y Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¿Quieres cambiar el caballo por la vaca? Cambiaron y Juan cogió la vaca y se fué para su casa. Cuando le dió hambre cogió la vaca y la ordeñó y se bebió la leche.

Siguió su camino y encontró un muchacho con un puerco y le dijo: — ¿Quieres cambiar? — y cambiaron. Siguió el hombre su camino, y encontró un muchacho con un pavo y le dijo: — ¿Quieres cambiar? Cambiaron y siguió su camino y de nuevo encontró un hombre con una máquina de amolar cuchillos y le cambió el pavo por ella. Se arrimó a un pozo a tomar agua y se le cayó la máquina.

Entonces fué para su casa sin oro ni nada.

#### 13. JUAN Y EL CURA (14).

Estando yo una tarde reunida con mis amigas en la pintoresca ciudad de Utuado, haciendo cada una su historia para entretenernos, oí yo de una de ellas la siguiente:

Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que había en un pueblito cercano un muchacho llamado Juan Bobo. Este muchacho tenía un hermano llamado Pedro y los dos acostumbraban ir a la iglesia todos los días a oír la misa predicada por un pobre cura que era tullido de nacimiento.

Un día los dos hermanos se levantaron muy temprano y se fueron para la iglesia donde Pedro puso a Juan Bobo a quebrar *collores* en lo que él se robaba un cabro.

Estando Juan Bobo entretenido quebrando los *collores*, vió que traían al cura en hombros para decir la misa y creyendo que era su hermano Pedro con el cabro robado le preguntó: — ¿Hermano, está *goido*?

El cura que nunca había podido andar, asustado por lo que había oído echó a correr y todavía no se ha sabido nada respecto de él.

#### 14. JUAN EN LA CASA DE LOS BANDIDOS (15).

Una vez había una madre que tenía un hijo que era bobo, y le llamaban Juan Bobo. Un día Juan Bobo le dijo a su madre que se iba a buscar fortuna. La madre no lo dejaba ir, pero él tanto le dijo que lo dejara ir hasta que lo dejó ir. Se fué por un camino, anda, anda, hasta que llegó a casa de unos bandidos. Ya estaba obscureciendo y los bandidos estaban comiendo. Entonces él se subió a un árbol que estaba cerca de la casa y cortó un gancho y se lo tiró en la mesa a los bandidos. Entonces los bandidos se fueron huyendo y él se quedó con lo que había en la casa.

Al otro día llegó a su casa y le dió a su madre todo lo que traía. A los dos o tres días, Juan Bobo le dijo a su madre que se iba a buscar fortuna. Otra vez la madre no lo dejaba ir, pero tanto estuvo molestandola hasta que lo dejó ir y se llevó un barandillo y se fué, anda, anda, hasta que llegó a casa de los bandidos. Los bandidos no estaban allí. Entonces Juan Bobo llenó el barandillo de piedras y subió al cielo raso de la casa, hizo un boquete en el cielo raso del comedor, y cuando los bandidos se sentaron a la mesa, les tiró las piedras encima. Los bandidos se fueron huyendo y no volvieron más a la casa. Entonces él se trajo a su madre a esa casa y dicen que todavía viven en ella muy felices.

#### 15. JUAN SE LIMPIA CON UN TRAPO DEL FOGÓN (16).

(2) [Véase p. 146.]

(16) La madre mandó a Juan para misa y le dijo: — Coge un pañuelo para que te limpies la cara. El bobo no atendió y no buscó nada, sino que cogió un trapo del fogón todo tiznado y se lo llevó para misa. Cuando estaba arrodillado se limpió la cara y las muchachas se reían y lo miraban y entonces le dió coraje y se fué. Cuando llegó a su casa, la madre le preguntó que por qué se había ido y él le dijo que porque se reían de él cuando se limpiaba la cara. Entonces lo miró y le dijo que cómo no se iban a reír si lo que se había llevado era un trapo del fogón, y lo mandó a bañar. Después salió del baño y se fué para su casa.

#### 16. JUAN ENTIERRA LOS RABOS DE LOS CERDOS (17).

Una vez Juan Bobo compró unos rabos de cerdos, llegó a un pantano y los enterró allí. Al momento pasó un hombre y dijo: — ¿Qué haces

allí, Juan Bobo? — Guardando estos puercos que se me han enterrado aquí. — ¿Quieres dos talegas de dinero por ellos? — No, señor, son muchísimos y no puedo darlos por tan poco dinero. Si usted me da diez, se los doy.

El hombre se los dió y Juan Bobo se fué con muchísimos cuartos para su casa. Cuando llegó *may* vieja le pregunto: — ¿Qué hace mi hijo? — Cállate *may* vieja, que traigo un cuartal que nos va a durar mientras vivamos.

Cuando el hombre empezó a halar sus puercos se encontró con que todos eran rabos.

Colorín colorado, este cuento se ha acabado.

Pan y queso para los muchachos; tocino gordo para los viejos y ratón en salsa para los jóvenes.

#### 17. LA HIJA COJA DEL REY (18).

Una vez estaban tres jóvenes en el camino cerca del palacio de un rey. El rey tenía una hija coja, y los jóvenes se decían unos a los otros: — ¡A que no le dices coja a la hija del rey! Cuando estaban discutiendo, venía Juan Bobo por el camino y lo llamaron. Le dijeron: — Te damos dinero si le dices coja a la hija del rey. Juan Bobo les dijo: — Si me dan el dinero adelantado y un buqué de flores, le digo que es coja. Los jóvenes le dieron el buqué de flores y estaban contentos porque creían que iban a matar a Juan Bobo; pero él subió al palacio, se arrodilló delante de la hija del rey y le dijo: — Le traigo estas flores que cogí en el jardín, porque a usted le gustan las flores y usted escoja de las mejores. Juan Bobo se ganó el dinero, porque le dijo coja a la hija del rey, y ella no se dió cuenta.

#### 18. JUAN HACE REÍR A LA HIJA DEL REY (19).

Una vez había un rey que tenía una hija y decía que quien hiciera reír a su hija, se casaba con ella. Y vinieron los jóvenes más ricos de la ciudad y ninguno la hizo reír. El hermano de Juan Bobo iba para el palacio y Juan Bobo quería ir y el hermano no quería, y él le dijo a su madre que iba a hacer reír a la princesa y ella le dijo que no fuera para allá, pero él siempre se fué, se llevó un nidito con cuatro huevitos y un garabatito y se fué para el palacio. Cuando llegó al palacio, le dijo a la princesa que le cocinara aquellos huevitos y ella le dijo que se quemaba los dedos. Y él le dijo: — Tenga este garabatito. Y ella se echó a reír, a lo que le dijo Juan Bobo. El rey no estaba conforme con que su hija se casara con Juan Bobo y le dijo que se fuera para su casa y se pusiera otro traje y después viniera otra vez. El fué a su casa y después vino al palacio y se casó con la hija del rey.



## 19. LA GALLINA QUE TENÍA SÓLO UNA PATA (20).

Una vez había un soldado que andaba buscando una gallina de una pata. El soldado después de haber andado dos o tres casas se encontró a Juan Bobo y le dijo que si él no había visto gallinas de una pata. Entonces Juan Bobo le dijo que él sabía donde había una, y se fueron andando hasta que llegaron a una casa donde estaba una gallina con una pata enganchada y otra en el suelo.

Cuando el soldado vió la gallina le dió a Juan una bolsa llena de dinero y se fué; el soldado le dijo que al otro día venía a ver la gallina y si no tenía una pata, no lo mataba, pero si tenía las dos que perdía la vida. Al otro día Juan Bobo fué a la casa del dueño de la gallina y le dijo que si le vendía la gallina, que le daba cinco reales y que era para cortarle una pata para ganarle la apuesta al soldado. Al siguiente día el soldado fué y encontró a la gallina con una pata nada más y le ganó la apuesta. Cuando se fué le dijo al soldado: — ¡Ja, ja, te gané la apuesta!

## 20. ¿CUANTO CUESTA EL BURRO? (21).

Había una vez un muchacho que tenía un burro que le había costado doce pesos. Este muchacho vivía en el campo y cada vez que venía a la población con el burro cargado, las gentes empezaban a preguntarle al muchacho: — ¿Cuánto te costó el burro? Seguían los habitantes de la población molestándolo y él dijo que él les diría cuanto le había costado el burro cuando estuvieran todos juntos.

Un domingo se dirigió Juan hacia la iglesia con el propósito de que cuando fueran a cerrarla quedarse él adentro escondido. Así fué y los monaguillos cerraron las puertas y él se quedó dentro de ella. Como a las doce de la noche se subió al campanario y empezó a tocar las campanas y las gentes al oír que las campanas sonaban solas, creían que el mundo se iba a acabar y vinieron a la iglesia a rezar y a pedirle a Dios perdón. Repentinamente se oyó una voz que dijo desde el campanario: — ¿Ya están todos juntos? Entonces ellos respondieron que sí, que ya estaban juntos y que estaban resueltos a morir. Volvió a oírse la misma voz por segunda vez y más se aterrorizaron ellos. Más tarde volvió la misma voz a decir a las personas: — ¿Saben cuánto me costó el burro? ¡Cinco pesos más siete! Entonces las gentes trataron de matarlo y él se escapó poniéndose en salvo en el mismo burro.

## 21. EL MUÑECO DE BREA (22).

Pués había una vez un hombre llamado Juan Bobo. Este acostumbraba ir todas las noches a una hortaliza a coger maíz y batatas. Resultó que un día, cuando el hortelano iba a regar su hortaliza, notó que le habían llevado algunas de las frutas que había en la hortaliza.

El hortelano entonces se puso a pensar cómo podría coger a ése que le había robado algunas de las frutas. El fué a su casa y preparó un muñeco de brea y lo puso en la hortaliza. Cuando Juan Bobo llegó a la hortaliza y vió aquel muñeco se le acercó y en vista de que no le contestaba, le dió una bofetada en la cara al muñeco, y se le quedó el brazo pegado. Le fué a dar una patada y también se le quedó pegado el pié. Por último, le fué a dar con la cabeza y también se le quedó pegada. Entonces, al otro día, cuando el hortelano llegó a la hortaliza y encontró a Juan Bobo preso, lo cogió y se lo llevó para su casa y le dió una fuetiza, por la cual no se acordó más de la hortaliza.

## 22. JUAN Y LOS QUESOS (23).

Había una vez un Juan Bobo que era muy bruto y un día estaba su amigo comiéndose un pedazo de pan y se lo arrebató. Después el amigo fué a su casa y dijo: — ¡Mujer, ponme a calentar bien una taza de café y otra fría, que voy a coger a Juan Bobo! La mujer enseguida lo hizo y él fué y buscó a Juan Bobo y le dijo: — ¡Hola amigo! ¿quiere ir a tomarse una taza de café? — ¡Sí, señor, como nó!

Cuando él llegó a la casa cogió la taza de él y se la bebió enseguida y Juan Bobo quiso hacer igual y se quemó toda la boca, pero nunca se escarmentó, y el hombre dijo: — ¡Ahora veré! Y compró cinco quesos y se fué a la orilla del río a comérselos. No bien hubo partido el queso, cuando se le apareció Juan Bobo y el hombre le dió cuatro quesos; después que se los comió le pidió más y él le dió. Después que se acabaron los seis quesos le dijo: — ¿Dónde hay más quesos? Y él le dijo: — Compra muchos cajones y coge aquel que se ve allá arriba. Compró cien cajones y después que los había puesto todos, le dijo que los cajones se acabaron y cogió uno de abajo y lo tiró para arriba y se cayeron todos y Juan Bobo cayó muerto.

## 23. EL PAJARO VIRTUOSO (24).

Muchos años después de la guerra en Puerto Rico, había un hombre que su nombre era Juan Bobo. Un día cogió un trapo e hizo con él un pájaro y compró un pitito que parecía un pajarito cantando; puso el trapo en el camino y se puso el pitito en la boca. Luego pasaron muchos hombres que venían del campo con muchos talegos de dinero, en burros. Cuando Juan Bobo los vió venir tapó el trapo con su sombrero y empezó a decir: — ¡Que se me va, que se me va! Los campesinos le preguntaron qué tenía allí y él les dijo que era el pájaro virtuoso que el rey lo andaba buscando. Los jibaros le dijeron que le daban ocho talegos de dinero. — No, — dijo, — ¡mira como pita! Y se bajó y tocó el pito. Juan Bobo les dijo después que pitó: — Pido diez y seis. Los jibaros se los dieron, pero Juan Bobo les dijo: — Esperen a que yo traiga una jaula que hay en el palacio (pero era en lo que él se iba).

Los campesinos estuvieron allí esperando cinco días la jaula. Después de los cinco días uno fué a meter la mano y cogió el canto de trapo y salió corriendo con él debajo del chaleco. Cuando se paró fué a mirar y vió que era un canto de trapo amarrado y fué a quitarle el dinero a Juan Bobo, pero no lo encontró.

#### 24. CUANDO JUAN SE CASÓ (25).

Cuando Juan Bobo se casó le pusieron la mesa y Juan Bobo no quiso comer. El no quería comer, porque tenía un racimo de guineo y no les quería dar a nadie; él se lo quería comer solo. Por la noche cuando se acostaron y apagaron la luz, Juan Bobo se trepó a la cumbrera y se puso a comer el racimo de guineo y después que se lo comió estaban todos dormidos y Juan Bobo no encontraba por donde apearse y empezó a llamar:— ¡Ma suegra, *toy trepao!* ¡Ma suegra, *toy trepao!* Y ella le dijo:— Juan Bobo, tírate por un ladito! Ella creía que estaba en el catre y no encontraba por donde apearse, y Juan Bobo se tiró de la cumbrera de la casa y cayó encima de la suegra y de la novia y las mató a las dos y él se estropeó todito.

#### 25. JUAN SE VA A MISA (26).

Esta era una vez que el padre de Juan Bobo tenía muy buenos caballos y éste un día le dijo:— Papá, présteme un caballo que necesito para ir al pueblo a oír la misa. Entonces el papá fué al pueblo y le compró una levita, pantalones y sombrero. Juan Bobo se puso muy contento con los preparativos y preguntó a su padre:— ¿Dónde es la misa, papá?— En la casa más grande del pueblo y en donde hay más gente. Allí irás y harás todo lo que veas hacer a los demás.

Juan Bobo llegó al pueblo, vió mucha gente almorzando en un hotel, entró al corral, desmontó, subió y se sentó en un sillón. A la hora del almuerzo pusieron una mesa de veinte cubiertos. El observó lo que habían hecho los demás y cuando ellos terminaron de almorzar mandó a servir la misma cantidad de almuerzo; se sentó a la mesa y estuvo comiendo hasta después de puesto el sol. Cuando Juan Bobo vió que no venía más gente, cogió su caballo para irse a su casa y el dueño del hotel salió a cobrarle la comida; entonces Juan Bobo le dijo:— ¡Yo no tengo que pagarle a usted nada, porque en la misa no se paga! Al oír esta respuesta el dueño del hotel le dió cuenta al padre de Juan Bobo y éste tuvo que pagarle todo lo que debía.

(Version a.)

Una vez había una madre que se había quedado viuda y tenía un hijo llamado Juan Bobo. Un sábado dijo:— Mamá llámeme

mañana que quiero ir a misa. Llegó el domingo y la madre lo llamó, lo visitó y se fué para misa. La madre le dijo que donde viera que se metía mucha gente, se metiera él también y todo lo que hicieran, lo hiciera él también. Había un casamiento y él vió que se metió mucha gente en esa casa y se entró él también y todo lo que hacían, lo hacía él también. Se sentaron en la mesa y él se sentó; comieron y él comió. Nadie decía nada, pero todo el mundo asombrado porque nadie lo había invitado. Se acabó el casamiento y los convidados se fueron, y él también. Entonces fué a su casa y le dijo a la mamá: — Mamá, el otro domingo me llamas; me gusto mucho ir a misa. Dieron gallinas en arroz, lechones y muchísimas cosas. Su mamá se asombró porque nunca en la iglesia habían dado comida y le preguntó que si había visto santos y le dijo que sí. Llegó el otro domingo y la mamá lo llamó, lo vistió y lo mandó para misa. Pero ese día no había ninguna fiesta, nada más que misa. Vió que se metió mucha gente y él entró, pero ese día era la iglesia. Como la mamá le había dicho que todo lo que hiciera la gente lo hiciera él, vió persignar y se persignó él también con agua bendita como los demás. Pero a él no le gustó ese día la misa por que no dieron nada y fué para su casa y le dijo a la mamá: — Mamá, otro día llámeme más temprano porque cuando fui no quedaba nada más que caldos.

(Version b.)

Había una vez una mujer que tenía un hijo que se llamaba Juan y era bobo. El nunca había ido al pueblo. Un domingo la le dijo: — Hijo, ve a la iglesia. Y él le dijo: — Mamá, si yo no sé lo que es la iglesia. Entonces la madre le dijo que la iglesia era una casa grande donde había mucha gente y santos. El domingo siguiente el bobo se levantó temprano y se fué para el pueblo. Cuando Juan pasó por la plaza del mercado se figuró que era la iglesia y se entró en ella. La madre le había dicho que cuando fuera a la iglesia que dijera lo que los demás decían. Cuando entró en la plaza del mercado, decía todo lo que oía hasta que un hombre de mal genio gritó: — Vendo carne, — y Juan gritó lo mismo. El hombre le dió un palo y Juan Bobo se fué llorando para su casa. Cuando llegó, le contó lo que le había pasado a su madre y ella le volvió a explicar lo que era la iglesia. El otro domingo se fué el bobo para la iglesia en una yegua. Entró y amarró la yegua de un pilar de agua bendita y se arrodilló. Hacía todo lo que hacían los demás. Entonces empezaron a tocar el armonio y la yegua se asustó. Juan Bobo empezó a gritar dentro de la iglesia: — Callen el fututo que se me espanta la yegua. La yegua empezó a correr y se rompió la pilar de agua bendita. Cuando la policía lo vió lo cogieron y lo pusieron en la cárcel. La madre no supo más de Juan Bobo.

## 26. PATELIN (27).

Cuentan que una vez Juan Bobo tenía un cerdo muy gordo. Todo el que pasaba por su casa solía preguntarle el precio, pero éste lo quería tanto que le daba pena venderlo.

Un día en que necesitaba dinero, pasó un hombre y le preguntó: — ¿Cuánto me quitas por el cerdo? — Tres pesos, — respondió. Y cogiendo el dinero que le daban dijo: — Pasa después por aquí para que te lo lleves. Al poco rato pasó otro caballero y le hizo la misma pregunta. Entregó el dinero y quedó de venir a buscarlo después. Juan Bobo les vendió el cerdo como a ocho hombres ¿y qué sucedió? Al otro día todos fueron a procurar el cerdo y hubo una *garata* entre ellos porque cada uno quería coger el cerdo diciendo que lo habían comprado. Se decidieron a denunciar a Juan Bobo, pero éste que tanto sabía llamó a uno y le dijo: — Mira, yo te doy un poco de dinero, si cuando se esté celebrando el juicio afirmas que soy loco. Así lo hicieron, fueron a la corte y el juez viéndolo loco dijo: — ¡Ustedes han tenido la culpa, pues con locos no se hacen tratos! Juan Bobo y su compañero salieron muy contentos de allí y al llegar a su casa el compañero procuró el dinero. El volvió a hacerse el loco; así fué que el compañero se quedó sin dinero.

## 27. HUEVOS DE YEGUAS (28).

Una vez iba un hombre vendiendo calabazas. Juan Bobo creía que eran huevos de yeguas y dijo: — ¡Yo quiero un caballo, voy a comprar un huevo! Juan le preguntó al hombre si aquéllos eran huevos de yegua; el hombre por verlo le dijo que sí. Juan compró uno y le dijo al hombre: — ¿Y dónde pongo el huevo para que salga el potro? El hombre dijo: — Haga un hoyo hondo y cuando esté podrido sáquelo y tírelo por una cuesta. Juan así lo hizo y cuando tiró la calabaza por la cuesta dijo: — ¡Espérame que yo soy tu *may*! Y él se fué detrás de la calabaza por la cuesta.

## 28. JUAN REGRESA CON EL PERRO (29).

Una vez el hermano de Juan Bobo lo mandó a la casa de un rey que vivía cerca de la casa de ellos para ver si quería alquilar a Juan Bobo y el rey le dijo que sí. Al día siguiente se fué Juan Bobo a trabajar; el rey le dió una yunta de bueyes y lo mandó a arar. El rey tenía una perra que la mandaba con los alquilados y mientras la perra no se fuera para la casa del rey, el peón no podía venirse. Ese día mandó a la perra con Juan Bobo y la perra se le acostó a la orilla de la tala y Juan Bobo se fué a arar. Cuando a Juan Bobo le dió hambre, cogió la garrocha y le dió un garrochazo a la perra y se vino para la casa. Cuando Juan Bobo llegó a la casa del rey le dijo: — ¿Por qué te

viniste tan temprano? Y Juan Bobo le contestó: — ¡Porque la perra se vino y usted me dijo que cuando la perra se viniera yo me viniera también!

(Version a.)

Había una madre que tenía dos hijos; uno era idiota y otro algo sabio. Un día el listo o sabio salió en busca de trabajo. A corta distancia se halló con un rey lo saludó y le pidió trabajo. El rey contestó que sí, y siguieron hacia el palacio del rey. Allí el rey le dijo: — Váyase a trabajar y consigo llévase este perro y cuando el perro que lleva consigo regrese, puede venir a almorzar. Habiéndose pasado la hora del almuerzo, notaba el trabajador que el perro no hacía trazas de irse, continuó su trabajo complicado de las órdenes de su patrón. Cuando próximamente eran las cuatro, el perro se marchó hacia su casa y el trabajador le siguió. Al llegar donde el rey le dijo: — Ahora se vino el perro y yo me vine a almorzar. Le pusieron el almuerzo, almorzó, y cuando terminó le dijo el rey que se fuera a continuar el trabajo. Entonces el hombre le dijo que lo que había ganado se lo dejaba y no continuaba trabajando más. Llegó el hombre a su casa sin nada para su madre y el idiota le dijo: — Mamá, mañana me voy yo y verá como no soy bobo. Al día siguiente se fué el idiota a casa del rey en busca de trabajo y el rey le hizo igual que a su hermano. Se fué a trabajar con el perro. El perro se acostó; transcurrieron horas y horas y el perro no se iba. A las once cogió el idiota un chicote y dió tres fuetizas al perro. El perro se fué corriendo hacia la casa, y el hombre lo siguió y llegaron. El trabajador almorzó y el perro se escondió. El rey buscó el perro y se volvió a mandar y el hombre se fué a continuar su trabajo. A las tres de la tarde, el perro no se iba y el trabajador se encontraba con hambre. Cogió otra vez el chicote y lo volvió a castigar. El perro se fué a su casa otra vez y el trabajador lo siguió. Llegaron y el hombre almorzó, cogió su dinero y se marchó hacia su casa. Hizo más el idiota que el sabio.

#### 29. JUAN LLEVA UNA CARTA AL DIABLO (30).

Había una vez un padre que tenía un hijo bobo y se llamaba Juan. Un día el padre lo mandó a buscar leña y él dijo: — ¡Bueno padre, pues le voy a traer leña para toda la semana! Y principió y se puso a añadir sogas, hasta que hizo una sogá bien larga; se puso y le dió la vuelta al monte y el padre viendo que dilataba se fué a buscarlo y lo encontró amarrando al monte para echárselo al hombro. El padre viendo la brutalidad que quería hacer le cayó a palos y le dijo: — ¡Mañana le vas a llevar una carta al diablo, que yo no puedo más contigo! Y el bobo le dice: — ¡Ah padre, eso es lo que a mí me gusta! Por la noche el bobo buscó dos tenazas, sin que nadie lo viera y se

levantó bién temprano diciéndole al padre que le diera la carta para llevársela al diablo. Y se fué en seguida, llegó en casa del diablo y dijo: — ¡Buenas tardes! Y le contestó el diablo: — ¡Buenas tardes! ¿quién es? El bobo entró y en un descuido sacó las tenazas, cogió al diablo por las orejas y se lo llevó al padre, y el padre del miedo que cogió cayó muerto.

30. JUAN VENDE UN PAVO (II): JUAN NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31): JUAN TIRA PIEDRAS EN VEZ DE QUESOS (32).

(II) Juan Bobo era un hombre muy zángano y por sus changuerías o monerías le pusieron el nombre de bobo. Un día su madre lo mandó a vender una pava muy hermosa, pero él en vez de ir a venderla a donde su madre le había indicado, fué a la casa de un buen rey al cual quiso venderle la hermosa pava. El rey le dió un peso por ella y después le dijo: — Bueno Juan Bobo, vete que quiero que me maten la pava. Pero Juan no quiso irse hasta que le dieran un muslo de la pava. La cocinera le dió un muslo y después se fué muy contento por la calle, cuando de pronto encontró a un hombre que le dijo: — Juan, ¿por qué tú estás tan contento? Y él le contestó: — Porque el señor rey me dijo que si me comía la olla de comida me daba un peso y yo no me la quise comer. Entonces se llevó al hombre el cual se comió la comida y se fué.

(31) Al otro día Juan fué a la casa del rey y el rey lo vió y lo cogió, lo amarró y lo dejó para echarle una olla de agua caliente por la cabeza. El hombre que por allí estaba le preguntó porqué estaba amarrado y él le contestó que porque no quería casarse con la hija mayor del rey. Entonces él lo desamarró de la columna donde estaba y se amarró él. Entonces vino el rey y le echó al hombre la lata de agua caliente y el hombre se fué todo quemado para su casa, cuando en el camino encontró a Juan Bobo que le dijo: — ¡Muchacho, si tú supieras! — ¡Qué! — dijo el hombre. — Pués que yo estoy aquí acostado, porque el rey me dijo que me tomara una copa de cerveza y yo no quiero.

(32) Entonces el hombre lo cogió del suelo en el cual estaba amarrado y él se acostó. Cuando vino el rey con un anafre de candela se la echó por encima. Entonces el hombre dando saltos y alaridos se fué corriendo, cuando ve a Juan Bobo en la azotea del palacio. El le preguntó que qué era lo que hacía y entonces Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Mira, que dos hermosos quesos de Holanda! ¿Quieres uno? Y él le dijo: — ¡Tíralo! Pero Juan Bobo en vez de tirar el queso le tiró una piedra, matándolo en el acto.

Después Juan Bobo se fué a su casa contándole lo ocurrido a su madre, quien murió a causa de la risa, por el gracioso cuento.

(Version a.)

(2) [Véase p. 146.]

(31) Juan Bobo se fué para la casa de Pedro el grande, que era su hermano. Después que estuvo viviendo en la casa de Pedro el grande por cosa de un mes, Juan Bobo y Pedro el grande tuvieron una pelea en la que Pedro el grande cogió a Juan Bobo, lo puso dentro de un saco amarrado y lo puso en la orilla de la carretera para ir a tirarlo al mar. Después que Pedro dejó a Juan Bobo en la orilla de la carretera se fué para su casa, y pasó por allí un hombre con unas ovejas, y encontró a Juan Bobo diciendo: — No me caso con la hija del rey. Al oír el hombre a Juan Bobo diciendo que no se casaba con la hija del rey, le dijo: — Salte tú y amárrame a mí en el saco, que yo sí me caso. Entonces sacó a Juan Bobo del saco y Juan Bobo lo metió y lo amarró bien y lo dejó allí y se fué con las ovejas. Después, Pedro el grande cuando vino cogió al hombre y lo tiró al mar. Al otro día pasó Juan Bobo con las ovejas por la casa de Pedro el grande, y éste le dijo que si que no lo había tirado en el mar. Y Juan Bobo le respondió que sí y que eso era lo que había sacado del mar. Entonces Pedro el grande le dijo: — Amárrame a mí y tírame en el mar, pero bien para adentro, porque quiero sacar muchas ovejas del mar. Y Juan Bobo lo metió en un saco y lo tiró en el mar.

31. JUAN VENDE EL CUERO DE LA VACA (71): JUAN NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31).

(71) Había una vez un muchacho que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Este era muy pobre y tenía un hermano, llamado Juanito, que era muy rico y muy avaro. Juan Bobo tenía una novilla, su único capital. Cierta día cogió Juanillo la novilla de su hermano y se la mató porque le comía el pasto. Luego Juan Bobo se fué a la ciudad y vendió el cuero en cien pesos. Juanillo lo supo, y como era tan avaro invitó a su hermano para que le ayudara a matar todo su ganado, creyendo que los iba a vender por grandes capitales. Así lo hizo. Llenó un carro de cueros y se fué a la ciudad a venderlos, pero tuvo que salir pronto porque lo iban a meter a la cárcel.

(31) Se fué para su casa, cogió a Juan Bobo, lo metió en un saco y lo cosió. Lo llevó para tirarlo en un pozo para que se ahogara, pero a causa del cansancio tuvo que poner el saco y se fué a la sombra de un árbol a descansar. En aquel momento pasó un pastor con un rebaño de ovejas y, viendo el saco que se estaba moviendo, se puso a abrirlo. Entonces Juan Bobo le contó que el rey lo había encerrado allí porque quería que se casara con su hija, y como él quería seguir la vida de soltero el rey le había impuesto ese castigo. Entonces, el pastor, creyendo la mentira, le ofreció las ovejas a cambio de que lo encerrara en el saco a él. Así lo hizo Juan Bobo y más tarde regresó a casa con



las ovejas. Al otro día supo Juanillo que su hermano tenía el gran rebaño de ovejas, se encaminó a casa de Juan Bobo, y éste le contó que aquellas ovejas las había sacado del pozo. Entonces el avaro de Juanillo quiso hacer lo mismo y le dijo a Juan Bobo que lo metiera en un saco y lo tirara en el pozo para poder sacar ovejas. Así lo hizo Juan Bobo y Juanillo todavía está en el pozo sacando ovejas. Y Juan Bobo se quedó muy tranquilo en su casa con todo lo que poseía su hermano.

32. JUAN CORTA MATAS DE PLÁTANO Y LAS PATAS DE LOS NOVILLOS (33):  
JUAN ENTIERRA LOS RABOS DE LOS CERDOS (17).

(33) Juan Bobo se fué a trabajar y en vez de cortar pasto cortaba matas de plátano. Después que acabó de cortar matas de plátano se acostó a dormir. El amo vino a ver el trabajo, llamó a Juan Bobo y le dijo: — ¿Qué has hecho? — ¡Nada! ¿Usted se apura por eso? — ¡No, yo no me apuro, pero me voy a quedar en la miseria! — dijo el amo.

Otro día mandaron a Juan Bobo a talar el cercado del ganado y en vez de cortar hierba mala, les cortaba las patas a los novillos. El amo vino a ver el trabajo y cuando vió a los novillos sin patas dijo: — ¡Juan Bobo, qué has hecho! — ¡Nada! ¿Usted se apura por eso? — ¡Yo no me apuro, pero me voy a quedar en la miseria! — dijo el amo.

(17) Otro día mandaron a Juan Bobo con muchísimos cerdos a llevarlos al cercado. En el camino se encontró a un hombre y le dijo que si vendía los cerdos; Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Te los vendo toditos, pero sin rabos, menos aquella puerca grande! Juan Bobo les cortó los rabos a toditos los puercos y los vendió. Cogió y enterró a la puerca grande y a los rabos; fué corriendo a casa del amo y le dijo: — ¡Mi amo, mi amo, los puercos se atoraron en el fango! El amo fué corriendo a sacar los puercos, pero no sacaron mas que la puerca grande y los rabos de los demás. — ¡Hombre Juan Bobo, qué tú has hecho! ¡me he quedado en la miseria! — ¿Y usted se apura por eso? — ¿Cómo no me voy a apurar? Y Juan Bobo le sacó una lista de pellejo.

33. JUAN CORTA MATAS DE PLÁTANO Y LAS PATAS DE LOS NOVILLOS  
(33): JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO  
(2): JUAN MATA A UNA VIEJA (34).

Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo bobo. Esta se fué para misa y le dejó una cerda para que la cuidara, un chiquito, una vaca y una potranca. Al irse le dijo que si el nene lloraba, le diera leche, que cuidara la vaca que estaba parida, el becerrito, la cerda y la potranca.

(33) Llegó la hora de ir a ver a la potranca y vió que el caballito no podía andar y fué a su casa y trajo un cuchillo y le cortó las patas. Como es natural, éste quedó muerto y dijo Juan: — ¡Ah! así era como yo quería verte.

Y fué a donde estaba la vaca; al becerrito le cortó las patitas y se quedó muerto y le dijo lo mismo que le dijo al caballito.

(1) Entonces vino a su casa y su mamá no había venido y cogió a la cerda y le puso las argollas de su madre y el vestido, mandándola que fuera en busca de ella y le dijera que el nene estaba llorando. La puerca se fué y se entró en un bache.

(2) Después él cogió al nene que estaba llorando y se puso a sobarlo por la cabeza, le encontró la mollerita y le dijo: — Tú por lo que lloras es porque tienes una postemilla. Cogió una cuchilla y se la enterró por la mollerita y se quedó muerto brotándole sangre por la herida. El le dijo: — Así era como yo quería verte, calladito.

La madre vino de misa y le preguntó: — Bobo, ¿y la potranca? — Pues mamá, véngase y usted verá. Y al ver lo que había hecho, le dió una fuetiza. Mas después fueron a donde estaba la vaca y le pasó igual que con la potranca. Fueron a donde estaba el nene, y al ver la madre que estaba muerto, le dió otra fuetiza que lo iba a matar. Así fueron viendo todo lo que le dejó, y por cada cosa mal hecha, le dió una fuetiza.

(34) La madre al ver todo lo mal hecho de su hijo, lo mandó a confesarse y le dijo que si veía muchachas que le tiraran pajitas, que él les tirara también, y él haciendo uso del consejo de su madre, sacó un ladrillo y le tiró a una vieja, cogiéndole las sienes a ésta, muriendo en el acto.

#### 34. JUAN VENDE UN PAVO (UNA GALLINA) (II): JUAN, LA MUJER Y SU CORTEJO (35).

(II) Una vez había un bobo y su mamá la mandó a vender una gallina. Estuvo andando todo el día sin hallar a quien venderla. A esto, como las cuatro de la tarde, llegó a un casa de una señora, le vendió la gallina a esta señora para hacer unas sopas. Cogió la mujer la gallina, la mató, la peló y la echó a la olla. A todo esto el bobo se había subido y estaba arriba. La señora tenía un cortejito además de su marido. Ya estaba casi oscuro, la mujer le dijo: — Bobo, vete. El bobo le dijo: — Mamá me dijo que hasta que no comiera de la cabeza de la gallina no me fuera. Se fué la mujer a la cocina y le trajo la cabeza. Se la comió. Al momento vino la mujer y le dijo que se fuera. Entonces el bobo dijo que su mamá le había dicho que si lo cogía la noche, que se quedara. La mujer loca de miedo lo metió debajo de la cama.

(35) El cortejo de la mujer estaba también en la casa. Como a las ocho de la noche llegó el marido de la mujer, la mujer cogió al cortejo y al bobo y los metió debajo de la cama. Vino el marido y se acostó. El bobo debajo, debajo de la cama la amarró candongos al cortejo, cosa que no pudiera andar, y empezó a hacer alboroto. Entonces el

marido se levantó de su cama a ver lo que pasaba debajo de la cama. Al levantarse el marido, el bobo salió corriendo y se tiró a bajo y se escapó. Pero el pobre cortejo no podía correr a causa de los candongos y el marido lo peló a fuate.

### 35. EL PÁJARO ADIVINO (36).

La madre de Juan Bobo le vendió una partida de animales a un señor y éste le dijo que mandara a buscar los cuartos otro día. Y al otro día mandó a Juan Bobo y fué y le dijo al señor que iba a buscar el dinero, y le dieron de pago una pulga. Juan Bobo puso la pulga encima de una mula y se fué para su casa. Tenía que pasar por un río, y al pasar el río se cayó la pulga en el río. Juan Bobo se quitó la cota y se tiró al río, río arriba y río abajo buscando la pulga.

Cuando pasó un hombre a caballo, le dijo al bobo: — ¿Qué haces ahí? Juan Bobo le respondió: — Buscando el dinero que nos pagaron por una partida de animales que vendió mi madre. El hombre empezó a buscar y no encontraba nada. El hombre se cansó de buscar y dijo: — Diablos de bobo; no busques más, que ahí no hay nada. Y se fué entonces Juan Bobo. Se fué triste porque lo madre la maltrataba.

En el camino encontró un bando de cuervos y cogió uno a la carrera y llegó a la casa de un matrimonio que la mujer tenía un cortejo. Juan Bobo llegó allí y la mujer le dijo que le vendiera el pájaro. Juan Bobo dijo que no lo vendía porque era adivino. Ella se puso con cuidado que no la fuera a descubrir y le ofreció una mula cargada de oro y plata. Y Juan Bobo pensó por un momento y le dió el pájaro por la mula de oro y plata. Y ella lo hizo para que el bobo no le dijera al marido del cortejo que ella tenía. Y al tiempo de irse la mujer le preguntó al bobo que muerte le daba al pájaro, y el bobo le respondió que orinándosele en el pico.

Luego que él se fué la mujer le orinó en el pico y el pájaro se le pegó. Y el cortejo le orinó y se le pegó, y entonces el marido a todos tres los empuñó y tuvieron que venir los vecinos a los gritos de ellos. Y a fuerza de palos les quitaron el pájaro. Y Juan Bobo llegó a donde la madre y le entregó el importe de su partida de animales.

### 36. JUAN SE CAE DE UN PALO, Y SE MUERE CUANDO EL BURRO MENE LA COLA (37).

Una vez la madre de Juan Bobo lo mandó a buscar leña. Juan estaba encaramado arriba del árbol y cortándolo por el tronco; pasó un hombre por allí y le dijo: — ¡Mira Juan, tú te vas a caer de ese palo; apéate y córtalo en el suelo! Juan no hizo caso de eso y siguió cortando el árbol.

Cuando el hombre iba no muy lejos, el árbol se partió y Juan se cayó; en seguida se fué corriendo detrás del hombre y le preguntó si

él era Dios. El hombre le dijo que sí. — ¡Pues dígame cuando yo me voy a morir! — ¡Tú te vas a morir cuando la burrita se tire tres pedos.

Empezó a cargarla tanto que se tiró el primero, y sin tener nada dijo: — ¡Ay, qué dolor de cabeza!

Seguía cargándola y se tiró el segundo y dijo: — ¡Accidente tengo!

Siguió cargándola y se tiró el tercero, y sin tener nada y sin haberse muerto dijo: — ¡Ya me morí! Como el hombre le había dicho, él lo cumplió.

Pero sucedió que cayó en un hormiguero y empezaron a picarlo las hormigas, pero él decía: — ¡A mí que me coman, como ya yo estoy muerto . . .!

Pasaron tres hombres y dijeron: — ¡Pobre Juan, se murió y su mamá no sabe nada, vamos a hacerle una caja y lo enterramos!

Aquellas gentes eran forasteras en el barrio de Juan y no sabían el cementerio y dijeron: — ¿Por dónde cogeremos? — y Juan dijo: — ¡Cuando yo estaba vivo, me iba por esa veredita!

Entonces los hombres lo tiraron contra el suelo y le dieron una paliza.

(Version a.)

Había una vez un hombre que se llamaba Juan Bobo.

Un día que su madre lo mandó a buscar leña al bosque, se trepó a un palo de mamey y se sentó en una rama y empezó a comer mamey y después que se satisfizo cogió el *macho* y empezó a cortar la rama en que estaba sentado.

Un hombre que pasaba por el bosque le dijo: — Mira, Juan Bobo, que te vas a caer de ese palo, porque estás cortando la rama en que estás sentado. El le dijo: — ¡Yo no me caigo! Y al poco rato cayó.

Juan Bobo fué corriendo detrás del hombre que había pasado hacía pocos momentos antes y le dijo: — Oiga, mire, ¿es usted Dios? El hombre por engañar a Juan Bobo, le dijo: — Sí, yo soy. Juan Bobo le dijo: — Mire Dios, me caí de la rama aquella que estaba tumbando. Dios, dígame cuando me voy a morir.

Y el hombre le dijo: — Cuando tu burrito menee la cola tres veces, te morirás.

Juan Bobo fué a su casa sin la leña y le contó eso a su madre.

La mamá lo mandó al mercado a buscar la compra en el burro. Después de haber hecho la compra, se montó en el burro y se marchó a su casa.

El burro por primera vez meneó la cola y Juan Bobo se asustó y se puso a llorar amargamente.

Volvió y meneó la cola el burro, y él más lloraba, y por última vez la meneó y él del susto que le dió se cayó del burro y se enterró un vidrio que había en la calle, al caer y se mató. Las gentes le cogieron la compra y el burro y se la comieron, y todavía la madre de Juan Bobo lo está esperando.

(Version b.)

Había una vez un muchacho que era lo más bobo y su madre le puso el nombre de Juan Bobo.

Un día su madre lo mandó a buscar leña al bosque y cuando llegó se encaramó en un gancho seco que iba a picar y pasaron dos caballeros y le dijeron:— Juan Bobo, ¿tú no ves que te vas a caer de ese palo? Y él dijo que si ellos eran Dios. Cuando ellos iban lejos se cayó Juan Bobo del gancho y echó a correr a alcanzarlos y les gritó:— ¡Eh, eh! Y ellos dijeron:— ¡Tú, ve! Allí viene Juan Bobo que se ha caído del gancho y viene a preguntarnos que si somos Dios.

Cuando él llegó dijo:— Usted es Dios; me caí del gancho. Dígame cuando me muero yo. — Cuando aquel burro se tire tres pedos.

Cuando estaba cargando el burro se tiró un pedo y dijo:— ¡Ay! ya me faltan dos.

Cuando iba por mitad del camino se tiró otro y dijo:— Ya me falta uno.

Y cuando llegó a su casa le dijo a la madre que se había encontrado con Dios.

— Yo le pregunté que cuando me moría y me dijo que cuando el burro se tirara tres pedos y ya le faltaba uno.

Cuando fué a descargar el burro le dió un palo y se tiró el otro pedo que le faltaba y se cayó Juan Bobo muerto.

Por la noche fué el velorio de Juan Bobo. Aquel día había llovido mucho y los que lo llevaban tenían que pasar un río y el río estaba crecido y ellos decían:— ¿Por dónde pasaremos con este muerto?

Y cuando aquel río estaba crecido, Juan Bobo pasaba por unos palitos que él había puesto, y estuvieron allí mucho tiempo y Juan Bobo se sentó en la caja y dijo:— Miren, cuando yo era vivo pasaba por aquellos palitos.

Y ellos dijeron:— ¡Ay! Si Juan Bobo estaba vivo.

Y lo arrojaron al agua y vinieron y le dijeron a la mamá de Juan Bobo, que él estaba vivo y lo habían arrojado al agua.

37. EL CONEJO QUE LLAMA A SU AMO (38): LA OLLA QUE CALIENTA EL AGUA SIN FUEGO (39): EL PITO QUE RESUCITA (40).

(38) Juan Bobo tenía un compadre y lo convidó a que fuera a su casa al otro día a medio día. El compadre le dijo que iba a las once en punto. Juan Bobo tenía que ir a trabajar todos los días y venía a las once.

Juan Bobo tenía dos conejitos blancos que no se distinguían uno del otro, y le dejó un reloj a su madre y se llevó otro, pero los puso a los dos a andar iguales para que cuando diera el reloj las once que saltara el conejito que él había dejado acá y como él tenía el otro allá,

pués cuando el reloj diera las once él se venía. Al otro día Juan Bobo cogió un conejito y un reloj y se fué para su trabajo y le dejó a la madre un reloj y un conejito. Cuando llegó el compadre eran las once y la madre sacó al conejito de un cajón y dijo: — Vete a buscar a Juan Bobo que aquí lo procuran. El conejito se fué por el camino por donde había de venir Juan Bobo y se desapareció y no lo vieron más.

Juan Bobo, como el reloj de él había dado las once también, se vino con su conejito en el hombro, pasándole la mano y acariciándolo y decía: — ¡El pobrecito tan fatigado como está de tanto correr para irme a encontrar!

El compadre era un hombre muy codicioso, que todo lo que veía a otro lo quería y en seguida se le antojó el conejo de Juan Bobo y Juan Bobo le decía: — ¡Chú! ¡que voy yo a vender mi conejito, que me va a buscar donde quiera que yo estoy! — ¡Ay! compadre, véndamelo, que yo le doy dos talegos de dinero. — Mire compadre, yo le voy a vender el conejo, porque ya está muy empeñado que si no, no se lo vendía.

El compadre le dió los dos talegos de dinero y se llevó el conejo. Cuando llegó a su casa le dijo a la señora que botara al peón que él traía uno mejor. En seguida le arreglaron las cuentas al peón y lo botaron.

El hombre le dijo a la señora que él se iba para su oficina y cuando estuviera el almuerzo que soltara al conejito para que lo fuera a buscar. El hombre se fué para su oficina. Cuando el almuerzo estuvo la señora soltó al conejo y se desapareció que no se volvió a ver más. El hombre ya estaba cansado de esperar a que el conejo llegara y no llegaba, y como estaba muerto de hambre, se tuvo que venir. Cuando llegó le dijo a la mujer que porqué no había soltado al conejo. Ella le dijo que lo había soltado y se había ido. El hombre se fué a matar a Juan Bobo.

(39) Juan Bobo estaba en la casa y vió venir al compadre y le dijo a la madre que si ya la comida estaba que le sacara toda la candela y la ceniza. La madre fué y le sacó toda la ceniza y la candela. Cuando el compadre llegó dijo Juan Bobo a la madre que si sin candela iba a cocinar. La madre le dijo que ella había puesto la olla que cocinaba sola y él le dijo: — Pués deme mi almuerzo y el de mi compadre.

La madre les sacó el almuerzo a los dos. El compadre como tenía hambre, encontró la comida buenisima y le dijo a Juan Bobo que le vendiera la olla. Juan Bobo le dijo que era imposible que él la vendiera, que con su olla se ahorra el carbón y la cocinera. El hombre le dijo que él le daba tres talegos de dinero por la olla. Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Chú! ¡ya a usted le ha dado! ¡cójala! El hombre se fué y

cuando llegó a la casa le dijo a la mujer que botara a la cocinera que él traía una olla que se ahorra el carbón y que no necesitaba cocinera. En seguida le arreglaron la cuenta a la cocinera y la botaron. El hombre se fué para su oficina. La señora puso su olla en un rincón con los granos y la tapó; cuando se llegó la hora de que estuvieran las habichuelas cocidas, fué a ver y estaban lo mismo. Tapó su olla otra vez y la dejó allí. Cuando el marido llegó y vió que no estaba el almuerzo, se tiró abajo y se fué en persecución de Juan Bobo.

(40) Juan Bobo le había advertido a la madre que cuando el hombre fuera, que cogiera en la cocina y matara el puerquito, le sacara la vejiga y la soplara, y cuando estuviera bien hinchada que se la llenara de sangre y se la metiera debajo del brazo derecho.

Juan Bobo tenía siempre la costumbre de traer un puñal. Cuando Juan Bobo vió venir al compadre fué y se lo dijo a la madre. La madre cogió un puñal y mató al puerquito, le sacó la vejiga y la llenó de sangre y se la metió debajo del brazo derecho.

Cuando el compadre llegó se puso a contarle lo que le pasaba. Juan Bobo llamó a la madre y la madre fué. Juan Bobo se puso a decir: — ¡Esta *may* es quien tiene la culpa! — y sacó el puñal y la mató.

El compadre estaba lo más apurado y le dijo a Juan Bobo que lo había metido en un compromiso, que no debía de haber hecho eso cuando él estaba allí. Y Juan Bobo dijo: — ¡Chú! Si yo quiero la resucito! ¡Va! Eso es; la resucito. — ¡Ay! Juan Bobo, ¡resucítala! Juan Bobo sacó un pito que siempre cargaba y empezó: — ¡Fifífo, meneas un *deito*! — y lo meneó, hasta que le dijo que meneara la mano entera y la meneó. Después le dijo: — ¡Fifífo, meneas otro *deito*! — y lo meneó. Hasta que le dijo: — Meneas la mano entera. Después por los pies hasta que los meneó. Después: — Meneas la cabeza, — y la meneó. Después: — Abre la boca, — y la abrió. Después: — Abre los ojos, — y los abrió. Después: — Párate, — y se paró.

Entonces el hombre le dijo que le vendiera el pito aquel. Juan Bobo le dijo que el pito aquel él no lo vendía por ningún dinero. Tanto lo hostigó que le ofreció cinco talegos de dinero y se lo vendió. El hombre se fué a su casa y se puso en proyecto de una jira y convidó a todas las gentes del vecindario para la jira.

Cuando estaban todos reunidos, se sentó al lado de la señora a comer y a conversar. Al poco rato, sin que la pobre mujer hiciera nada, sacó un puñal y la mató.

Las gentes de la jira estaban lo más asustadas, y decían que en qué compromiso el señor los había venido a meter. Entonces el señor dijo: — Si yo quiero la resucito. Las gentes le dijeron que la resucitara. El hombre sacó el pito y dijo: — ¡Fifífo, meneas un dedito! Mierda era lo que meneabas. — ¡Fifífo, meneas la mano; fifífo, meneas un pie; fifífo, meneas la cabeza! Y de allí llegó la justicia y lo cogió prisionero y todavía está cumpliendo y Juan Bobo se hizo rico.

## *Porto-Rican Folk-Lore.*

(Version a.)

(39) En una ciudad muy lejana de este país vivía una pobre con su hijo. Este hijo se llamaba Juan, pero los muchachos le llamaban Juan Bobo porque era muy tonto. Un día estaban Juan Bobo cocinando unas habichuelas en un cerro, y oyó el galope de un caballo. Las habichuelas estaban hirviendo y él le quitó la candela y la botó. Al poco rato se le presentó un jfbaro que iba a caballo y le dijo: — ¿Qué haces ahí Juan Bobo? — Estoy cocinando habichuelas en un caldero maravilloso que hace hervir sin tener que gastar carbón. — ¿Cómo es eso? — Sí, el hada del monte mi madrina me lo ha dado. — ¿Me lo quieres vender? — dijo Pedro, que así se llamaba el jfbaro. Juan Bobo le dijo que se lo vendía en dos pesos. El jfbaro se lo compró, y al llegar a su casa le dijo a su mujer: — Bota las ollas que yo traigo un caldero que cocina la comida sin ponerle carbón.

La pobre mujer botó las ollas y puso las habichuelas en el caldero. Pasaron horas y las habichuelas no daban señas de hervir. Pedro entonces se dió cuenta de que Juan Bobo lo había engañado. El desgraciado hombre perdió los dos pesos y se quedó sin ollas, mientras Juan Bobo muy contento se fué con sus dos pesos. Muchas veces sucede eso, que los más tontos son los más listos.

### 38. JUAN SIEMBRA CLAVOS (41): PEDRO TIRA A SU HERMANO DENTRO DE UN POZO (42).

(41) Juan Bobo era un hombre muy tonto. El tenía un hermano llamado Pedro que vivía con su mamá. Juan era muy rico y su esposa era una bonita aldeana. Como la madre de Juan Bobo y su hermano Pedro eran tan pobres y Juan tenía mucho dinero, Pedro como más listo quería quitarle dinero para poder alimentarse. Un día vino Pedro al pueblo y compró un paquete de clavos. Fué a su casa y se puso a clavarlos en la tierra. Juan que venía para la casa de la mamá lo vió clavando aquellos clavos y le preguntó para qué él quería aquello. Como Pedro sabía lo bobo que era pensó que de aquí él podría sacarle a Juan algún dinero, y con la mayor sencillez le contestó que lo estaba sembrando porque dentro de un mes tendría una hermosa huerta. Juan, que era muy envidioso, sintió al instante deseos de poseer otra huerta y en seguida le ofreció dinero por los clavos que estaba sembrando Pedro. Este le dijo que sí, y le pidió veinte duros por ellos. Pero pasó un mes y otro y otros y la huerta no aparecía. Entonces él le preguntó a Pedro porqué no tenía la huerta que él le había dicho. Pedro dijo que esparara a que los clavos se pusieran verdes.

(42) Pero sucedió que frente a la casa de Pedro había un gran pozo muy hondo. Pedro fué al pueblo otra vez y compró una gran pieza



de holán. El la puso en una malla de pescar. Juan, al pasar por allí, le preguntó que de donde él había sacado aquél holán y Pedro le contestó que del pozo. A Juan le dieron deseos de tener holán también para su familia. Pero como no tenía malla, le dijo a Pedro que lo amarrara por la cintura. Pedro así lo hizo y también le amarró un piedra y lo tiró dentro del pozo. No salió más.

39. JUAN MANDA DINERO CON EL VIENTO (43): JUAN VA A LAS BODAS DE SU HERMANO (10).

(43) Había una vez que había una mujer que tenía dos hijos. Uno se llamaba Juan Bobo y el otro Pedro. Pedro se iba a trabajar y Juan Bobo se quedaba en la casa para hacer mandados. Un día lo mandaron a buscar una compra y lo que le dieron para hacer la compra fué un billete de diez pesos. La compra y la vuelta (y la compra) la mandó con el viento, y el viento rodó la compra y el dinero. Cuando llegó a la casa le preguntaron que donde estaba el dinero y la compra. Y le dijo que con el viento se lo había mandado y la madre le dió unos palos por eso y se quedaron sin comer.

(10) Al otro día convidaron al hermano de Juan Bobo a una fiesta, y el hermano de Juan Bobo se lo dijo a la madre y la madre le dijo que se llevara a Juan. Y Pedro dijo que sí, y le dijo: — ¿Juan, quieres ir a la fiesta mañana? El le dijo que sí, Pedro le dijo: — Bueno. Pues, te levantas temprano y te bañas y te vas conmigo.

Cuando era la hora se fueron. El hermano le dijo que cuando él le tocara los pies que dejara de comer. Cuando estaban comiendo un gato le pasó por encima de los pies y él dejó de comer. La gente le decía que comiera, y él no quería. Cuando llegó a su casa le dijo que el hermano no le dejó comer. La madre le dió unos palos por desacreditador, y se fué de la casa porque le habían dado unos palos. Fué gritando por toda la calle que en el banquete no le habían dado comida. Lo metieron a la cárcel, y colorín colorado, que así me lo han contado.

40. JUAN VENDE UN PAVO (11): LE PAGAN POR UN MUERTO (44).

(11) Una vez una vieja tenía un hijo bobo y esa misma vieja tenía una pava grande y gordísima. Un día le dijo el Bobo: — Mamá, vamos a vender la pava. Y tanto la estuvo *majadereando* que la vieja se decidió a vender la pava. Al otro día por la mañana, cogió el Bobo la pava, se la echó al hombro y se fué a venderla casa por casa. Cuando estaba ya obscureciendo, llegó el Bobo a una casa y dijo: — ¿Me quieren comprar esta pava? La dueña de la casa le preguntó en cuánto la daba, y él contestó: — En veinte reales. La mujer le compró la pava y el Bobo no se quería ir, entonces ella le dijo: — Oye Bobo, vete que nos queremos acostar. El Bobo dijo: — Hasta que no coma

de la pava, no me voy. Entonces la mujer mató la pava y le asó un pedazo al Bobo. El se escondió mientras se comía la carne.

(44) La mujer mandó hacer dos tazas de chocolate para ella y su marido; el Bobo la oyó y dijo que hasta que no le dieran chocolate, no se iba. Entonces ella le puso una taza al Bobo, con veneno. El la vió y la cambió por la del marido. El marido después de haberla tomado, murió. Entonces la mujer le dijo al Bobo que si se lo llevaba le daba una mula cargada de oro. El Bobo cogió al muerto y lo condujo a una tala de trigo y lo recostó en un tronco. El dueño del trigo estaba velando al que le llevaba el trigo, y viendo a aquel hombre, le cayó a golpes y lo hizo rodar por el suelo. El Bobo le dijo que había matado a su pobre padre, ciego. Entonces el dueño del trigo le dijo que si no decía nada, le daba tres mulas cargadas de oro. Entonces el Bobo regresó a su casa y le dijo a su madre que había vendido la pava y que venía cargado de dinero.

41. JUAN VENDE LA CARNE A LAS MOSCAS (6): LE PAGAN POR UN MUERTO (44).

(6) Esta era una mujer que tenía un hijo que era bobo. Esta mujer tenía una puerca parida con tres lechoncitos. Un día el bobo le dijo a su madre: — Madre ¿quiere usted que yo le venda los lechones? Ella le dijo que sí. El bobo los mató en seguida y se fué a vender la carne en un palo. Entonces se llegaron moscas y el bobo les preguntó si querían comprar la carne, y como no respondían les dejó una poca de carne fiada por ocho días. . . . Siguió con la otra carne y se encontró con un perro tuerto y le preguntó que si quería comprar carne. Y al perro también le fió la carne y le dijo: — Te la fio por ocho días, que es de mi madre para hacer una ropa. Y entonces el bobo se fué para su casa y le dijo a su madre: — Madre, fié la carne por ocho días. Y la madre le respondió: — Cuidado si no te la pagan. Podías no haberla fiado.

Y a los ocho días fué el bobo a cobrarla y fué donde las moscas y les dijo: — Ya el tiempo está cumplido y necesito los ochavos. Las moscas no se la querían pagar y fué el bobo donde el rey y le dijo: — Rey, las moscas me deben una carne y no me la quieren pagar. Y el rey le dijo que donde quiera que las viera las matara. Y al mismo tiempo se le asentó una en la cara al rey y el bobo le dió una bofetada al rey y la mató. Entonces el rey le dijo que porque le había dado una bofetada en la cara, y el bobo le respondió: — ¿No me dijo que dondequiera que viera una mosca la matara? Y el rey para que no le volviera a dar en la cara le dió el valor de la carne que les había vendido a las moscas. . . .

Y entonces el bobo se fué donde el perro y le cobró la carne. Y el perro era de otro rey, llamado Serafín, y la reina se llamaba Delfina y

tenía un querido tuerto. Y al llegar ese bobo a la casa preguntó la reina que se le ofrecía. Y el bobo le dijo que venía a cobrar unos ochavos que le debía un perro tuerto. Y ella creía que era el querido de ella, que era un tuerto llamado Pancho, y le dijo a Pancho que le pagara los ochavos para que se fuera. Entonces Pancho le preguntó al bobo cuantos ochavos eran y él le dijo que eran diez pesos, y él, para no ser descubierto, en seguida se los pagó.

(44) Entonces el bobo se fué a mudar un burro que tenía y volvió otra vez a la casa del rey. La reina salió y le preguntó que si qué hacía por allí. Y él le dijo que su madre le había dicho que no se fuera hasta que no comiera. Y la reina le dió de comer y el bobo comió y se fué otra vez a mudar el burro.

Después de un rato volvió el bobo otra vez al palacio del rey y la reina lo encontró y le preguntó que si qué buscaba. Y él le dijo que se quedaba porque la madre se lo había dicho. Entonces la reina lo mandó a dormir en una panadería vieja que había. Y mandó al querido también porque ya el marido estaba cerca y podía venir.

Y entonces el bobo le dijo al tuerto cuando estaban en la parte donde iban a dormir: — Yo acostumbro rezar de noche, que madre me lo tiene dicho. Entonces el tuerto le dijo que no rezara, que él le daba veinticinco pesos porque no rezara, porque el rey los oía y los cogía, y si los cogía los mataba porque no quería que nadie se quedara allí. Y entonces el bobo dijo que él acostumbraba cantar como gallo. Y entonces el tuerto le dijo: — No cantes, que te doy mi muda de ropa y mi calzado. Y entonces él se quitó la cota larga que tenía y se puso la ropa y el calzado del tuerto.

Y entonces el bobo se salió por la chimenea y luego que estaba arriba cantó como un gallo. Y entonces el rey le preguntó a la reina que quién era el que cantaba en la chimenea, y la reina le dijo que no sabía. Entonces el rey se fué con una escopeta y encontró al tuerto que estaba desnudo en la panadería y lo mató. Entonces el bobo se apeó y gritó: — ¡Ay, qué ha matado a mi hermano! Y el rey le preguntó quién le había dado permiso para entrar allí. El bobo le dijo: — Fué la reina. Entonces el rey le dijo que no dijera nada, que él le pagaba su hermano, y le preguntó que cuanto le cobraba por el muerto. Y el bobo le dijo: — Le cobro dos mil pesos. Y entonces el rey le dijo que le daba cien pesos más porque lo enterrara.

Se fué el bobo y se llevó al muerto y lo puso encima del burro. Y después de caminar poco iban por allí los vasallos del rey tirando tiros por el aire y el bobo salió gritando que ellos habían matado a su hermano y se lo tenían que pagar. Entonces los vasallos del rey le preguntaron que si cuanto quitaba y él les dijo que valía la vida del muerto mil pesos. Y después de que se lo pagaron se llevó al muerto para su casa y lo colgó en la cubrera de su casa.

— ¿Ve, madre, lo bien que le vendí los lechones? Y usted me decía que no me pagaban.

Después vino un transeunte y pidió posada y el bobo le dijo que había pocos alojos en la casa. El viajero le dijo que dormiría en cualquier parte de la casa. Entonces el bobo le abrió un catre y le dijo que en aquella casa asombraban. Entonces el transeunte le dió una talega para guardar. Entonces el transeunte se quitó la ropa y el calzado para dormir. Y cuando miró para arriba vió el muerto que estaba colgando, y del miedo que le dió arrancó a correr y dejó lo que le había dado a guardar al bobo, que eran un caballo, una talega de dinero y la ropa y el calzado. Y el bobo enterró el muerto y quedó rico.

#### 42. JUAN VENDE CENTAVOS (45).

Erase que se era un muchacho que como era tan bobo le llamaban Juan Bobo. Un día Juan Bobo le pidió permiso a su madre para ir al campo a ver si podía ganar dinero y traérselo a su madre puesto que a ella le hacía mucha falta.

La madre le dió su único capital, que eran dos pesos y Juan Bobo los cambió en centavos. Cogió tierra y agua y los limpió todos hasta que parecieron escuditos de oro. Siguió su camino y no había andado dos pasos cuando se encontró un árbol que tenía una cosa como que pegaba. Juan Bobo dijo: — ¡Caramba! Ahora sí que cojo un poco de esa pega y los que están limpios y los pego a las sogas de una matita.

Miró para su derecha y vió una matita de ají. En seguida cogió los centavos y los pegó de la mata. Cuando Juan Bobo terminó, se fué como a dos varas de distancia y vió que brillaban porque les daba la luz del sol. Ya allí, en aquel sitio empezó Juan Bobo a decir: — ¡Caramba! miren esa matita de tanto que brilla parece un lucero de la mañana. ¡Caramba! ¡Si yo pudiera venderla! ¡Caramba! Y empezó a decir: — Lo vendo, lo vendo, lo vendo. — Y estando diciendo esto, pasó un jíbaro que le dijo: — ¿Qué es lo que vende? — Juan Bobo contestó: — Esa matita. — El hombre, al ver tanto brillo, le preguntó a Juan Bobo: — ¡Pareja! ¿Qué tiene eso que brilla más que el pote en que yo bebo? — Pues, señor, ese es dinero y más dinero, que él que lo compre se saca la lotería. El hombre le dijo a Juan Bobo: — Yo quisiera comprárselo, pero yo no traje nada más que cincuenta pesos. — ¡Caramba! En ese mismo precio estaba pensando yo darlo. El jíbaro, al oír esto, sacó los cincuenta pesos y se los dió a Juan Bobo. Loco de algrefía, cogió Juan Bobo el dinero, y antes de marcharse, le dijo al hombre: — Todo el tiempo que esté aquí tiene que estar diciendo: —

Lo cuido, lo cuido, lo cuido bien,  
porque mi fortuna está en él.

Juan Bobo se fué a llevar el dinero a su madre, y ésta es la hora que el jfbaro está diciendo:—

Lo cuido, lo cuido, lo cuido bien,  
porque mi fortuna está en él.

#### 43. JUAN RIEGA EL MAÍZ DESPUÉS DE CORTARLO (46).

El hermano de Juan tenía una tala de maíz y mandó a Juan que la velara y que cuando bajara el sol que la regara. Juan, por no tener tanto trabajo, cogió, cortó el maíz y se puso a regarlo. Cuando vino el hermano dijo:— Fíjate que bonito está el maíz.

Y el hermano le dijo:— ¿Por qué has hecho eso?

Después lo mandaron a que sembra maíz de nuevo, y cogió y se llevó una cabrita para que se comiera el maíz para no tener trabajo. Juan por no tener trabajo, colorín colorado, el cuento ha terminado.

#### 44. JUAN SUJETANDO EL MUNDO (47): JUAN NO QUIERE CASARSE CON LA HIJA DEL REY (31): JUAN AHOGA A SU HERMANO (48): JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO (2): JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA LOS POLLOS (3).

Había una vez un niño llamado Juan Bobo. La madre se había muerto y vivía en casa de Juan Listo.

(47) Un día Juan Bobo se fué y buscó una piedra muy grande y se fué a un palo de naranjas y cuando Juan Listo lo vio le dijo:— ¿Qué haces allí, malvado?— Yo estoy sujetando el mundo, que nana Virgen me dijo: Cúdamelo, y si me vas a dar, lo dejo caer y se acaba el mundo. Entonces Juan Listo le dijo:— ¿Quieres que te ayude? Y se quedó con el mundo en las manos.

(31) Juan Bobo se fué y vio un cuidador de ovejas, lo llamó y le dijo:— Atame en este saco y cuando tú lo veas te vas a cuidar las ovejas. Juan Listo estaba trepado en el palo de chinas, que no podía apearse, y Juan Bobo decía:— Quieren que yo me case con la hija del rey, pero yo no me caso. Entonces el que estaba en el palo se apeó y lo soltó, preguntó porqué estaba allí, y él le dijo que porque lo querían casar con la hija del rey y no quiso.

(48) Juan Listo dijo que lo amarraran y lo amarró bien, y Juan Bobo empezó a decir:— ¡Oh! be, be, be! Juan Listo se desató y amarró al muchacho otra vez, lo tiró a un charco echándolo con dos piedras y se fué para su casa. Al otro día apareció por allá y le dijo:— Mira, tú me dejaste allí y me encontré con unas ovejas, vacas y cerdos y comí hasta más no poder. Por fin se fué y lo amarró bien con una soga y cuatro piedras grandes y lo tiró al charco en el lado más hondo hasta que no pudo salir más y se ahogó. Cuando él llegó cansado, comió y la señora le preguntó por él y le dijo que se había ahogado.

(2) La señora se fué el domingo para la iglesia y le dijo que le estuviera cuidando al nene y a la puerca. Cuando el nene estaba llorando le dijo que tenía un *nacido* y lo reventó y el niño se murió. Cuando ella vino, dijo:— ¡Ay! Juan Bobo, si tú me has matado al nene. El le dijo:— El nene tenía un tumor en la cabeza y cuando yo lo operé se quedó dormido.

(1, 3) Al otro día ella salió y él prendió todos los pollitos en un palito y vistió a la puerca y la mandó detrás de ella. Cuando ella vino le pegó a Juan por las maldades que había hecho. — Esta mujer no quiere que yo le haga ningún favor. Y quemó la casa y se murieron quemados.

#### 45. JUAN VENDE LA CARNE A YO (49).

Una vez la madre de Juan Bobo, que vivía en el campo, le mandó a vender una novilla. El estuvo andando todo el día por el pueblo pero no pudo encontrar quien le ofreciera nada por ella. Cerca ya del anochecer dijo para sí:— Yo no vuelvo a casa con esta novilla. Al primero que encuentre de aquí para adelante se la fío. Y empezó a gritar:— ¡Fío una novilla! ¡Fío una novilla! Un hombre que pasaba le dijo:— ¿En cuánto la fías? — En veinticinco pesos. — ¿Me la fías? — Cójala y dígame cual es su gracia. — Mi gracia es yo — dijo el hombre. — Bueno — dijo Juan Bobo, — pues escriba en este papel "Yo le debo a Juan Bobo veinticinco pesos." Cuando llegó a su casa su madre le preguntó:— Juan ¿y la novilla? Y Juan Bobo le contestó:— Se la fié a Yo y él me la pagará.

El domingo siguiente se fué Juan Bobo para el pueblo a cobrar la novilla y fué casa por casa, preguntando. En todas las casas preguntaba:— ¿Aquí vive Yo? Y en todas partes le decían:— Es la primera vez que lo vemos a usted. Cerca del anochecer Juan Bobo dijo para sí:— Yo se ha escondido para no pagarme la novilla, pero yo le he de encontrar. Y salió para el campo. Cuando iba por mitad del camino cerca de un bosque vió un caballo muy bien ensillado, y todo demostraba que el dueño estaba cerca y que tenía mucho dinero. Juan Bobo pensó que ese hombre debía ser Yo y se acercó al caballo y preguntó:— ¿Quién está allí? Y el dueño del caballo respondió:— ¡Yo, caracoles! — Encontré a Yo. Y volvió a preguntar:— ¿Quién está allí? Y el dueño respondió otra vez:— ¡Yo, caracoles! — Bueno, pues págume mi novilla. — ¿Quién? ¿Yo? — Sí. Usted, que es Yo, y a Yo fué a quien le fié una novilla. — ¿Usted está loco? Yo nunca le he visto a usted. — Pues vamos donde el juez y se lo probaré. Cuando estaban en presencia del juez el hombre dijo:— Este muchacho dice que yo le debo veinticinco pesos y yo no le debo nada. Entonces Juan Bobo sacó su papel y dijo:— Yo le debo veinticinco pesos a Juan Bobo. Entonces el juez decidió que el hombre le pagara los veinticinco pesos a Juan Bobo.

Cuando Juan llegó a su casa, dijo: — Tenga, mamá, el dinero de la novilla. Yo se escondió por no pagarme, pero yo lo encontré en su escondidura, lo llevé a donde el juez y tuvo que pagarme.

46. JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA LOS POLLOS (3):  
LA LISTA DE PELLEJO (50).

(1) Allá por el año de 1882 vivía una vieja cascarona con un hijo que lo quería con el corazón. Aquella vieja, gustábale ir a misa todos los días especialmente los domingos.

Cierto día salió para misa dejando a su hijo o sea Juan Bobo, como vulgarmente se le decía, cuidándole una puerca que estaba a punto de reventar de tan gorda que estaba. Se quedó lo más contento el muchacho aguardando a su mamá pero ya ella tardaba. Juan Bobo cogió la puerca, le puso un vestido de los mejores de la vieja y la mandó para misa. — Anda, mi hija, — le dijo, — a buscar a mamá.

(3) La puerca siguió su camino hacia la iglesia. No había bien mandado la puerca para misa cuando empezaron los pollos a piar. Juan Bobo no se confesó con nadie sino que buscó una vara de higuito y los ensartó uno por uno. Terminada esta operación, se sentó a comerse algunos piches manchosos que le dejó sancochados la madre.

No se tardó mucho cuando entró la vieja con la puerca detrás. Entró furiosa y cogió a Juan Bobo y le dieron la paliza de San Quintín mientras el pobre Juanito le decía: — ¡Ay! mamá. Si fué que empezó a llorar por V. y yo la mandé para que la alcanzara. (1) Cuando encontró los pollos ensartados lo quiso matar pero él le decía: — Ya está bueno.

(50) Ya la pobre vieja no lo podía soportar y lo mandó que se alquilara. Convino en esto y a los pocos días vivía el bobo en casa de un señor muy rico. Hicieron un convenio que el primero que riñera con el otro se le sacaba la lista y pellejo.

Un día lo mandó a buscar leña y el bobo se levantó y cogió el camino para el monte entre claro y oscuro y anda y anda y anda hasta que llegó a un monte. Empezó a cortar leña y corta y corta y corta hasta que decidió llevarse el monte con todo. Al medio día cuando el señor estaba en su casa lo vio venir con el monte atrás.

Se le subió el sucio a la cabeza y arrancó con un mocho roto para donde Juan Bobo. No se acordó del convenio y le cayó a dar al muchacho más él le desvió el cuerpo y le sacó la lista y pellejo de rabo al acabo. Por la noche cuando la mujer estaba durmiendo le clavó un alfiler en la mollera y la mató seguido.

Juan Bobo se trajo a la madre a vivir en la casa de Don Isidoro, como se llamaba aquel señor. Y vivieron felices y contentos.

47. JUAN Y LA PRINCESA (51).

Había en cierta población un rey que tenía una hija muy hermosa. La princesa acostumbra a asomarse al balcón del castillo por las tardes. Vivía también en aquella población un muchacho llamado Juan, tan bobo que si le hubieran dicho que las vacas negras dan leche negra, él lo hubiera creído.

Una tarde en que él pasaba por el frente del castillo, vió a la princesa parada en el balcón y quedó loco enamorado de ella. Como no encontraba como hablarle, le dijo: — Colorá, colorá, cada día más colorá. Ella le contestó: — El que tiene su amor ¿qué no hará? El pobre Juan no entendió el valor de la respuesta. Siguió pasando por allí, por espacio de una semana, después de la cual fué a casa del cura y le dijo: — Padre, cuando yo paso por el castillo, veo a la princesa y le digo: — Colorá, colorá, cada día más colorá, — y ella me contesta: — El que tiene su amor ¿qué no hará? Entonces el cura le contestó: — Si me das ocho pesos te digo lo que tienes que decirle.

Juan fué a buscar el dinero y cuando se lo dió al cura él le dijo: — Mañana, pasarás y le repetirás las mismas palabras. Cuando ella te conteste que el que tenga su amor ¿qué no hará? tú le dirás: — Desahogando su pecho se consolará.

Al día siguiente Juan se vistió de gala y cuando pasó por el frente del castillo, estaba la princesa en el balcón, y Juan le dijo: — Colorá, colorá, cada día más colorá. Entonces ella contestó: — El que tiene su amor ¿qué no hará? El bobo le dijo: — Desahogando tu pecho te consolarás. Pero la princesa comprendiendo lo que pasaba, le dijo: — Esa calabaza no ha salido de mi huerto. Entonces Juan le dijo: — Salga o no salga, ocho pesos me costó.

48. JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO (2): JUAN SE ECHA EN LA CABEZA BURRO Y LEÑA (52): JUAN ECHA UNA AGUJA DENTRO DE UNA CANASTA (7): JUAN ECHA UNA CARRERA CON LA OLLA (9).

(1, 2) [Véase p. 146.]

(52) Ya iba a anochecer y le dijo la madre al hijo: — Vete, tráeme una carga de leña para hacer algo, por si viene alguno al velorio del nene. Fué al monte, cortó la leña y como era tan bobo, se echó en la cabeza burro y leña. Cuando llegó a la casa, estaba casi muriéndose. La madre le dijo que no hiciera eso, y el bobo le contestó: — Mamá, si era que no quería andar.

(7, 9) [Véase p. 156, 157.]

Y se acabó el cuento. Según el Don Juan Bobo, el mundo se hizo para él solamente.



## 49. "MEDIO ALMUD" (53).

Había una vez una madre que tenía un hijo que era más tonto que un arado. Un día la madre lo mandó a buscar medio almud de maíz y para que no se le olvidara le dijo: — Cuando vayas por el camino no vayas nada más que diciendo 'medio almud' para que no se te olvide.

El muchacho ensilló el caballo con unas banastas grandes de bejuco y la madre iba a mandar una aguja para su comadre. Y cuando se la dió al muchacho, la cogió y la echó dentro de las banastas que tenía unos rotos bastante grandes. En el mismo momento que la echó en las banastas, se le escurrió por un roto y se perdió. El muchacho salió en su caballo a buscar su medio almud de maíz y desde que salió de su casa, salió diciendo 'medio almud' por todo el camino.

Ya que iba bastante lejos, se encontró una gente recogiendo maíz, y vieron que el muchacho iba diciendo medio almud. Y la gente se creía que él iba diciendo que la tala diera nada más que medio almud. Y en seguida los hombres le cayeron a darle palos. Y cuando lo agolparon bien entonces le dijeron que en vez de decir 'medio almud,' que dijera 'que salga mucho,' y 'que salga mucho' por todo el camino hasta que llegara a su casa.

Y en seguida el muchacho salió diciendo 'que salga mucho,' 'que salga mucho' por todo el camino. Y cuando iba ya lejos encontró a un hombre con un caballo que venía cargado con una lata de miel que traía en las banastas. Como el hombre oyó al muchacho diciendo que saliera mucho y el hombre que veía que la miel se le estaba perdiendo y se creía que era que le estaba diciendo al hombre que se le perdiera toda la miel.

En seguida el hombre le dió unas cuantas bofetadas y unos cuantos palos al pobre muchacho porque iba diciendo que saliera mucho. Y era que el muchacho estaba ordenado a decir eso. Por eso mismo le dieron unos cuantos palos, y el hombre después que le dió muchísimo, entonces le dijo que no dijera que saliera mucho, pero que dijera 'que no salga ninguno.'

Y el muchacho aguantando tantos palos pues en seguida salió diciendo 'que no salga ninguno' y fué por todo el camino diciendo 'que no salga ninguno,' y 'que no salga ninguno.' Pero cuando el pobre muchacho iba ya bastante lejos y iba diciendo 'que no salga ninguno,' pues pasó por el lado de un río y encontró unos hombres ahogándose. Y uno de esos hombres estaba casi afuera y oyeron al pobre muchacho diciendo 'que no salga ninguno.'

Y los hombres que estaban en el río creían que era que el muchacho se lo estaba diciendo a ellos y no sabe V. que era a la miel. Pero los hombres se hicieron de cuenta que era a ellos y en seguida que acabado de salir uno de los hombres que se estaban ahogando, salió afuera por donde iba el pobre muchacho.

Pues lo llamó y cuando el muchacho llegó cerca de él, pues el hombre lo cogió y le dió unas cuantas bofetadas y unos cuantos cantazos y unos cuantos palos. Y el pobre muchacho tenía unos cuantos verrugazos de tantos palos y cantazos y palos y bofetadas que le habían dado. Y después que el hombre que se estaba ahogando le dió unos buenos cantazos, le dijo que no dijera 'que no salga ninguno' pero que dijera que según salió uno que saliera el otro. Y lo mandó que se fuera por todo el camino diciendo, 'según salió uno, que salga el otro.'

El muchacho siguió por todo el camino diciendo: 'Según salió uno, que salga el otro.' Pero el muchacho, como le habían dado tantos palos pues obedeció lo que le decían las gentes después que le daban tanto. Pues el muchacho siguió diciendo que 'según salió uno que salga el otro.' Y siguió por todo el camino que era tan lejos y tan largo diciendo: 'Según salió uno que salga el otro.'

Pero dió la casualidad que encontró un pobre hombre casi anciano saliéndosele los ojos pero ya se le había salido uno, y oyó al muchacho diciendo 'según salió uno que salga el otro.' Pero el hombre que se le estaban saliendo los ojos oyó al muchacho diciendo esto y en seguida lo cogió y le cayó a palos y a bofetadas al pobre muchacho y le dijo que no dijera, 'según salió uno que salga el otro,' pero que sí dijera 'que no salga ninguno,' 'que no salga ninguno' y que fuera por todo el camino diciendo eso.

El muchacho se fué por todo el camino diciendo que no saliera ninguno y se encontró con una gente sacando unos bueyes que se le estaban ahogando en un río. Y cuando oyeron a este muchacho diciendo que no saliera ninguno, pues las gentes salieron corriendo del río a darle al pobre muchacho porque estaba diciendo que no saliera ninguno, y las gentes se creían que el muchacho iba diciendo que no saliera ninguno de los bueyes que se estaban ahogando en el río.

Después cogieron al pobre muchacho y le dieron una buena paliza, bofetadas y puños y lo golpearon bien. Entonces lo mandaron para su casa y le dijeron que no dijera nada más que salieran todos los bueyes de aquel río y el muchacho temiendo que le fueran a dar otros pocos palos pues, en seguida obedeció a los hombres aquellos. Se fué derecho para su casa, diciendo, 'que salgan todos.' Pero se le olvidó decir 'que salgan todos del río' y no decía nada más que 'salgan todos.' Pero no decía 'del río.'

Cuando iba ya llegando a su casa, pasó por el lado de un monte diciendo 'que salgan todos,' y por allí había unas gentes escondidas, porque estaban saliendo unos bandidos dentro del monte a cogerlos. Y cuando oyeron al muchacho diciendo esas palabras, pues todos salieron corriendo para adonde estaba el muchacho a darle unos palos para que no dijera más así.

Pero como el muchacho vió que no le resultaba seguir diciendo lo

que le mandaban a decir dijo que no iba a decir nada más de lo que le mandaran. Y así lo hizo, y por fin no le llegaron a dar más palos, pero todavía le faltaban otros pocos.

Cuando llegó en casa de la comadre de su madre, pues la comadre le preguntó que dónde estaba la aguja que ella le había mandado a pedir a su otra comadre. Y él le dijo que la traía allí en las banastas. Y como la mujer vió que si la echaba en la banasta se perdía, pues en seguida lo cogió y le metió unos palos. Pero con los palos que le habían metido no se acordaba que la madre lo había mandado a buscar medio almud de maíz. En seguida montó y se fué para su casa otra vez, todo golpeado.

Cuando el muchacho llegó de vuelta de viaje a su casa, la madre le preguntó que a dónde estaba el medio almud de maíz que lo mandó a buscar en casa de su comadre. Y el muchacho le dijo que su comadre le mandó decir que no había ningún maíz, que ella no había nunca cosechado maíz. Pero como la madre del muchacho sabía que la comadre tenía el maíz, pues sabía que era alguna bobería que había hecho el muchacho.

Y el muchacho se fué a huir para que la madre no le diera pero la madre lo esperó que se viniera a acostar. Y cuando vino pues lo cogió y le estuvo dando tanto que lo dejó casi semitonto. Y el resultado fué que de tanta paliza que le dieron al pobre muchacho, le estuvieron dando tantas calenturas de frío, de tanto que le habían dado por el camino cuando fué a buscar el medio almud de maíz en casa de la comadre que estaba bastante distante de la casa en donde ellos vivían. Más nunca lo mandó a mandados.

(Version a.)

(2, 1) [Véase p. 146.]

(53) A la otra semana lo mandó señora Cascarrabias, que así se llamaba la madre a buscar dos arrobas de habichuelas y le dijo: — Mira, bobo, para que no se te olvide ve diciendo por todo el camino "dos arrobas, nada más," y así no se te olvida. — No, mamá, no se apure que yo voy a hacer como V. me dice.

Se fué el bobo con su cantileta por todo el camino. Cuando al pasar cerca de unos hombres que estaban cogiendo una mala cosecha de habichuelas, lo oyeron decir, "dos arrobas nada más" y le metieron unos palos que por poco le rompen los huesos. Sin poder resistir más el bobo dijo: — ¿Y cómo quieren que diga? — Que salga mucho.

Entonces el bobo se fué por el camino diciendo, Que salga mucho. Cuando acertó a pasar por una parte que estaban moliendo caña y se salía todo el guarapo.

Al oírlo decir 'que salga mucho,' ellos creyeron que era a ellos, y le metieron otra tunda de palos y le dijeron que dijera, — Que no salga

ninguno, que no salga ninguno. Así llegó a un tanque donde estaban atascados dos hombres y no podían salir y lo oyen que decía que no salga ninguno.

Entonces uno de los hombres salió y cayéndole palos al pobre bobo, le dijo que dijera, — Por donde salió uno que salga el otro. Así siguió su camino hasta llegar a pasar por el frente de un tuerto y al oírlo decir que por donde salió uno que salga el otro, él se creyó que decía que por donde le había salido un ojo le saliera el otro, y le metió otra paliza quitándole el dinero. Por fin llegó al pueblo y al verse sin dinero y sin saber lo que iba a comprar se volvió para su casa.

Al llegar le preguntó su madre que donde estaba la compra y al decirle lo que le había pasado, la madre lo cogió y dándole una paliza lo colgó de un palo, y allí permaneció ahorcado hasta que se volvieron sus restos cenizas.

#### 50. JUAN HACE HABLAR A LA PRINCESA (54).

Una vez había una madre que tenía tres hijos. Y dijeron ellos que iban en casa del rey para hacer hablar a su hija. Salieron Juan y Pedro, y Martín, el hermano chiquito dijo que se iba con ellos. Y dijeron que no iban con él. Lo mandaron a buscar los mejores caballos. Y él cogió los caballos, uno de los más flacos que había. Lo aparejaron en su casa; los tres hermanos se vistieron y marcharon su camino ahí por una montaña.

Cuando llegaron a la montaña se fijó Juan Bobo a un árbol muy grande que había. Alcanzó a ver un nido. Les dijo a sus hermanos que le alcanzaran los tres huevitos que tenía el nido. Más adelante le dieron ganas de cagar. — ¡Ai hermanos! ¡Que me cago! — ¡Apéate para que cagues! — ¿Dónde yo me cago? Yo me cago en mi sombrero.

Siguieron marchando su camino. Más adelante se paró de pronto. Dijo: — ¡Mira! ¡Córtame ese garabatito! Siguieron andando su camino. Al llegar en casa del rey habían condes y marqueses a hacer hablar a la niña; ella no se hablaba con nadie. Llegó Juan Bobo y le dijo: — ¡Qué coloradita tenía mi reina la cara! ¡Huevos que quiero asar! Tenga V. un parecito de ellos. Dice ella: — ¡Me quema los deditos! Dijo él: — Tenga V. un garabatito para que lo garabate. Dice ella: — ¡Mira! ¡Cara de mierda! — ¡Tenga V. un sombrero de ella! Entonces Juan Bobo hizo hablar a la niña. Seguido el rey aproximó el casamiento para que se casaran.

Tenía ella un novio por detrás escondido de su padre. Dijo: — Para yo casarme tienen que poner a Juan y a Julio, uno adelante y el otro atrás y yo en el medio. Cuando yo amanezca con la cara por lado de uno, con ése yo me caso.

Se acostaron ellos. A media noche dijo Juan Bobo: — Mi señorito, tengo ganas de cagar. Levante V. prontamente, que yo me cago.

El caballero le dijo: — ¡Qué imprudente es V.! Se levantaron ellos y fueron a dar del cuerpo. Juan Bobo llevaba un pedazo de carne dentro del bolsillo. Se apeó y lo puso en el suelo. Se levantó pronto y se abotonó su pantalón y siguió andando.

Lo llamó el caballero y dijo: — ¡No dejes esa porquería ahí! Y llegó Juan Bobo y dijo: — Yo me voy a comer un pedazo de carne que había dejado en el suelo. Siguieron y se fueron y se acostaron otra vez. Volvió el caballero aquel que llamó Juan Bobo para que fuera con él a dar del cuerpo. Juan Bobo se levantó y se fueron. Dieron del cuerpo en el jardín del Rey. Él se levantó y se abotonó su pantalón otra vez. Lo llamó Juan Bobo. Dijo: — Cómete esa porquería que dejé ahí. Se la comió el caballero. Se la comió y la boca le apestaba muchísimo. Se acostaron otra vez en su cama y cogió Juan Bobo un pote de *esencia* y se echó por encima. Se acostó en su lado que le pertenecía.

Despertó la princesa puso la cara por lado del caballero. Dijo: — ¡Fo! ¡Qué mucho le apesta la boca! Cambió la cara por donde estaba Juan Bobo. Le echó el abrazo Juan Bobo. — ¡Mi Rey! ¡Despierta! ¡Que estoy abrazado con tu hija! El rey se levantó. Seguido los casaron.

Y todavía están viviendo.

#### 51. EL LUNAR DE LA PRINCESA (55).

Una vez había un hombre a quien le decían Juan Bobo. Juan Bobo tenía una puerca que tenía seis lechones. En la casa del rey hacían convites todos los días a ver quien adivinaba lo que tenía la hija en un muslo. Cuando la hija del rey vió los lechoncitos, llamó a Juan Bobo para ver si le vendía uno.

Juan Bobo fué a donde lo llamaban y le dijo a la princesa que si le enseñaba la pierna hasta la rodilla, le regalaba uno. La princesa no quería, pero la cocinera le dijo que se la enseñara, que era un Juan Bobo y ella se la enseñó.

Al otro día volvió Juan Bobo y le dijo que si le enseñaba más arriba de la rodilla le daba otro lechón. La princesa le enseñó. La madre de Juan Bobo le preguntó por los lechones y él le dijo que los había fiado hasta el sábado. Tanto estuvo yendo Juan Bobo con la princesa hasta que le enseñó el lunar.

El sábado le dijo Juan Bobo a su mamá: — ¡Hoy me caso yo con la princesa! La madre de Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Dios te libre, muchacho!

Juan Bobo se fué; cuando iba llegando a la casa, la princesa lo llamó y le dió un talego de dinero para que no fuera a decir nada. Juan Bobo se fué contentísimo a su casa; cuando llegó le dijo a su madre: — ¡Aquí tiene un lechón! Tanto estuvo yendo a la casa del rey hasta que se le acabaron los centavos a la princesa.

El sábado fué a adivinar lo que tenía la princesa en un muslo. La princesa cuando lo vió llegar se asustó muchísimo. Cuando llegó a la puerta el rey le preguntó a qué venía y Juan Bobo le dijo que venía a adivinar lo que tenía su hija en el muslo. El rey le dijo que si no adivinaba le mandaba cortar la cabeza.

Juan Bobo se sentó en una silla y el rey le preguntó lo que tenía la hija en el muslo. Juan Bobo se quedó pensando y dice: — ¡Pues su hija lo que tiene en un muslo es un lunar! El rey cuando oyó esto se quedó pensando y dice: — ¡Tienes razón! Y en seguida mandó traer a la princesa.

La princesa cuando vió al rey le echó los brazos al cuello y se echó a llorar; el rey la consoló y le dijo: — Escoge un joven de los que más te gusten.

Por la noche Juan Bobo compró muchísimos perfumes y confites; el rey llegó y acostó a los tres en un catre para ver para donde le amanecía la cara a la princesa.

Después que se acostaron al príncipe le dieron ganas de hacer del cuerpo, pero no había por donde salir y llamó a Juan y Juan Bobo le dijo: — ¡Cágate en el sombrero como yo me estaba cagando. Me cagué en el sombrero y ahora me la estoy comiendo!

El príncipe se cagó y se la comió. La princesa estaba de frente al príncipe y se tuvo que cambiar del otro lado. Cuando amaneció, estaba de frente a Juan Bobo y en seguida los casaron y todavía están viviendo juntos.

(Version a.)

(7, 6) [Véase p. 156.]

(55) Otra vez la madre lo mandó a vender un cerdo y la princesa, que vivía en la ciudad donde él lo fué a vender, lo llamó y tanto insistió hasta que Juan se lo regaló con la condición que le enseñara un pie. Otro cerdo se lo regaló y también tuvo que ensañarle el pie y al tercer cerdo Juan averiguó que la princesa tenía un lunar con tres cabellos de oro. En una fiesta que hubo en palacio para adivinar lo que la princesa tenía en el pie, nadie acertaba. Juan quiso probar fortuna, pero la madre no lo dejaba. Tanto insistió hasta que se fué.

La princesa al verle le dijo que adivinara que ella le daría dinero. Se lo dió y Juan fué a entregarle el dinero de la venta de los cerdos a la madre. Al siguiente día hizo lo mismo y al tercero no aceptó el dinero y se fué a adivinar. Adivinó y como la condición era casarse con la princesa, no tuvieron sólo que aceptar.

La boda se llevó a cabo y Juan dió a comprender que él no era bobo pues ningún bobo hubiese hecho lo que él hizo. La princesa trataba de hacer maldades a Juan, pero éste siendo más astuto que ella siempre buscaba las maneras de desquitarlas.

*(Version b.)*

(55) Esta era una vez y dos son tres, que había un muchacho que se llamaba Juan Bobo. Un día su mamá lo mandó a vender unos puercos. Juan Bobo los cogió y se los llevó para el mercado.

Cuando iba pasando por un río, un viejito y una viejita le dijeron a Juan Bobo que si los quería pasar del río. Juan Bobo cogió y echó los puercos por la corriente y pasó a los viejitos al otro lado. Cuando ya estaban en la otra orilla, le dijeron que cuando él se viera en un apuro aclamara por las tres Divinas Personas y ellas le ayudarían.

Entonces Juan Bobo se fué para su casa y su mamá le dijo que dónde estaba el dinero de los puercos. Y él le dijo: — ¡Oh! *may* vieja, los puercos se me fueron por el río. Y entonces la *may* vieja le metió una zumba.

A los pocos días Juan Bobo le dijo a su *may* que iba a adivinar en casa del rey para ver lo que la hija del rey tenía en las piernas. El se fué anda que te anda, hasta que llegó a casa del rey y le dijo el portero que qué quería. El entonces le dijo que iba a adivinar lo que tenía la hija del rey en las piernas. Entonces lo dejaron entrar y subió a la corte en donde el rey le preguntó a qué venía. Y él le dijo que venía a adivinar lo que su hija tenía en las piernas. Entonces lo sentaron en una silla, vino la hija del rey y entonces Juan Bobo dijo que lo que tenía la hija del rey, era un pelo de oro. Entonces le dijo que eso mismo era lo que tenía.

Entonces cogieron a Juan Bobo y a la hija del rey y el rey los mandó tirar al mar en una caja llena de pan. Cuando iban flotando por encima del agua, en la caja, le dijo la mujer que le pidiera a las tres Divinas Personas que los sacara del mar, y entonces dijo Juan Bobo: — Si me da pan, sí.

*(Version c.)*

Había una madre que tenía un hijo llamado Juan Bobo. La madre de Juan Bobo tenía tres lechonas y un día le dijo: — Mamá, vamos a vender esas lechonas. La madre dijo: — Déjame las lechonas quietas.

Un día Juan Bobo cogió una lechona y se fué a venderla. Cuando iba por la casa del rey, se asoma por la ventana la sirvienta y le dijo: — Mi ama si V. viera la lechona que lleva Juan Bobo; pues está propósito para V. jugar. — Pues, dile que venga acá para comprársela. Le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ¿cuánto vale la puerca? — No se vende ni por oro ni por plata. — Juan Bobo ¿porqué no la vendes? — Si V. me enseña el pie izquierdo. — Sí, mira Juan Bobo. Y la sirvienta le dice: — Esto no es nada. Enséñele. Y le enseñó a Juan Bobo el pie, y él le dejó la lechona.

Cuando llegó a su casa la madre le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ¿dónde están los chavos? — Madre no se apure. Mañana vienen los chavos.

El otro día cogió la otra lechona y se fué a venderla. Cuando pasó por la casa del rey, le dijo la servienta a la reina: — Mi ama, si linda era la puerca de ayer, más linda es la de hoy. Y fué y llamó a Juan Bobo y le preguntó que cuánto valía la puerca. El le dijo: — Ni por oro ni por plata. — ¿Y por qué no, Juan Bobo? — Si me enseña hasta el tobillo del pie izquierdo, sí. La reina le enseñó y Juan Bobo le dió la puerca.

Cuando llegó Juan Bobo a su casa, le dijo la mamá: — Juan Bobo, ¿y los chavos? — Mamá, están fiados, mañana se los traigo.

Otra día cogió Juan Bobo la otra puerca y se fué a venderla. Cuando pasó por la casa del rey, se asoma a la ventana la servienta y dijo: — Mi ama, si viera la puerca de Juan Bobo. Si linda era la de ayer, más linda es la de hoy. La reina mandó a llamar a Juan Bobo, y le preguntó cuánto costaba la puerca. El le dijo: — Esta no se vende ni por oro ni por plata. — ¿Y porqué no la vendes? — Si V. me enseña hasta la rodilla del pie izquierdo. Le dió la puerca y se fué para su casa a vestirse para adivinar lo que tenía la reina en el pie izquierdo. Cuando llegó a su casa, se vistió y se fué para adivinar. Cuando la reina lo vió, le preguntó: — Juan Bobo ¿para dónde vas? — A adivinar lo que tiene la hija del rey en el pie izquierdo. — Te doy tres talegos de dinero. Le llevó el dinero a su madre y le dijo: — Tenga los chavos de una puerca. Y se fué para la casa del rey y la reina le preguntó: — Juan Bobo ¿para dónde vas? — A la casa del rey a adivinar lo que tiene la hija del rey en el pie izquierdo. — Te daré tres talegos de dinero si no vas. Dijo que sí y llevó los chavos a su mamá. Juan Bobo se fué para la casa del rey y la reina le preguntó: — ¿Para dónde vas? Y le dijo: — A adivinar lo que tiene la hija del rey en el pie izquierdo. — Adiós, y las seis talegas que te dí para que no fueras. — Adiós, ésas eran de la puerca. — Pues, te doy siete talegos más. Y llevó el dinero a la madre. Le dijo que eran de las puercas. Después se fué para la casa del rey, y le dijo la reina: — ¿Para dónde vas? — A adivinar a la casa del rey. — ¿Y el dinero que te dí? — Eran de las puercas. Y se subió a la casa y el rey lo llamó y le preguntó: — ¿Qué es lo que tiene la reina en el pie izquierdo? — Pues, tiene tres lunares, uno rubio, uno negro, y el otro blanco.

La reina tenía coraje y no se quería casar con Juan Bobo. El padre los puso a dormir los tres juntos, Juan Bobo, la reina y el novio. Le dijo que si amanecía con la cara para Juan Bobo se casaba con Juan Bobo, y si amanecía con la cara para el novio, se casaba con el novio.

Juan Bobo se levantó temprano y se echó esencia y se acostó. Ella echó la cara para Juan Bobo y ameneció con la cara para Juan Bobo y los casaron.



(Version d.)

Había una vez una mujer que tenía un hijo que era bobo. Un día le dijo: — Hijo, ve al pueblo y véndeme esos puercos. Juan Bobo le dijo: — Como no, mamá, — y cogió los puercos y se fué para el pueblo.

Cuando iba por la calle cantando "Vendo puercos" se presentó a la puerta la criada de la hija del rey, y le dijo: — Mi ama, por ahí venden un puerquito tan bonito; cómprese uno. Y ella mandó a la criada a ver a cómo eran. Juan Bobo le dijo que no se los daba ni por oro ni por plata, que si se dejaba ver hasta el tobillo que le regalaba uno.

Ella no quería pero la criada le dijo: — Mi ama, enséñele que ése es un bobo y no sabe nada. Y entonces la hija del rey le enseñó hasta el tobillo. El hizo esto porque ya se corrían las nuevas de que la hija del rey tenía un lunar con tres pelos de color que él que lo adivinara se casaría con ella. Al día siguiente Juan Bobo fué otra vez al pueblo a vender puercos. Cuando la criada lo vió, llamó otra vez a su ama y le dijo que Juan Bobo andaba vendiendo puercos otra vez.

Entonces ella le dijo que lo llamara, y cuando Juan Bobo vino le preguntó la criada que cuánto costaba uno. El le dijo que no lo daba ni por oro ni por plata, solamente si la reina le enseñaba hasta las rodillas. Entonces la criada vino corriendo donde el ama y le dijo: — Mi ama V. sabe lo que dice Juan Bobo que no da los puercos ni por oro ni por plata solamente si V. le enseña hasta las rodillas.

La princesa no quería pero la criada le dijo que le enseñara, y tanto se empeñó hasta que la reina le enseñó.

Al tercer día volvió a vender puercos y hizo lo mismo que el primero y segundo, pero el tercer día quizo que la princesa le enseñara el lunar que tenía con los tres pelos de colores.

Ella no quiso, pero la criada se empeñó otra vez hasta que la reina le enseñó el lunar. Vino corriendo donde la madre y le dijo: — Mamá, yo voy a adivinar donde la hija del rey tiene el lunar y que tiene en él. Ella le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ves que tanta gente rica ha ido y nadie ha podido adivinar, mucho menos tú. Tú ya quieres que el rey te tire por la escalera. — No, mamá, ya verás como yo adivino.

La madre entonces le fué a poner un cuello y Juan Bobo le dijo: — Mamá, me va a ahorcar. Entonces le fué a poner los zapatos y él le dijo: — Mamá, quítame eso que no puedo andar. La madre ni encontraba que hacer con él. Le dijo que se fuera y llegó en casa del rey y cuando iba subiendo la escalera le vió la criada y dijo: — Mi ama, ahí viene Juan Bobo. Ella se asustó muchísimo, pero dijo: — No importa; es tonto. El no puede adivinar.

Cuando subió, el rey le dijo que entrara, que él no sabía adivinar; pero Juan Bobo en seguida adivinó, y él le dió la hija y se casó con ella.

(Version e.)

Esta era una vez que había un rey que tenía una hija muy bonita y que no quería dejar casar con nadie. Ella tenía un lunar en el muslo izquierdo, que se componía de tres pelos; uno azul, uno verde y otro rosa. Entonces el rey, para cumplir la palabra y no dejarla casar con nadie dijo: que el que le adivinara lo que tenía en el muslo izquierdo, que ése sería su esposo.

Un día, había un pasa-día en casa del rey, y entre los invitados había un señor llamado Don Juan Grana. Ya que habían terminado el almuerzo, sirvieron unas granadas, pero como Don Juan Grana tenía una patilla larguísima, se le cayó un grano de granada en la barba, y fué tanta la risa que le dió a la hija del rey, que a Don Juan Grana le dió tanta vergüenza, que se tuvo que ir.

Entonces él juró vengarse de ella, y desde entonces no volvió a ver a Don Juan en palacio. El se fué, se mando quitar la barba y se vistió de limosnero, para hacer el papel de Juan Bobo. Cogió una cerda que tenía con nueve lechones y se fué a venderlos por la calle; entonces él pasó diciendo: — Vendo lechones, vendo lechones. La princesa lo oyó y como le gustaban tanto, mandó a la criada a llamarlo para comprarle uno. La criada le preguntó a cómo eran, y él le contestó: — Para la princesa no se los doy ni por oro ni por plata, pero si me enseña un cantito más arriba del tobillo, le doy uno. Entonces ella dijo, que eso era nada, y le enseñó la pierna. El le dió el lechón y se fué, pero esto mismo lo repitió por espacio de nueve días, hasta que le vió el lunar de los tres pelos.

Al otro día había otra reunión en casa del rey y todos iban a adivinar lo que tenía la princesa, pero ninguno podía adivinar lo que era. Entonces Juan Bobo que estaba por allí cerca, dijo: — Si el señor rey me la diera, yo adivinaba. Pero el rey dijo: — ¡Qué vas tú a adivinar, Juan Bobo! Y mandó que lo sacaran de palacio. Pero él dijo: — Señor rey, yo no me voy, yo sé lo que ella tiene, y usted tiene que cumplir la palabra y dármele si adivino. El rey no hizo caso, pero él dijo: — ¡Vaya pues! Ella tiene un lunar con tres pelos; uno azul, otro verde y otro color rosa. Todos los invitados se quedaron bobos, la princesa se echó a llorar y el rey se puso bravísimo con ella.

Entonces el rey dijo: — Si por tu causa él ha adivinado, ahora tienes que casarte con él, y te vas, porque no te quiero más. Entonces mandó cargar un burro de dinero, y dos burros más para que se montaran ellos.

Entonces se fueron y empezaron anda, anda y anda, hasta que llegaron a una hacienda muy hermosa, y ella le dijo: — Juan Bobo, ¿De quién es ésta finca? Y él le dijo: — De Don Juan Grana. Y ella le dijo: — ¿De quién, que no oigo? Y él le dijo: — Dale al burro,

que con él vas. Y ella dijo: — ¿Qué dice, Juan Bobo? Y él contestó: — Que le des al burro, que hay mucho que andar. Esto se repitió por cuatro veces, porque tuvieron que pasar por cuatro haciendas de él mismo.

Cuando llegaron a la última, él le dijo que iban a vivir allí, de arrimados, a una casita muy mala. Entonces llegaron y él le dijo que tenía que ir a comprar un real de mondongo a la carnicería, que era un poco retirado, pero que lo tenía que traer en la falda, porque no había dónde traerlo. Ella se fué llorando muchísimo, pero mientras ella estaba por allí, él subió a su casa, que era de cuatro pisos, muy bonita, y se vistió muy bien, de etiqueta.

Entonces se paró en el balcón a esperar que ella pasara, y cuando ella venía, llorando de vergüenza al ver aquel señor allí, él desde arriba la llamó y le dijo: — ¿Qué vale más, un grano de granada en la barba o un mondongo en la falda? Entonces ella conoció que era Don Juan Grana y le dió un ataque.

El bajó en seguida y la cogió, la subió arriba y la puso como antes ella estaba acostumbrada. Y desde entonces vivieron felices.

## 52. JUAN Y LOS LADRONES (56).

Era una vez que había un hombre que se llamaba Juan Bobo, cuyo hombre habitaba en el centro de una montaña. Juan Bobo no tenía familia ninguna y bien podemos decir que él había sido la causa de la muerte de su querida madre, por los bochornos que la hacía pasar, y no cabe duda, pues así era.

Juan Bobo había conseguido una gran riqueza; supieronlo unos bandidos que trataban de vivir como los ratones: robando nada más. A Juan Bobo le gustaba labrar la tierra, por lo tanto hacía abundantes cosechas y sucedió que hizo una cosecha de melones y cada melón pesaba una arroba; siendo tan dulces que algunas gentes tenían con un melón para no comprar azúcar durante veinticinco días.

Una mañana fué Juan Bobo a la plaza, era día de carnaval por cierto, y había un muerto que iban a enterrar y el cadáver era de un policía que aquella misma noche habían matado en un motín, por causa de la fiesta y como siempre hay tunantes en todas partes, Juan Bobo se dió con uno de estos. Ya el cadáver habíase colocado en una caja y tenía estas iniciales: "M y B." Juan Bobo sabía leer un poquito y se dijo: — Esto quiere decir "muerto bueno" — y se quedó con la boca abierta frente a ellos. Uno de los cuatro que cargaban al muerto preguntó a Juan Bobo: — ¿Qué vendes allí? — y Juan Bobo le contestó: — ¡Melones buenos! ¿Y ustedes, ¿qué venden? — ¡Muertos buenos!

Juan Bobo les preguntó que si querían algunos melones y todos le contestaron: — ¡Sí, sí! Y poniendo al muerto en el suelo le comieron

todos los melones que llevaba y fueron desapareciendo uno a uno, dejando solo a Juan Bobo con el muerto. — ¡Dios mío! — exclamó Juan Bobo, — me han robado y se han ido, pero en pago de mis melones me llevaré este muerto. Y poniéndolo sobre la espalda de su caballo regresó a su casa encontrando a un niño a quien le preguntó: — ¿Quién compra muerto por aquí? — Yo no sé . . . papá salió a enterrar uno hace poco y entró en estos momentos con un melón más grande que yo. — ¡Caramba, los muertos se venden bien, pero yo no vendo éste para que me acompañe!

Tan pronto como llegó a su casa se apeó de su jaca y tomando al muerto por en medio le decía: — ¡Apéate, pendejo, en tu casa no hay yegua! El muerto no le contestó. — ¡Maldito si sé lo que me dices! Y el muerto permanecía atravesado sobre la bestia. Juan Bobo incomodado le dijo: — ¡Si no te apeas te apeo, pero eres mío. Y tomándolo por en medio le decía:

— Por la razón y la fuerza  
por la fuerza y mi razón,  
dirá alguno que es torpeza  
cambiar muerto por melón.

Así lo apeó de la yegua y lo puso en el suelo.

Después que Juan Bobo almorzó cogió al muerto y lo guardó en una chilla donde guardaba sus viandas y rendido de cansancio iba a dormir cuando oyó un fuerte golpe en la puerta. — ¡Buenos noches! — Buenas sean, — contestó Juan Bobo. — ¿Qué desean? Señor, nosotros hemos perdido el camino, nos ha cogido la noche y no teniendo donde hacer posada, venimos para que nos deje pasar la noche en ésta, si es su gusto. — No tengo inconveniente, — dijo Juan Bobo — ¡adelante, pasen! Y subieron los recién llegados, que eran unos ladrones que venían a robar a Juan Bobo un dinero que había adquirido con sus cosechas. Los ladrones tenían el propósito de matar a Juan Bobo y llevarle el dinero tan pronto como se quedara dormido.

Los ladrones traían tres talegos de dinero que habían robado a un rico comerciante. Juan Bobo les preguntó: — ¿No han comido? — ¡No, señor! — contestaron, e inmediatamente les fué preparada comida y después que hubieron comido y conversado dijo uno de los bandidos: — Vamos a dormir. — Sí, — dijo Juan Bobo, — pero antes entréguenme lo que porten, pues es costumbre mía. . . .

Los bandidos entregaron a Juan Bobo tres talegas de dinero y tres carabinas que llevaban y ya iban a preparar las camas cuando Juan Bobo les dijo: — Voy a decirles una cosa. — ¿Y es? — dijo uno de los bandidos. — Lo que es no tiene importancia. Tengan mucho cuidado en no cagarse, pues antes de tomar café serán registrados y todo el que se haya cagado, será ahorcado sin tardanza. — Lo que es por eso,

pierda cuidado, Don Juan — contestaron. Y se les entregó una escupidera a cada uno para que se cagaran en ellas. — Estas escupideras, — dijo Juan Bobo, — son para que si les dan ganas lo hagan en ellas, pues pagará con la vida el que lo haga en la cama. Diciendo esto, los bandidos se acostaron refunfuñando: — ¡No dará el reloj las once, sin que Juan Bobo haya dejado de existir!

Los bandidos no querían quedarse dormidos para lograr su criminal intención, pero rendidos de cansancio, no tardaron en quedarse dormidos como muertos. Juan Bobo se dijo: — Esta noche no duermo yo. Y habiéndose satisfecho de que estaban dormidos, tomó una calabaza muy grande, la sancochó, y después que estuvo bien blandita la molió como para cataplasmas y la dejó enfriar. Se dirigió con mucha sutileza a donde estaban los bandidos y bajándoles los pantalones a cada uno, le colocó una buena pila de calabaza molida, les puso los pantalones en su lugar y se dirigió a su cuarto; apagó la luz y quedóse en vela.

A las cuatro de la mañana abrió la puerta de su cuarto observando que dormían a pata suelta y condenando las puertas dijo: — ¡Ahora sí que están bien seguros!

Juan Bobo se recogió en su cuarto y a las cinco y media se puso a preparar café y después que estuvo hecho les llamó. Ellos se despertaron muy sorprendidos diciendo: — ¿Qué pasa? Estaban muy azorados. A lo que Juan Bobo contestó: — Lo que pasa es que no he podido dormir mientras ustedes duermen tranquilos como cerdos. — ¡Duerma, duerma tranquilo, Don Juan! — dijeron ellos. — ¡Quién diablos puede dormir tranquilo, si más bien parece esto una latrina que una casa de personas decentes! — ¡No entendemos lo que quiere usted decir, Don Juan! — ¡Lo que quiero decir es que se levanten, que aquí hay mierda y mucha! ¡apeense, cantos de canalla!

Los tres volaron como rayos al ver a Juan Bobo tan incomodado. — ¡Hay que hacer un registro! — dijo Juan Bobo, tomando una carabina. — ¡En fila todos! ¡Apea tú el pantalón, cara de yegua! — dijo al mayor. — ¡Pero señor, cree usted que soy tan. . . ! — ¡Nada! — y no dejándole terminar: — ¡Apea, apea el pantalón!

El bandido apeóse el pantalón y . . . ¡cata! tenía mierda para fregar un piso. — ¡Vaya, vaya, yo no me engaño! Y tomando una sogá dijo: — ¡Esta es para tí! ¡Vamos! ¿y tú, cara de perro, qué haces que no has pelado el pantalón? — ¡Yo no ten. . . — ¡Qué no, ni qué no, apea ligero! Mi padre me dijo: — “Ver y creer.” El segundo bandido bajóse el pantalón y . . . ¡foo! ¡qué plasta! — ¡No se puede aguantar! — decía Juan Bobo manejando la carabina como si supiera. Todos tenían ante Juan Bobo el temblor de la muerte. Separó la sogá del segundo diciendo: — ¿Y tú que haces cambiando tanto de colores? ¡Vamos, vamos, perdemos tiempo, apea el pantalón que si

no te has cagado, será el único que se salvará! Los demás ladrones ayudaron a bajar el pantalón al tercero que medio muerto de miedo no podía. Juan Bobo, coquiándolo, dijo:—¡Uf! ¡qué plastita! Habían comido regular estos manganzones.

Juan Bobo haciendo puntería a uno de los bandidos, le dió orden para que amarrara al compañero por el cuello, lo que fué hecho al instante. Iba a dar orden cuando uno de los ladrones le ofreció un talego para que los dejara en libertad, pero Juan Bobo contestó:— ¡No puedo, no puedo. A la horca!

Entonces cabeza de perro gritó:— ¡Dos talegas le damos; nosotros no somos malos; tenga piedad de nosotros! Juan Bobo contestó:— Tengo más dinero del que me ofrecen.— ¡Coja los tres talegos, — gritó el tercero, — y déjenos ir en paz a nuestras casas! — ¡Fíjense en este que tengo ahorcado, — señalándoles el muerto, — éste me daba más dinero que ustedes. Voy a coger los tres talegos y los dejaré ir en paz, ofreciéndome no volver más por estos lares. Y abriendo la puerta disparó un tiro y los bandidos desaparecieron como rayos, diciendo:— ¡Fuimos por lana y salimos trasquilados!

### 53. JUAN Y LOS BANDIDOS (57).

Había una vez un bobo muy pobre que vivía con su mamá, y no tenía más capital que una vaca. Un día dijo éste:— Mamá, voy a vender la vaquita. La mamá no quería que él la vendiese, pero él la cogió y se fué hacia la población.

En el camino encontró un palacio en el cual no vivían más que bandidos. Cuando éste pasaba con la vaca, le llamó el jefe de los bandidos y le dijo:— ¿Vendes esa vaca?— Sí, — contestó él. — ¿Cuánto pides por ella?— volvió a preguntarle. — Cincuenta pesos, — contestó el bobo.

El jefe se fué hacia su habitación y le llamó para que recibiera su dinero. Tenían estos bandidos una trampa que sólo usaban para coger la gente que allí llegaban. — Ven a recibir el dinero, — le dijo el jefe. Cuando el bobo se dirigió hacia la habitación, pisó la tabla en donde estaba la trampa, y se quedó preso.

Entonces le cogieron todos los bandidos y le dieron una fuetiza que lo dejaron casi para morir. Este se fué llorando para su casa, el cual recibió otra gran fuetiza de su mamá por no haberle obedecido.

Al otro día este bobo le robó un traje a una señorita que vivía cerca de él. Se vistió con traje de mujer y se fué. Cuando pasaba por la casa de bandidos lo llamaron. El jefe se enamoró de ella, viéndole tan elegante que empezó a tratarle, y quedó por casarse aquel mismo día. Esta le dijo:— Si V. quiere que yo acepte a V. mandará toda esta gente muy lejos de aquí. Lo hizo el jefe y ellos

se fueron bastante lejos. — Vamos a ver una trampa que tengo para coger la gente que aquí viene. Se fueron hacia su habitación y el jefe le dijo: — Mira que aparato tengo aquí. Ayer mismo cogimos un bobo. — Pisa la tabla para que yo pueda ver como es, — le dijo la señorita. Tan pronto como éste alzaba el pie, éste le empujó y le dijo: — Mira, yo no soy ninguna señorita. Soy el bobo de la vaca que cogiste ayer. Y le dió una fuetiza mucho más grande que la que le habían dado a él el día antes. Se fué para su casa con todo el dinero que pudo cargar.

Por la tarde volvió el bobo a robarle los hábitos al cura. Se vistió con ellos y pasó por la casa otra vez. Lo llamaron para que confesara y éste le dijo que necesitarían irse todos los bandidos para él poder perdonarle todos sus pecados. Estos se ausentaron hacia el monte y volvió a darle otra fuetiza, y manifestándole que él era el mismo bobo de la vaca y que no era ningún cura. Cogió un saco lleno de dinero y se fué. Cuando los bandidos vinieron y lo encontraron más malo, se fueron en busca del doctor.

Ya el mismo bobo se había vestido de doctor y le encontraron en el camino. Lo llevaron hacia la casa, y mandó que se fueran lejos a un pueblo en busca de medicinas.

Tan pronto como ellos se fueron, el bobo se desvistió y le dijo: — Mira, yo no soy ningún doctor, que yo soy el mismo bobo de la vaca que vengo a cobrar mi dinero.

Le dió una carga de fuate que lo dejó muerto, montó un caballo, y se fué corriendo hacia su casita. Se trajo su mamá para la casa de los bandidos. Compró un sello, y se paró en la escalera con el sello bien caliente y selló a todos ellos los cuales quedaron bajo su dominio y el bobo quedó rico; y entonces no hay más bobo.

(*Version a.*)

Cerca de una ciudad, en el centro de un bosque, había una casa. Nadie en la ciudad podía dar razón de aquella casa solitaria. Para investigar aquella casa el gobierno de aquella ciudad mandó a ciertos individuos a hacer una ronda por aquel bosque cerca de la casa. Estos individuos fueron pero no continuaron la ronda y se volvieron a la ciudad y dijeron que en aquella casa las que vivían eran brujas, y por el día estaban allí encerradas y de noche salían a volar.

Esto llegó a oídos de Juan Bobo, y dijo: — Yo voy esta noche a hacer una ronda a la casa esa. Llegó la noche y Juan Bobo se marchó para la casa. Llegó y se metió debajo de la casa.

En la casa vivían siete ladrones. Cuando los siete ladrones llegaron a la casa Juan Bobo los pudo ver claramente y conocer que aquellos eran hombres, no mujeres o brujas. Después de que los ladrones habían cenado empezaron a contar todo el dineral que habían robado.

Después de todo esto dijo uno de los ladrones: — Mañana en la noche vamos a robar el dinero del rey. De esta manera Juan Bobo pudo conocer que aquellos hombres eran ladrones porque se mantenían del robo.

Juan Bobo en seguida que salió de allí vino a la casa del rey y le dijo que los individuos que vivían en la casa del bosque eran ladrones y no brujas, y que esa misma noche venían a robarle el dinero al rey. Y después de contarle lo que había visto le dijo al rey: — Así es que si usted tiene dinero dígamelo para yo guardárselo por esta noche. El rey le contestó que él no tenía dinero.

La mujer del rey viendo que Juan Bobo hablaba de veras le dijo al rey: — Dile la verdad. Si él te pregunta algo ha de haber oído acerca de tu dinero. Entonces el rey le dijo a Juan Bobo que ciertamente él tenía mucho dinero enterrado. Al decir esto el rey Juan Bobo le contestó: — Señor Rey, los siete ladrones estaban diciendo que esta noche venían a robarle su dinero, y usted si quiere saberlo alquíleme a mí por esta noche. Yo le hago el trabajo y le quito poco. Deme usted una fragua y una marquita para la noche.

Por la noche vinieron los ladrones, y Juan Bobo estaba en su fragua encendida y con su marquita calentada. Al fin llegaron los siete ladrones a robar el dinero del rey, y Juan Bobo con la marquita los fué marcando uno por uno hasta que los marcó a todos.

A causa de las marcas uno de los ladrones cayó enfermo y fueron a buscar el médico para que le recetara. Juan Bobo fué en seguida y se disfrazó de médico. Al salir uno de los ladrones a buscar el médico se encontró con Juan Bobo y lo invitó que fuese a la casa a curar al enfermo. Juan Bobo se halló un fute escondido.

Llegó Juan Bobo a la casa y empezó a mandar a unos para una parte y otros para otra parte a buscar medicinas hasta que todos se fueron y lo dejaron solo con el enfermo. Entonces sacó Juan Bobo el fute y le dijo: — Aquí tengo el remedio para ti, sinvergüenza. Querían robarle el dinero a mi rey. Y empezó Juan Bobo a darle azotes al enfermo hasta que lo dejó casi muerto. Juan Bobo se marchó entonces para la ciudad.

Cuando los ladrones vinieron encontraron al enfermo casi muerto, y fueron en seguida en busca del cura para que lo confesase. Juan Bobo se disfrazó entonces de cura y se peló la corona de la cabeza para hacer creer a los ladrones que era cierto que él era cura.

Al fin vino el cura a la casa de los ladrones, y al verlo el enfermo que era el mismo médico que le había dado los azotes el día antes, empezó a gritar. Entonces Juan Bobo se quitó el sombrero para que viera el ladrón que tenía la cabeza pelada y el médico no la tenía. Por fin el ladrón quedó conforme que aquel hombre no era el médico. Empezó el cura a preguntarle al ladrón si él se confesaba en verdad y el ladrón



dijo que sí. Entonces Juan Bobo le mandó decir: — Yo pecador me confieso en verdad de mis culpas y pecados de haberte ofendido. Después que el ladrón había dicho todo eso empezó el cura a mandar a los ladrones para una y otra parte hasta que todos se fueron y lo dejaron solo. Entonces tomó el cura su fuste y le dijo al ladrón: — ¿Conqué usted decía que yo era el médico? Pues ahora le voy a dar cincuenta azotes por decir que yo era el médico. Y empezó el cura a darle los azotes hasta que lo dejó por muerto.

Cuando los ladrones vinieron lo hallaron casi muerto. Luego que lo vieron en la agonía determinaron irse para otro país. Al saber Juan Bobo que los ladrones estaban para irse para otro país se fué al puerto donde se iban a embarcar y se disfrazó de capitán. Cuando los ladrones llegaron al puerto con el enfermo el capitán Juan Bobo los llamó y les preguntó si ellos querían embarcarse para otro lugar él los llevaba en su barco, pagándole ellos cincuenta millones.

Cuando ya se habían embarcado y el barco había salido del puerto se apareció en el barco la policía y mandó a desnudar a todos y los que estaban marcados fueron tomados por ladrones. Y como no se querían ladrones en el barco Juan Bobo dió orden que tiraran al agua a todos los ladrones y murieron ahogados.

#### 54. JUAN Y LOS BANDIDOS BAJO DEL ÁRBOL (58).

Había una vez que había un hombre que le decían Juan Bobo. Yendo él a musicar no le admitieron en la música y sacó la puerta de una casa y se la llevó adonde le cogió la noche. Fué en un árbol que había en el camino. Cogió un poco de agua, se subió al árbol, puso la puerta de cama y se acostó.

A media noche se aparecieron unos bandidos y dijeron: — ¡Ay! Si Dios me mandara un poco de vino. Juan lo oyó y le echó un poco del agua. Los bandidos fueron y tomaron toda el agua que Juan les echó y dijeron: — Ya que Dios es tan justo debiera echarnos un pedazo de cielo. Juan les echó la puerta. La puerta cogió a uno de los vándalos debajo. Entonces Juan se bajó del árbol y le dijo: — Dime donde están tus tesoros ó te mato.

El bandido le abrió una puerta de una piedra. Entonces Juan llenó un saco de oro y se fué para su casa. De ser Juan un hombre pobre, llegó a ser un hombre rico, y después no le decían Juan Bobo, sino le decían Don Juan.

(Version a.)

Había una vez una vieja que tenía dos hijos que se llamaban Juan y Pedro. Un día se enfermó la vieja, y Juan que decían que era bobo la cuidó muchísimo.

Un día dijo Pedro que se iba a buscar fortuna y Juan le dijo que él iba con Pedro. Prepararon todo, y Pedro, que se creía más listo,

cogió una funda, la llenó de ropa y se fué. Juan cogió una botella, la llenó de agua, sacó una puerta y se fué.

El hermano estaba mirando con atención y cuando vió lo que hacía con la puerta le preguntó que iba a hacer con esa puerta tan pesada. Y el bobo de Juan le contestó: — Déjeme usted. Y cogiendo todo se fueron.

Después de haber andado bastante los cogió la noche en un bosque. Como no tenían donde dormir se subieron a un árbol. Juan le dijo a Pedro: — Mira, hermanito, ¿no sería bueno subir esta puerta y colgarla entre dos ganchos para dormir? Y Pedro, muy asustado, le dijo: — Muchacho, no seas tan bobo. Podemos caernos y matarnos. Pero Juan no se dejó llevar por eso. Puso la puerta entre dos ganchos y le cogió la funda al hermano y la puso para almohada.

Cuando ya se estaban quedando dormidos llegaron unos ladrones a contar su dinero debajo del árbol. Juan llamó al hermano, muy asustado, y le dijo: ¿No oyes, hermano? Y Pedro, que tenía mucho miedo, le dijo: — Cállate, por Dios, que si esos hombres nos llegan a coger nos matan. Uno de los bandidos que tenía mucha sed, dijo: — Si Dios me concediera una poca de agua le daría todo este dinero. Y Juan, en seguida que le oyó dijo: — Oye, hermano, ¿no crees que sería bueno darle o tirarle esta botella? — Dios te guarde, Juan. Tú no piensas en nada. Pero Juan se la tiró y el ladrón dijo: — Ya ven ustedes que Dios me ayuda.

Juan se puso lo más contento y le dijo a su hermano Pedro: — Ya tu ves que yo soy un Dios.

Entonces otro de los ladrones tenía mucho hambre y dijo: — Dios lo que debía hacer era darnos un pedacito de cielo. Y Juan, que estaba oyendo todo, dijo: — Creo, Pedro, que fuera bueno dejar caer la puerta. Y el hermano, como tenía tanto miedo, le dijo: — Por Dios, hermano, no hagas eso. ¿No ves que esa gente tiene hambre, y que si nos ven nos comen vivos? — Que me coman — dijo Juan, y les tiró la puerta encima. Y al oír el ruidazo los ladrones creían que era el pedacito de cielo y echaron a correr, dejando todo su dinero atrás. Pedro y Juan entonces se abajaron del árbol y cogieron todo el dinero. Y como era tanto se volvieron ricos. Y entonces Juan, el bobo, le dijo a Pedro: — Tú ves, hermano. Si no es por mí nunca hubiéramos sido ricos. Los bobos servimos para algo.

# 55. JUAN VA A LAS BODAS DE SU HERMANO (10): JUAN Y LOS BANDIDOS BAJO DEL ÁRBOL (58).

(10) Había una vez una madre que no tenía sino dos hijos que se llamaban Juan Bobo y Pedro, que era un muchacho muy bueno y decente.

Un día vinieron unos amigos de Pedro y lo convidaron a una jira y Pedro les dijo que sí, que él iba; pero esos amigos no convidaban a Juan, porque sabían lo molesto y zángano que era él. Por la noche vino Pedro a donde estaba su madre y le dijo que él iba para una jira que lo habían convidado y no quería que Juan Bobo lo supiera, porque se iba al otro día; y no se lo dijo más que a su madre porque la quería mucho y él era el mejor de los dos.

Pero dió la casualidad que Juan Bobo estaba acostado y no se había dormido y oyó lo que Pedro le decía a su madre. Pedro se iba por la madrugada para que Juan Bobo no supiera nada, pero como Juan Bobo lo sabía ya, por la madrugada se levantó y cogió la almohada y la arrojó con la sábana y se fué adelante con la yegüita en que iba Pedro y se fué y lo esperó en el camino y cuando Pedro se iba fué al catre de Juan Bobo y vió la almohada arrojada y creía que era Juan Bobo, pero cuando se fué encontró a Juan Bobo por el camino y a Pedro le dió mucho coraje, pero Juan Bobo no quería venirse para su casa y Pedro le dijo: — Oye Juan, cuando tú llegues te metes debajo de la mesa, cerca de donde yo me siento y yo te tiro algo por allí debajo, pero sin hablar.

Cuando llegaron, Juan Bobo se metió allí debajo y Pedro entre ratos le tiraba su huesito, pero Juan Bobo empezó a decir: — Pedro, dame más, que tú te lo vas a comer todo.

Y entonces las gentes que estaban comiendo miraron para abajo de la mesa y vieron a Juan y lo llamaron a comer en la mesa y cuando lo sentaron empezó a comerse todo lo que había y a echárselo todo para encima de él y cada rato Pedro, del bochorro que tenía, lo pisaba para que se estuviese quieto, y cuando lo pisaba Juan Bobo gritaba diciendo: — ¡Pedro, no me pises! Y todas las gentes dejaron de comer y se lo dejaron a Juan Bobo.

Cuando Juan Bobo acabó entonces le dijo Pedro: — Vámonos para casa. Y cuando venían saliendo de la casa donde fué la jira, había que cerrar la puerta y cuando fueron a salir Pedro le dijo que saliera y se trajera la puerta para cerrarla y Juan Bobo creía que era para llevársela para su casa.

(58) Cuando venían unos bandidos, ellos se subieron arriba de un palo en lo que pasaban y Juan Bobo se llevó la puerta para arriba del palo y como el palo era muy abultado, pues no se veían allí. Cuando llegaron los bandidos traían una funda de dinero y se pusieron a comerse lo que traían y a repartirse el dinero. Primero empezaron a comer lo que se habían robado y después que acabaron salió uno y dijo: — ¡Ay Dios mío, ya que nos has dado que comer dadnos un poquito de manjar!

Y en seguida Juan Bobo le dijo a Pedro: — ¡Pedro, yo me obro! Y se obró y los bandidos se lo comieron.

Después dijo otro bandido: — ¡Ay Dios mío, ya que nos has dado un poco de manjar y que comer, dadnos un poco de licor! Y en seguida Juan Bobo le dijo a Pedro: — ¡Ay Pedro, yo me orino! Y se orinó y los bandidos se los bebieron.

Entonces se pusieron a repartirse el dinero y no salía bien la cuenta; entonces dijo un bandido: — ¡Ay Dios mío, tíranos un canto del cielo! Y Juan Bobo arrió la puerta por el palo para abajo y todos los bandidos se fueron corriendo y no se pararon más y entonces Juan Bobo y Pedro recogieron todos los ochavos y se fueron manejando. Y si Juan Bobo no se trae la puerta no hubiesen cogido todo aquel dinero.

56. JUAN MATA A SU HERMANO (2): JUAN MANDA LA CERDA A MISA (1): JUAN MATA LOS POLLOS (3): JUAN Y LOS BANDIDOS BAJO DEL ARBOL (58).

(2, 1) [Véase p. 146.]

(3) Acercándose luego a un algibe viejo que había cerca de la casa oyó *mucoquises* cantar allí dentro, y no hallando remedio alguno para hacerlos callar, se fué a donde su mamá tenía varios sacos de harina de trigo y arrióla toda ésta, sin lograr remedio alguno de hacerlos callar. Luego se fué de nuevo a su casa, creyendo haber hecho la gran cosa.

Cuando la mamá volvió se encontró todas aquellas averías que Juan le había hecho; dióle una gran paliza y Juan entonces dijo que se iba a correr fortuna.

(58) Al tiempo de irse dijo que él tenía que heredar algo de su madre. Entonces arrancó la puerta de su casa y se la llevó. Después de haber andado cerca de dos millas, llegó a un árbol muy alto y frondoso. Subióse al palo y subiendo también la puerta la puso sobre dos ganchos y se acostó allí.

Al poco rato llegaron varios bandoleros debajo del árbol y empezaron a contar un dinero que habían robado. Entonces Juan Bobo, les dejó caer la puerta matando a todos los bandoleros. Entonces se apeó y cogió todo el dinero. Así se pudo hacer Juan Bobo un millonario.

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*(To be continued.)*

## THE PUEBLO INDIAN CLAN IN FOLK-LORE.<sup>1</sup>

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

IF one were put to it to give the most outstanding single character of the complex culture of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest, one would choose, I think, that facility, so notable throughout the tribes, for keeping definite cultural patterns in mobile combination, — a facility which, from an æsthetic point of view, results in style, and, from the standpoint of general culture, in vitality and durability. Were the patterns less definite or rigid, mobility of combination would mean cultural disintegration. Were there less mobility or elasticity, given such an encroaching culture as that of proselyting Spain or of the United States, industrializing, and intolerant of social dissimilarity, rigidity of pattern would mean cultural downfall and annihilation. Moreover, apart from the Conquistadores, Hispanic or of El Norte, inter-pueblo penetration of itself might well have led, not of course to cultural impermanence, but to cultural monotony. As it is, Pueblo Indian culture has succeeded both in adopting the alien and seemingly incompatible with but little sacrifice of its own nature or spirit, and in preserving heterogeneities from tribe to tribe.

This character of fixed ideological unit, mobile in practical combination, is most clearly expressed in the ceremonial life, a rich embroidery of ritual patterns; but the character is also to be seen in another aspect of the social organization, in the clan system, — that system of social relationship which in native theory is unchanging and unified, and in actuality a flux of many currents.

The native concept of clan solidarity shows perhaps most plainly in migration tradition, tradition of a pattern into which the clan fits, as well as other social groups, — the curing society, or the dance society of rain-bringing supernaturals. Migration after emergence from the nether land or water is one of the patterns of Pueblo ideology, — the chief formulation, so to speak, of the Pueblo Indian's historical sense, or sense of time. And just as the origin and history of the curing society or of the *kachina* are given in terms of emergence and migration, so are the origin and history of the clan.

Clan migration traditions, as far as our records go, are most comprehensive and developed among the Hopi. To Pueblo migration tradition there is a twofold version, — the esoteric, which is known only to special persons, keepers of the tradition; and the exoteric, which is of general knowledge. The chief distinction between the esoteric

<sup>1</sup> Address of the retiring President at the thirty-second annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, held at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 28, 1920.

version and the exoteric appears to be in the greater abundance, in the esoteric tradition, of localization details. This distinction appears in the Zuni esoteric tradition of *kyaklo*, of *shalako*, or of *sayatasha*, compared with the exoteric tradition of the *koko* and the general emergence and migration tradition known as "From the beginning talk." The distinction also appears in the Hopi clan migration traditions. We may recall Dr. Fewkes's records of the esoteric clan traditions recorded by him from clan members, and compare these accounts with the following illustrations of the general exoteric tradition which I recently recorded on First Mesa, — tradition which is paralleled in form with the records of Dr. Voth on Third Mesa. As Voth's informant put it, the clan names "were given to people while wandering. One would find and see something, perhaps under peculiar circumstances, and be called after it."<sup>1</sup>

"All the clans came up from *shipaponi* and scattered, after saying to one another that they would meet again at *sih'takwi*, Flower Mountain [i.e., First Mesa]. . . . As the Mustard<sup>2</sup> clan were travelling along a child on its mother's back began to cry. The people saw some mustard weeds. 'That will do to stop the child crying,' they said. They pulled the weeds. 'These weeds we will have in our clan,' they said. Then they went on and they came to an oak tree. They cut a branch and gave it to the crying child. 'This tree we will have in our clan,' they said. They went on and they met a chaparral cock. 'This bird we will have in our clan,' they said. They went on and they met a black bird with white spots on its wings, a magpie. 'This bird we will have in our clan,' they said. They went on and they met a policeman (!), *chakwena*. 'Him we will have in our clan,' they said. . . .

"When they came out they went along until they came to a big lake (*patuba*). They said they wanted to have that name for their clan (*patki*). They went on until they saw a cloud (*umau*) coming up. They said they wanted that name for their clan. They went on and the rain (*yuyuñ*) fell. They said they wanted that name for their clan. They travelled on to a cold place where there was a lot of snow (*nüpa*). They said they wanted that name for their clan. As they went on there was a fog (*pamüsi*). They got that name for their clan. . . .

"*Pakab nyamö*, Reed clan, they got that name as they came out, for they climbed out inside the reed (*pakab*) and they wanted its name. After they had started to travel the sun (*tawa*) came up. They saw the sun for the first time, and they wanted to have the sun in their clan. As they travelled on they found a big bird, an eagle (*kwa*). They wanted that name for their clan. They travelled on, they found two little boys playing ball (*tatashlawa*). They stopped and talked to them. They said they had heard about them.

<sup>1</sup> "The Traditions of the Hopi" (FM 8 [1905] : 29).

<sup>2</sup> The *as nyamö* is to be equated in name with the *aiyahokwe* of Zuni and the *ise hano* of Acoma. (The specimens of the eponymous plant collected in all three places are *Sophia halictorum* Cockerell.) In the East the clan is not represented, as far as I know, except, according to Dr. Boas, at Cochiti. Even at Laguna the Acoma name is either not recognized or misrecognized, *ise* having been described there as like poison ivy.

They were *pehuñakwiate*. 'Our little brothers, what are you doing?' — 'Playing ball. Where are you going?' — 'To *sitah'kwi*.' — 'We would like to go with you. We were waiting here for you, playing ball.' So these little boys became their guides (*kalehktaka*)."

A clan migration tradition has been recorded among the Keres of Laguna; and there are fragments of clan migration tradition even at Zuñi, where tribal emergence-migration tradition is to the fore. For example, at a place in the tribal migration called *hän'lipñkka* the clans took their names *from what they saw at the time*,<sup>1</sup> a variant, obviously, of the Hopi clan migration incident. And is not the choice of the parrot-egg and the crow-egg by different groups in the Dogwood clan an analogous variant?

Since in the native lore all clans came up from *shipapöni* or *shipap'*,<sup>2</sup> it is impossible for the native theorist to say that any clan has originated in recent times. All he can say is that a new consolidation or distribution may take place; as, for example, when the *ky'anakwe* or the Black Corn people of a conquered town were taken into the Corn people of Zuñi,<sup>3</sup> or the Tobacco people of Awatobi were combined with the Rabbit people of First Mesa; and yet the death-rate of clans makes a birth-rate an *a priori* necessity, although how clans are born (i.e., how new name-groups come into existence), we do not know. The question is one of the important questions still to be solved by the student of social organization in the Southwest.

The Pueblo sense or concept of clan solidarity is expressed in migration tradition; it is also expressed in the association between clan and ceremonial. Among the Hopi, the association is made in theory through migration tradition. The clan, in its journey, encounters a supernatural, who affiliates himself with the travellers, thereby giving them his cult or ceremony. As *chakwena* joined the Mustard clan, and the little war-gods the Reed clan, so Badger-Man the doctor joined the Badger clan, and *masawa* of Night and Death and Fire the Coyote clan, and Parrot-Man the Kachina clan, and Snake-Woman the Snake clan, and *pohaha* (a *Kachina* woman) the Tewa Cottonwood clan. At Zuñi the association between clan and ceremony or ritual is made either through what might be called a variant of migration tradition

<sup>1</sup> M. C. Stevenson. "The Zuñi Indians" (RBAE 23 [1901-02] : 40)

<sup>2</sup> In Zuñi tradition it was from here, *shipapolima*, in the north or northeast, that the curing societies came up. The clans came up from a place to the west. The term *shipap'* is used more commonly by the Keres than at Zuñi or among the Hopi. The Hopi may refer to *palabkwabi*, a lake to the southwest, as a place of origin. The Tewas of First Mesa call the place whence they emerged *ch'ewa·di* (*ch'e*, "white;" *wa·di*, said to be an archaic word). It lies to the east or northeast, a lake. Both *ch'ewa·di* and *palabkwabi* have been recorded as settlements after the emergence; but to me they were also described as the places people lived in before they emerged.

<sup>3</sup> M. C. Stevenson, RBAE 23 : 44. 45.



(i.e., when the supernatural first came to Zuñi, he chose, it is said, the house of a certain clan to live in) or through the general point of view that everybody, supernaturals included, must belong to a clan: hence, in the tradition about any supernatural, either he chooses a clan, — as the older brother war-god chose the Bear clan, and the younger brother, the Deer clan, — or he is assigned to a clan directly or as its child, as *bítsitsi* of the *ne'wekwe* was, through his father, child of the Crane clan. Among the Eastern Keres, the *kachina* cult is associated with the Antelope or Deer clan through a tradition of service rendered the *kachina* through Antelope and Badger.<sup>1</sup>

The outcome of all these different types of traditions is the same, — an association is fixed between the ceremony and the clan, or, more correctly (and the distinction has significance), between the ceremony and a family connection within the clan, the family connection being often referred to as if it were the clan as a whole. Failure to make this distinction between clan and family connection within the clan, we may note incidentally, has been a factor for much of the confusion in the record of the relationship between clan and ceremony.

It is in the "oldest" house of their family connection, or "the maternal ancestral house," as Voth calls it, that the mask or the other fetiches of the clan ceremony are kept. Now, as long as this house has women inmates to look after the fetiches according to the more or less distinctive rules for each fetich, the association between fetich or ceremony and the family connection goes unbroken. But if the women of the house die out or turn Christian (i.e., Protestant, which is the same as dying, as far as ceremonial consequences go), then the fetich has to be buried,<sup>2</sup> and its ceremony let lapse,<sup>3</sup> unless some other family in or out of the clan<sup>4</sup> will undertake the responsi-

<sup>1</sup> E. C. Parsons, "The Antelope Clan in Keresan Custom and Myth" (*Man*, 17 [1917]: 190-193).

<sup>2</sup> For Zuñi see Stevenson, 45, footnote a.

<sup>3</sup> As *mamsrau* became extinct on First Mesa when Saliko, its woman chief, became a Christian; or as at this moment the Singers' ceremony, and with it the whole *wōwōchim* ceremony in its extended form, are threatened with extinction because Hani, the aged chief of the Singers, has failed to train any nephew as a successor.

<sup>4</sup> Recent history of how the *wōwōchim* (in the sense of the special group) ceremony or office has been handed down illustrates Hopi method. In 1898 Sufioitiwa, Mustard ~~clanman; was wōwōchim chief, getting the office from his father, the last of the Squash~~ clan (J. W. Fewkes, "The New Fire Ceremony at Walpi," *American Anthropologist*, [N.S.], 2: 123). In 1920 G'awehtima of the Lizard-Snake clan was chief. None of the Mustard clan had wanted the office, so Hani, chief of the ceremony of which the *wōwōchim* group was a part, had called for volunteers. G'awehtima volunteered. Theoretically, when there is an office left vacant by the family connection, the oldest member of the clan summons the clan; and volunteers according to seniority are called for. On failure of clan members to volunteer, so-called "children of the clan," persons whose father belongs to the clan, may volunteer.

bility of custody. Commonly, outsiders are very reluctant to undertake such responsibility; "they do not know the rules;" and it is extremely dangerous, in Pueblo opinion, to be in charge of a sacred object ignorant in any particular of its cult. Two years ago a Shöhmopavi Sun clansman who had been *wöwöchim* chief for six years (the term of office in this town is eight years, with the option of resigning) gave the office back to the Bear clansman he had received it from. There had been disease in the family of the Sun clansman, and his daughter had died. His office had brought him no good. At Oraibi the Horn Society chief let his ceremony lapse entirely after he fell sick, and was persuaded that the ceremony "was too dangerous for him."

Plainly enough, the ritualistic complexes which are called ceremonies are largely dependent upon the lot of the family connection which safeguards them. Hence a ceremony may be no more stable than a family connection; i.e., it is in a high degree unstable, with only a few lives between it and annihilation. But what is a ceremony? A complex of ritual patterns so thoroughly distributed in other ceremonies that it is probable that no unique piece of ritual could be found in any one ceremony, and that any one ceremony could disappear<sup>1</sup> without any vital loss to the course of ceremonialism. Nevertheless, in tradition, a ceremony partakes of immutability: "it came up with us," a Zuñi historian would say.

Just as a sense of clan solidarity in time is achieved through the tradition that certain ceremonies have always belonged to certain clans, having come up with those clans, or, as we would say, been introduced by those clans,<sup>2</sup> so the sense of clan solidarity in space

<sup>1</sup> For the disappearance of the *yayaatu* Society at Oraibi see H. R. Voth, "Brief Miscellaneous Hopi Papers" (FM 11 [1921] : 41).

<sup>2</sup> The Hopi, too, may refer to the introduction of a ceremony, in alluding to a period of time subsequent to the general emergence. For example, five altars or ceremonies — Horn (*ahl*), Singers (*tataukya*), *wöwöchim*, *mamsrau*, and *wahöl* — are said to have been brought to Walpi and Mishongnovi from Awatobi by Tapulu, village chief of Awatobi, after he had caused his village to be destroyed by the men of Oraibi and Walpi. (He was angry with "his children" because they had been intimate with his wife, a common Hopi folk-tale incident.) Even here, however, clan continuity is provided for, because the altars were said to be passed on to the Awatobi children who were adopted on the First and Second Mesas, and who belonged to the clans associated at Awatobi with the respective ceremonies. In our discussion of this subject in particular, it became quite plain that even more or less immediate history is readily sacrificed to the traditional pattern of events. The Snake people had the *mamsrau* ceremony at Walpi because the Snake people at Awatobi had it, and it went to one of the Awatobi Snake girls adopted at Walpi. Now it is on record that, before a Snake woman was in charge of *mamsrau*, the ceremony belonged to Squash people. These Squash people became extinct, and the ceremony was passed on in some way to Snake people. But only a few years after the affair, the some time connection of the Squash people with the ceremony is entirely ignored. The comparative fact that at Oraibi the *wahöl* ceremony belonged to the Sand people (H. R. Voth, "The Oraibi Oáqöli Ceremony" [FM 6 (1903) : 3]), whereas at Walpi it belongs to the *patki* people, is of course also ignored in First Mesa discussion of the origin of the ceremony.

(i.e., from town to town or from tribe to tribe) is achieved by equating or identifying the clans in one place with those in another. As I once heard a Hotavila man remark of the Hopi of First Mesa, "they put everybody [stranger] into a clan to make everybody feel at home."

There has probably always been a considerable amount of inter-pueblo visiting and intermarriage, even more in the past, I surmise, than to-day, since famines were formerly not uncommon occurrences, and a shortage of food in any town always meant an exodus of some people to other towns. Now, the clan affiliation of these visitors was economically a practical and urgent question. The question was soluble as one would expect, only on some familiar ideological basis; and that basis was one either of identity of name or of conceptual resemblance between two clans of different names. Because the lizard or snake is thought of as running on the earth or in the sand, between Lizard or Snake clan and Earth or Sand clan there may be said to be an affiliation. Since the eagle is at home in the zenith, between Eagle clan and Sun clan the suggestion of affiliation may also occur. Whether, as at Zuñi, there is a Snake clan, or, as at Laguna or Mishongnovi,<sup>1</sup> a Snake-Lizard clan whose other name is Earth or Sand; whether a single clan is named both Sun and Eagle or both Mustard and Chaparral Cock, as on First Mesa, or these names are assigned to distinct clans, as at Zuñi and Laguna or at Acoma, — whether the one thing happens or the other, is a mere matter of accident, of whether, let us speculate, a certain foreign visitor was a man or a woman. A man, he would be fitted into the clan conceptually related to his own, adding his own clan name to that clan; a woman, she would found a new clan, but a clan affiliated with one conceptually related.

Whatever uniformity in the native equating of clans there may be, is due to uniformity of mind in finding resemblances; not to any knowledge of historical relationship,<sup>2</sup> and certainly not to any con-

<sup>1</sup> H. R. Voth, "Brief Miscellaneous Hopi Papers" (FM 11 : 142).

<sup>2</sup> Were this relationship to exist, likely as not it would pass unrecognized. I am thinking of a possible historical-etymological relationship between the Dogwood (*pikchikwe*) clan of Zuñi and the Water(?) (*patki*) clan of First Mesa. To both clans belongs the office of watcher of the sun (*pekwin* at Zuñi; *tawa ótáima* on First Mesa). *Pikchi*, a water-growing variety of dogwood (*svida* [*cornus*] *instolonio*), is called "water tobacco" (*tsits hami*) at Laguna. There is no Water clan in Zuñi. . . . There is a Hopi tradition that the *patki* clan came from Zuñiwards. Now, it is of course not at all impossible that some Dogwood persons migrated from Zuñi to First Mesa, or some *patki* persons from First Mesa to Zuñi; but there is no memory of this affiliation, as far as I can learn, among the Hopi. By a Hopi in Zuñi the Dogwood clan was equated with the Reed (*pakap*) clan of Hopi (A. L. Kroeber, "Zuñi Kin and Clan" [PaAM 18 (1917) : 144]) through, I surmise, the emergence myth, which relates that the first people to come up climbed on dogwood or on a reed; by Hopi on First Mesa Zuñi Dogwood clan is equated with Hopi Kachina or Parrot clan.

sistent schematization, present or past. Where no conceptual resemblance has been found, the townsman is entirely at a loss. For example, no Laguna person I ever questioned knew how to place in a Laguna clan the *ise* or Mustard clan of Acoma. He would not dream of classifying it with the Chaparral Cock clan of Laguna, as would, no doubt, the Hopi, since Chaparral Cock on First Mesa was, as we noted, an eponymous being of the Mustard clan. At some time, I infer, some combination was made on First Mesa between the Mustard clan and some representative of a Chaparral Cock clan, — a combination that never happened to be made at Acoma or at Zuñi, where the clans are entirely distinct. Again the Dogwood clan of Zuñi is a puzzle to equate to everybody except a Hopi; and different Hopi individuals have, as we have seen, equated it diversely. When I found in Zuñi two foreigners — one from Isleta, one from Laguna — classed in the Dogwood clan, I thought that here at last I could find equations between the Dogwood and clans to the east. Not at all. Asked what their clan at home was, these persons said they did not know. In other words, these two had chosen to belong to the Dogwood clan on coming to Zuñi, either because they belonged to a clan at home which they found impossible to equate at Zuñi, or because, a Zuñi acquaintance suggested, the Dogwood, the largest and most important Zuñi clan, attracted the foreigners by its prestige. It may be unnecessary to add that information merely of the clan nomenclature system from tribe to tribe, or even from town to town within the same tribe, is extremely fragmentary in native circles; in fact, unpossessed of any but travellers. Not that this ignorance affects the dogmatic certainty of an untravelled informant, particularly a Hopi informant, about clan equations.

In Pueblo Indian tradition, then, the clan is an original and immutable unit, its members coming up together from below when the world was to be peopled, migrating together, and settling down together when the term of migration, the middle place, was reached; its association with ceremonial is also original and fixed; and equations between clans in different places are made either on identity of names or on resemblances seen between the eponymous clan beings. In actuality, the clan is a highly unstable group; its association with ceremonial is through a family connection which is necessarily precarious; and equations between clans of different places are conceptual or even fortuitous.

Scientific theories of migration by clan, of the introduction of specific ceremonies by specific clans, and of systematic equation of clans are merely a supplement to Pueblo Indian folk-lore. Such naïve theories are in themselves of interest, and might pass unchallenged did they not impede insight into the character of Pueblo

Indian culture, and inhibit study of the culture as it may contribute to the study of cultural change in general, impeding or inhibiting much as our own religious or legalistic theories based on the kind of history which is folk-lore have impeded insight into our own society and inhibited knowledge of the principles of cultural change.

NEW YORK, N.Y.

# THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1920, at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

A meeting of the Council, preceding the general meeting, was held on the morning of that day at 9.30 A.M. Present: Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, President; Drs. Boas, Dixon, Goddard, Lowie, Peabody, Swanton, Tozzer. The Secretary reported as follows:—

## SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The membership of the Society is here presented:—

	1918	1919	1920
Honorary members . . . . .	8	6	6
Life members . . . . .	11	12	13
Annual members . . . . .	381	397	388
Subscribing libraries . . . . .	177	182	188
Total . . . . .	577	597	595

Four members have died during the year: W. R. Billings, H. C. G. Brandt, Mrs. David P. Kimball, D. L. Thomas.

The report of the Secretary was accepted.

The Treasurer reported as follows:—

## TREASURER'S REPORT, 1920.

### GENERAL FUND.

#### *Receipts.*

Balance for 1919. . . . .	\$488.43
George F. Peabody, contribution . . . . .	336.38
G. E. Stechert, sale of Journal . . . . .	451.67
Life member . . . . .	50.00
Membership dues from United States. . . . .	724.54
Membership dues from Canada. . . . .	75.27
Interest . . . . .	23.10
	<hr/>
	\$2,149.39
Loan from Publication Fund. . . . .	620.65
	<hr/>
Total receipts . . . . .	\$2,770.04

*Expenses.*

## Manufacture of Journal:

April-June, 1919 . . . . .	\$745.76	
July-September, 1919 . . . . .	336.38	
October-December, 1919 . . . . .	665.31	
January-March, 1920 . . . . .	418.71	
Index for volume, 1919 . . . . .	138.68	\$2,304.84
		<hr/>
Miss Andrews, editorial work . . . . .		300.00
Rebates to branches . . . . .		57.00
S. Mathews, work on music . . . . .		43.25
Postage: Editor . . . . .	\$18.83	
Secretary . . . . .	6.00	
Boston Branch . . . . .	3.00	27.83
		<hr/>
Printing bills and notices . . . . .		15.80
Exchange . . . . .		21.32
		<hr/>
Total expenses . . . . .		\$2,770.04
Balance, 1920 . . . . .		\$ 000.00

## PUBLICATION FUND.

*Receipts.*

Balance from 1919 . . . . .		\$398.27
Anonymous gift for Philippine Memoir . . . . .		300.00
Sale of Memoirs by Stechert:		
Volume X . . . . .	\$24.50	
Volume XI . . . . .	3.50	
Volume XIII . . . . .	14.00	
Miscellaneous volumes . . . . .	10.50	52.50
		<hr/>
Publication Fund contributions . . . . .		95.00
		<hr/>
Total receipts . . . . .		\$845.77

*Expenses.*

Miss Andrews, work on Volume XII . . . . .	\$ 54.75
Loan to General Fund. . . . .	620.65
	<hr/>
Total expenses. . . . .	\$675.40
	<hr/>
Balance for 1921 . . . . .	\$170.37

## SPANISH EXPLORATION FUND.

*Receipts.*

Balance from 1919 . . . . .	\$560.00
Anonymous gift . . . . .	250.00
Anonymous gift . . . . .	250.00
Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, contribution . . . . .	1,000.00
<hr/>	
Total receipts . . . . .	\$2,060.00

*Expenses.*

Payments made to A. Espinosa. . . . .	2,060.00
Balance for 1921 . . . . .	\$ 000.00

ALFRED M. TOZZER, *Treasurer.*

The report of the Treasurer was accepted.

The Editor reported as follows: —

REPORT OF THE EDITOR.

During the year 1920 the July–September and October–December numbers for 1919 and the first two numbers for 1920 were printed and issued. Volume 12 of the Memoirs, containing “Filipino Popular Tales,” collected and edited with comparative notes by Dean S. Fansler, was completed. The manuscript for Volume 16, “Folk-Tales of the Sea Islands, South Carolina,” by Elsie Clews Parsons, was completed, and is in the hands of the printer.

The Editor wishes to express again his appreciation of the assistance of the associate editors.

As pointed out last year, the increase in the price of printing makes it quite impossible, without special financial support, to carry on the Journal in the same size as heretofore; and during the coming year it will be necessary to restrict the size of the Journal, unless the income of the Society is materially increased.

During the present year it was possible to keep up the size of the Journal owing to the assistance of the Geological Survey of Canada, the Quebec Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, and also the Hispanic Society of America.

FRANZ BOAS, *Editor.*

The report of the Editor was accepted.

The President appointed R. B. Dixon as Auditor.

Moved by A. M. Tozzler that from Jan. 1, 1921, the annual dues of the Folk-Lore Society be four dollars. Carried.

Moved by Franz Boas that a committee consisting of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Editor be authorized to issue a Journal not exceeding one hundred pages in length per number, and, if found advisable, that the Committee may authorize the publication of supplementary matter to be sold separately. Carried.

Moved and carried that the Index may be abridged.

Moved and carried that at the request of a Branch in good standing, the rebate be established at seventy-five cents in each four dollars of dues paid per member to the general Society.

Authorization was granted for the presentation of a set of the Journal, so far as practicable, to the University of Louvain, and for the raising of funds for this purpose.



Moved by Franz Boas that the set of the Journal used in compiling the general Index be sent to Dr. Rivet, Secretary of the Société des Américanistes de Paris. Carried.

Adjourned.

At the regular meeting of the Society on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 28, the following papers were presented:—

"The Pueblo Indian Clan in Folk-Lore" (presidential address), Elsie Clews Parsons.

"Folk-Tales from the Virginia Indians and from Labrador," F. G. Speck.

"The Story of a Tlingit Quarrel as told by Mr. Louis Shotridge," Theresa Mayer.

"A Dramatic Form of Folk-Lore," Pliny Earle Goddard.

"Designs of Tlingit Basketry," Erna Gunther.

"Literary Type of Three North American Tales," Gladys Reichard.

The following paper was read by title:—

"Three Notes from Spain: Bricks and Straw; Sights and Bread offered to the Dead; Popular Syncretism in the Local Hero," Georgiana Goddard King.

The following officers for the year 1921 were elected:—

PRESIDENT, F. G. Speck.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, E. C. Hills.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes.

COUNCILLORS: for three years, J. R. Swanton, E. K. Putnam, Stith Thompson; for two years, R. B. Dixon, E. Sapir, A. L. Kroeber; for one year, P. Barry, A. Espinosa, C.-M. Barbeau.

EDITOR, Franz Boas.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, G. L. Kittredge, A. Espinosa, C.-M. Barbeau, Dr. E. C. Parsons.

SECRETARY, C. Peabody.

TREASURER, A. M. Tozzer.

Attention was called to the recent publication of "Kentucky Superstitions," by the late D. L. Thomas and Miss Lucy Thomas.

Adjourned.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Secretary.*

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

SPANISH FOLK-TALE<sup>1</sup> RECORDED ON FIRST MESA, ARIZONA, IN 1885. — Once upon a time there lived at Tewa a goat who was a great gad-about. He had a very firm friend in a chicken cock. The sheep and goats had decided at a council of their chiefs, that, if they wanted to live to a good old age, they must cease eating of anything that would make fat. So Goat, knowing man better than his sheepish companions, concluded that the best way to do was to hunt for rabbits, and bring them to the village to trade, as the Navaho did. He asked Cock to go hunting with him. He said to Cock, "But what are you going to do, my friend, for something to eat? I can eat grass, but you need corn." — "Oh, no!" said Cock, "I will fill my pouch with corn, which will last a long while; whereas you must have water, which I can do without." — "Don't let that trouble you!" said Goat. "I know where a spring runs cool and refreshing water." They started, each wondering what the other would kill. At dark they reached the buttes, and at a place where a single cedar was growing they camped. Just after they had settled down for the night, a man came along and went to sleep under the tree. So Cock emptied his bowels, and the droppings struck the face of the sleeping man. He woke up, and he cried out that it was strange that in this country it should rain when there were no clouds in sight. Then Goat shed his filling; and again the man cried out that it was a strange country, for it hailed when no storm-clouds were in the skies. When it became day, he saw the goat, but it ran away. Then he saw the chicken in the tree. He shot at the chicken, and killed it and ate it. From that day to this the Castilia has been eating chicken. That is all.<sup>2</sup>

J. SULLIVAN.

THE ENGLISH FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — This Society was established in 1878, for the purpose of collecting, recording, and studying the fast-perishing folk-lore and other matters of interest in myth, ritual, and custom, both of England and other countries. The importance of this work is now generally recognized among scholars and men of letters and science. The student of folk-lore is a co-operator with the student of history, pre-history, and archæology. The Society publishes "Folk-Lore," a quarterly journal. It also holds meetings for the reading of papers and for discussion (usually eight in the year) between the months of November and June. These meetings are at present held at University College, Gower Street, W.C. 1, at 8 P.M. The Society also has for sale past volumes of "Folk-Lore," and

<sup>1</sup> See Bolte u. Polivka, LIX; cf. Hopi (H. R. Voth, "The Traditions of the Hopi" [FM 8 (Pub. 96, 1905) : 86]).

<sup>2</sup> Every Tewa tale (*teówichi*) ends with *neheimo't'o'pit'ai* ("thus far I know"), which is sometimes translated "this is all I know." A tale begins with *owehayamba* ("far away there, at [name of place], there was living"). — E. C. P.

other publications, including the "Handbook of Folk-Lore;" and, for use of the members, a collection of books and pamphlets at University College. The Society has in hand the compilation of a work on "Calendar Customs," as a step towards the systematic collection of the folk-lore of the British Isles. The President of the Society for 1920-21 is W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., F.R.S. To accomplish the purposes of the Society it is necessary to make its existence and facilities more widely known, in the hope of enlisting the help of those who are interested in the objects of the Society or in wider aspects of scientific inquiry. An increase in the number of members would add greatly to the usefulness of the Society. It invites application for membership from all to whom its objects appeal. A list of past publications, some of which are sold to members at reduced prices, can be furnished on application. The annual subscription to the Society is one guinea, payable in advance on the 1st of January in each year. This entitles members to attend the meetings and invite friends, and to receive the publications of the Society for the year. Checks and postal-orders should be sent to the Secretary, Mr. F. A. Milne, 11 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C. All communications as to the work, general aims, meetings, and membership of the Society, as well as papers and contributions for "Folk-Lore," should also be addressed to the Secretary.

THE  
JOURNAL OF  
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

EDITED BY  
FRANZ BOAS.

*Associate Editors.*

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE.

C.-MARIUS BARBEAU.

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA.

ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

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The American Folk-Lore Society was organized January 4, 1888. The Society holds annual meetings, at which reports are received and papers read. The yearly membership fee is four dollars. Members are entitled to receive The Journal of American Folk-Lore. Subscribers to the Journal, or other persons interested in the objects of the Society, are eligible to membership, and are requested to address the Permanent Secretary to that end.

**Authors alone are responsible for the contents of their papers.**

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(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER.)

# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 34.—JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1921.—No. 133.

## TAHLTAN TALES.<sup>1</sup>

BY JAMES A. TEIT.

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<sup>1</sup> Tales 1-30 of this series were published in this Journal in 1919 (32 : 198-250).

## 31. STORY OF DCA'NDŪI.

Dca'ndŭi was a celebrated hunter who killed and trapped all kinds of game. Once he went trapping marmots, but could not catch any because his traps were sprung. Although he watched, he could not find out what sprung them. He fasted three days, and then made his deadfalls heavier. Again he fasted three days, and this time he caught somebody by the hand. The man begged him to spare him, and told him that he would go to his camp with him and help him. Dca'ndŭi agreed; and the man, who was Wolverine, accompanied him. Wolverine told Dca'ndŭi to fast for three more days and to save all the urine. Dca'ndŭi wondered what he wanted to do with the urine, and watched through a hole in his blanket. When it was nearly daylight, he saw Wolverine get up and wash himself in the urine and then dry himself. That day they both set traps. Next day Wolverine had a marmot in each of his traps, while Dca'ndŭi had none. Wolverine now told Dca'ndŭi that he must not eat the small bone at the back of the knees of marmots. He wondered why Wolverine had told him that, and one day he ate one. Then came a spell of rain, snow, wind, and bad weather. All the marmots staid in their holes, and they could not catch any. Wolverine charged Dca'ndŭi with having eaten the forbidden bone, but he denied it. Then Wolverine went and examined his excrement and found it. He said to Dca'ndŭi, "You lied about not eating the bone, but I found it." He wrapped it in feathers and burned it, saying, "Tomorrow good weather will come." After this they caught many marmots in their traps, and they soon had the camp full of meat.

When Dca'ndŭi was ready to go home, Wolverine said he would carry the meat for him. Dca'ndŭi made up a pack for Wolverine of about the same size and weight as he himself could carry. Wolverine said it was too light, so Dca'ndŭi added more to it. Wolverine said, "I can carry more;" so he added more. At last all the meat was in Wolverine's pack, and he walked off with it as a man does with an ordinary load. When they arrived on the outskirts of the village, Wolverine put down his load and returned. He told Dca'ndŭi not to tell any one that he had helped him. When Dca'ndŭi arrived home, the people asked him what luck he had had. He answered, "Poor luck. I have a very small pack of meat. I left it some little distance away." He told a man to go out and bring it in. The man could not move it, so he came back and told all the people to go and

see it. They went out, and it took all of them to carry it in. They thought Dca'ndüi must be a very strong man. *This is why wolverenes can carry such heavy loads now, and also why the Indians never eat the small bones at the backs of marmots' knees.*

### 32. THE HUNTER WHO COULD NOT RUN.

A young man lived with his uncle, who made many arrows for him. The youth always shot them away, and came back from hunting without arrows or game. His uncle thought he would watch him. He saw some caribou running away from the youth, who ran after them just a little way. Then he walked with long strides to make people think that he had been running. His uncle then ran ahead, killed all the caribou, and waited for the youth to come up. He was walking comfortably. His uncle asked him why he was not running, and said, "You will never catch any game in that way. Caribou run fast." The youth answered, "When I run a short time, my heart begins to beat so hard, that I become afraid and have to walk." They carried the meat to camp. Now the youth's uncle took him hunting sheep, and killed several. He made his nephew carry a whole sheep up a steep mountain. He made him run. At first he ran, and then he walked. His uncle followed close behind, and pushed him when he went too slowly. The youth nearly dropped, but his uncle made him go to the top without stopping. Then his uncle said to him, "You will not die. You will never be out of breath." The next day he took him to a sweat-house, in which he made much steam. The youth tried to run out, saying that his heart was sick and that he was going to die. His uncle said to him, "You cannot get out until the sweat-house begins to cool off," and he held him down. Thus he trained him in the sweat-house and by making him run and climb steep slopes until he could do those things like other people. In the end he became a great hunter.

### 33. STORY OF TCIX'QA';<sup>1</sup> OR, THE HUNTER WHO COULD NOT KILL GAME.

A number of young men were living together in a camp or lodge such as young men use at the age of puberty. Nearly every day they went hunting. One of them never killed any game, and the others laughed at him. In the same place lived a wealthy man who had a young marriageable daughter. He thought it was time for her to marry; and one day he said to her, "Carry a dish of food to the young men's lodge. Give it to the best hunter, and then sit down beside him<sup>2</sup> and become his wife. You will be able to tell the best hunter by examining the young men's hands. The one who has the

<sup>1</sup> "Tcix'qa'" is said to be the name for the camp or lodge which adolescent boys use.

<sup>2</sup> Thus proposing marriage.



darkest mark at the base of the thumbs<sup>1</sup> is the best hunter." The young man who was an indifferent hunter happened to overhear these instructions. He went to the camp-fire and blackened the front part of his thumbs with charcoal. Then he sat down among the other young men and exposed his thumbs, that the girl might see them. In the evening the girl came, peered in through the brush of the lodge, and looked at the hands of the young men. She noticed that Tcix'qa's thumbs were much darker than any of the others: therefore she entered the lodge, gave him the food, and sat down beside him. On the following day all the young men went hunting. They staid out two days; but, as usual, Tcix'qa' had no game. They all laughed at him, and said that marrying had not changed his luck.<sup>2</sup> After his marriage he left the young men's camp and went to live with his wife and father-in-law. He went hunting with the latter, but never killed anything. His father-in-law thought this was strange for a man chosen as the best hunter of all the young men. He resolved to watch him, to learn why the youth did not kill any game. He saw him going after a caribou. He just ran a short distance, then stopped and walked on with long strides, to make people believe by his track that he had been running. The father-in-law went home, and said to his daughter, "Now I see what your husband does. He is no good. He cannot run, and therefore he never gets any game." At last Tcix'qa' felt bad because he could get no game. He cut his anus and pulled out about a yard of his intestines, cut them off, and put them in a bag. Then he plugged the hole with moss and went home. When he reached there, he threw down the bag beside his wife, and told her to cook the contents. His wife said, "He has killed game at last," and hurried to cook it. Her father stopped her, saying, "It smells bad. Let him cook it himself! There is something wrong." He hung the intestines on a stick above the fire to cook. When he reached up, the plug fell out of his anus, followed by his entrails and blood, and he died right there. *This is why to-day women always fancy the best hunters*, but some choose and marry men who are very poor hunters. Also *this is why lichens (Cladonia bellidiflora) have red tips*, for the man used them as a plug. The red are the blood-stains.

#### 34. THE BLIND MAN AND THE LOON.<sup>3</sup>

(Version a.)

Once there was an old blind man who travelled with his wife. When game was in sight, he drew his hand over his arrow, then his wife held

<sup>1</sup> It is believed that good hunters have darker skin on the part of the thumb adjoining the palm than poor hunters.

<sup>2</sup> It is believed that marrying often changes a person's luck.

<sup>3</sup> See RBAE 31 : 825 (Arapaho, Assiniboin, Carrier, Chilcotin, Eskimo, Haida, Hare, Kwakiutl, Loucheux, Ojage, Rivers Inlet, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

up his arms, and he shot, never missing his mark. One day he shot a caribou in this way, but his wife told him he had missed. She said, "You are useless now. I am going to leave you." She went to where the caribou lay, butchered it, and dried the meat. Meanwhile her husband was weeping bitterly. He crawled about, not knowing where he was going, while his wife had plenty to eat. He heard a loon cry, and crawled towards the sound. At last he felt the water of a lake. Loon came to him and asked him why he was crying. The man said, "Because I have missed a caribou, and my wife has deserted me." Loon said, "Get on my back, I will take you along with me." The man was afraid. Loon dived with a rock on his back to the other side of the lake and back again. Again he dived with a heavier rock and returned.<sup>1</sup> Now the man climbed on Loon's back. Loon dived from one end of the lake to the other, and then asked the man if he could see. The man answered, "Yes, a little." Four times Loon dived with him; and when they came up the last time, the man had recovered his eyesight.<sup>2</sup> Loon told the man to kill his wife for lying to him and deserting him. He went to her, and found her eating caribou-meat. When she saw him approaching, she said, "I was just going to look for you." He cut off her leg and killed her with it.<sup>3</sup>

(Version b.<sup>4</sup>)

A man with his wife and children were camped near a large lake. Here they had snares set for caribou, and nets for fish. They caught hardly any fish and no caribou, and were starving. To make matters worse, the man became blind. The woman then attended to the snares and nets. One day she found a caribou in one of the snares. Taking the children, she deserted her husband, went to where the caribou was, and camped there. Her husband crawled to the lake to have a drink, and then lay down and fell asleep. Something talked to him. It was Loon, asking him why he lay there. The man said, "I was deserted by my wife, came here to drink, and fell asleep." Loon said, "Your wife is eating caribou-meat over there. I will take you to where she is." The man was afraid, but finally was persuaded to take hold of Loon around the neck. Loon then dived with him to the end of the lake and came up. He asked the man if he could see; and he answered, "A little." Loon dived back to where he had started

<sup>1</sup> Compare "Story of Că'kinā" (this Journal, 32 : 245).

<sup>2</sup> Some Indians believe that the loon is a good guardian spirit for shamans, and that those who possess it can cure eye-diseases.

<sup>3</sup> Stories telling how a person is killed with his own arm, leg, head, etc., occur among the Carrier.

<sup>4</sup> Compare Version a.

from, and asked the man again if he could see. He answered, "I can see much better, but my sight is still dim." Then he dived with him a third time, and went towards the place where the caribou-snares were. Loon asked the man again if he could see; and he said, "Very well. I can see everything." Now Loon gave him a stone knife with which to kill his wife. When he came near where she was, she saw him coming. She cried, and said to the children, "Let us go to your father! Poor man! he is blind." The husband paid no attention to her, and forthwith killed her and her children.

### 35. THE FISHERMAN AND THE KILLER-WHALES.<sup>1</sup>

A man was out fishing and drying halibut, and his wife helped him. One day he felt something very heavy on his hook, and could not pull it up. He tied the line to the thwart of the canoe, and paddled ashore. With much trouble he managed to land the fish on the beach. He called on his wife to kill it quickly, and she despatched it with her knife. She cut it up and hung it up to dry, as is done with halibut. They did not know what kind of a fish it was. It was quite strange to them, but they thought it might be good food. When the woman had finished her work, she went to the edge of the water to wash her hands. As soon as she put her hands into the water, something seized them and pulled her underneath the sea. She had been taken by the Killer-Whales, who had come to have revenge on the man for killing their friend. The man followed the trail of his wife and her captors under the sea. He came to the house of the Fish chief, and asked him if he knew where his wife was. The chief said, "Yes, the Killer-Whales have taken her to be their slave." The man asked the chief if any fish of his company would care to help him get back his wife. The chief asked the fishes if any of them would volunteer, and Shark said he would go. Shark went ahead to Killer-Whale's house, and hid the man outside the door. He went in, and saw that the Killer-Whales were about to eat their evening meal. Their chief said, "Make the fire blaze, that we may see well!" Shark was standing next to the fire. He jumped up quickly and put much wood on the fire, so that it blazed up. The chief then said, "Some one fetch water!" Shark seized the buckets and ran out to draw water. As he came in and was passing the fire, he stumbled purposely, and upset the buckets in the fire, thus causing a dense cloud of ashes and steam to arise. Quickly he caught up the woman, pushed her out into the arms of her husband, who was waiting, and followed them. Shark kept in the rear, and said to the man, "Keep a-going! If they overtake us, I

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 840 (Bellacoola, Haida, Nanaimo, Rivers Inlet, Seabelt, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

shall fight them." When the man and woman were nearly home, they looked back, and saw a severe fight in progress. Shark was fighting all the Killer-Whales, biting them with his sharp teeth, and tearing them with his rough skin.

### 36. STORY OF GO'NEXHA'TCA, THE SNAIL.<sup>1</sup>

Many people were living at a place called Cîté'. Among them was a little girl of the Raven phratry who found a snail and made a pet of it. She wrapped it up, nursed it, and played with it, just as little girls do with dolls. It grew in size. When the girl grew up, she dug a hole under her seat and kept the snail there. She always talked to it just as one speaks to a baby; and, as a mother does, she put it to her breasts. At last it drew milk, and grew rapidly in length and bulk. The hole became too small for it; and it bored underground with its sharp tail. It bored underneath her parents' house, and up through a vessel holding olachen-oil, and drank all the oil. Now it grew to an enormous size. With great rapidity it bored from one house to another, until it reached the last house of the village. In every house it bored a hole upwards, and drank all the oil that was stored there. When the people went to their oil-vessels, they found them empty, and wondered what had taken their oil. The snail lay with its head in the hole below the girl's bed. Whenever the girl went into her room, she at once opened the hole, called it pet names, fondled it, and called it "my little boy" and by other endearing terms. She also sang cradle-songs to it, and composed songs out of love for it. Sometimes her mother asked her what she was doing; and she answered, "I am just fooling, and playing with a doll I have."

Towards the end of the period of her puberty training, she went from house to house doing work for people, — sewing, and making robes and moccasins. Her mother became suspicious. One day, when the girl was absent, she went to her daughter's bed and examined the place. She found below the bed a pit like a cellar. On opening it, the snail opened its mouth wide. She closed the pit quickly, ran out, and told her husband and sons. On the following day they sent the girl to the farthest house of the village. Then they prepared to attack the snail with spears and knives. The snail, when attacked, wriggled so much, that the ground burst in a number of places. At these places they cut through its body. After a while they killed it, and then covered up the places where the ground had been rent. The girl heard the commotion, and surmised that something had happened. However, the people of the house in which she was said nothing, and did not appear to be alarmed. When she reached home, she hurried

<sup>1</sup> See Tlingit (BBAE 39 : 151).

to the hole where her pet was, and saw that it was dead. She reproached her brothers, saying, "Why did you kill your nephew? I was rearing something for you to make you powerful and strong." She wept much, singing, "Oh, my little boy! Oh, his little feet! Oh, his little eyes, his little teeth, his ears, his nose, his mustache, his little hands!" She cried long, and would not be comforted. At last her mother broke down, and gave vent to her grief; then her brothers became affected, and joined in the crying; then her father, and finally all the people. The girl sang her cradle-songs while weeping. She cut her hair, and all the people did the same; and thus they mourned for their dear dead relative the snail. *Because the girl suckled the snail, the women of the Raven phratry now have large breasts. Because the girl cried and sang, people now sing mourning-songs when a relative dies. Because the girl cut her hair, the people followed her example, and now cut their hair when a relative dies.*

### 37. THE DESERTED ORPHAN AND THE GOAT CHIEF.<sup>1</sup>

An orphan boy lived with his grandmother.<sup>2</sup> It was good weather; but the people were short of food, and therefore moved their camp. As the old woman was unable to walk, they deserted her, leaving her a little food, but no fire. They wanted to take the boy with them, but he would not leave his grandmother. The boy went outside of the village a little distance. Here he heard a sound, and, becoming afraid, he returned. That night he dreamed that some one talked to him, saying, "Why did you run away from the sound you heard? I want to help you. Leave your grandmother when she is asleep, and go to where you heard the sound." He awoke, and went to the place designated. When he reached there, he saw a house, which he entered. Within were many people. A well-dressed wealthy chief spoke to him, and asked why he staid with his grandmother. He answered, "Because she is my relative. I cannot desert her." The chief asked if they had any food; and he answered, "No." The chief said, "Well, you will starve, then." The boy answered, "I am willing to starve with my grandmother." The chief then told him, that, if he would do as he directed him, he would obtain plenty of food. He said, "Near your camp there is a deep canyon. Make your house

<sup>1</sup> This story is said to belong to the Raven phratry and to be of Tlingit origin; at least, the Tlingit tell a similar story, and the families that tell it use goat-horns and goat-masks as crests. Probably they claim the deserted boy as one of their ancestors. The Tahltan refer to this story as an example of the good results that will accrue from strict observance of taboos (BBAE 39 : 262). See comparative notes in RBAE 31 : 785. Compare also following story, Kaska (JAFL 30 : 455), Thompson (JE 8 : 237).

<sup>2</sup> Some people say that she was his only relative, but in the story an uncle is mentioned.

there between two steep rocks. Make it with sharp goat-horns,<sup>1</sup> but first abstain from food and drink for eight days. Then you will receive great power from me." He saw and heard all this as in a vision. When he awoke, he found himself lying on the ground, and neither house nor people were in sight. He thought he had been away a short time, but he had been absent several days. When he reached home, his grandmother asked him where he had been. She said, "I have been weeping for you many days. I thought you were dead." Now he fasted as directed; and when the eight days had passed, he caused wind and rain-storms to visit that part of the coast to which his uncle and the people had gone. They could neither fish nor hunt, and soon were short of food. Now he said to his grandmother, "We will move up the mountains, and make a house in a canyon there." She answered, "The mountains are far away, and I cannot walk." The country in the vicinity of where they were was flat. The boy said, "I will make the mountains come nearer." He stretched out his fingers and then contracted them; and the earth was contracted, so that the mountains stood close by. He said to his grandmother, "Now look out!" She looked, and saw that the mountains were now quite near by. Then he struck his grandmother's legs and body with brush, and she became able to walk like a young woman. They went to the canyon in the mountains near by. He told his grandmother what to do, and she built a house. Perhaps it was of stone, but it had a door which opened and shut. He said to her, "I am going to call the game into the house, but you must not kill the first animal that enters. Wait until all are in." He began to sing a song by means of which he called the game. Soon he said to his grandmother, "The game is coming. Open the door!" Then goats came in, and nearly filled the house. When all were in, he told her to shut the door and to kill them. She clubbed and butchered the game. The boy made his grandmother strong, so that she could skin and cut up the game quickly. He also made her able to carry all the meat and skins down and fill one of the houses of the deserted village. He asked his grandmother what kind of food she wished next; and she said, "Sheep." He sang; and sheep came, and filled the house in the same way. When all the sheep-meat had been stored, he asked his grandmother what she desired next; and she said, "Halibut." He said to her, "Go to the beach, and you will find them." She went, and found many halibut on the beach. Then he caused many olachen to come ashore. His grandmother dried the halibut. She put the olachen into a pit, where she let them rot until they were ready to be boiled for trying out the oil. The boy put the fish and oil in his uncle's house in the

<sup>1</sup> The inference is not clear. It is thought they used sharp goat-horns for cutting the rocks or in some manner in the construction of the house, and perhaps in digging it.

village. Now the people were starving. The boy's uncle, who was chief, sent a male and a female slave back to the village to see if the old woman and boy were still alive, and to find out if there was any game. Meanwhile the boy and his grandmother had moved back to the village. The house which they had made in the canyon had vanished. The slaves arrived, and, seeing smoke, knew that the old woman and the boy must be alive. They looked into a house, and saw that it was full of meat. They found their master's house full of olachen and olachen-oil. They ate their fill, and took some along when they returned. The boy said to them, "Don't tell my uncle. Say I am dead." The slaves returned, and told the people that the old woman and boy were dead. They were asked if they had found their bodies; and they said, "Yes, they were lying in the house." After a while one of the slave-children cried for olachen. The chief heard him, and asked, "How does he know about olachen?" Then he said to the parents, "You are hiding something. If you do not tell me, I shall kill you." Then they told him all, and said that the boy had charged them not to tell. The people at once broke camp, and went aboard their canoes to return to the village. The younger wife of the boy's uncle dressed herself nicely and painted her face. When wiping her face with a towel, she scratched it with a shell that happened to be in the towel. When the people arrived at the village, the uncle said to his nephew, "Which one of my wives do you wish for your wife?" and he answered, "I don't want the younger one, because she always ill-treated me. I will take the elder one, for she was always good to me."<sup>1</sup> The boy's uncle gave him his elder wife, and appointed him to the inheritance of his family, name, and rank.

### 38. THE DESERTED WOMAN.<sup>2</sup>

A long time ago an old woman was deserted by her people, who were short of food, and had to leave to look for game. As she was too weak to keep up with them, they left her behind in the old camp, with a fire. After the people had gone, she hunted around and found some scraps of sinew, with which she made a string for a rabbit-snare. Many rabbits came to the deserted camp, as they love to do, and she caught some with her snare. She made many snares of the rabbit-sinews. She caught many rabbits, and had plenty of food. She also made rabbit-skin robes to wear and to sleep in. The people did not find much game where they had gone. After some time they sent two girls back to see if the old woman was alive and if there were signs

<sup>1</sup> Compare the last part of this story with the Kaska tale "Story of the Water-Man" (JAFL 30 : 460).

<sup>2</sup> Compare Kaska (JAFL 30 : 455).

of game near the old camp. They found the old woman with plenty of food, and well clad. They returned and told the people, who now moved back. As they approached, the old woman went out to meet them dressed in a large rabbit-skin robe, and danced, and sang,—

"You thought I would starve.  
What did you think I would eat?  
I am dancing now.  
I wear a rabbit-skin robe."<sup>1</sup>

### 39. THE GAMBLER.

A boy addicted to playing the stick-game<sup>2</sup> spent all his time gambling. When he heard of an important game of a noted gambler, even if in a distant place, he went there to play. He was very successful, and nearly always won. Thus he became wealthy, although he was a mere boy. His father was a wealthy man, and possessed many slaves. One night a strange man came to the village, and challenged the boy to play. He promptly accepted the challenge, and the two went outside to play. The man won all the boy's goods. The boy bet his father's slaves, and lost ten of them. Then the boy staked his mother against two slaves. He lost again. He staked his father, his uncle, all his relatives, and finally all the people of the village, and lost. The stranger took all he had won and departed, leaving the boy alone. This man was Water-Man (or Sea-Man). He took all the people to his house under a lake (or the sea). The boy had no one to gamble with, and nothing to bet. He wandered in and out of the houses, crying all the time. One day he saw smoke issuing from a bunch of grass. He found a house there, and a very small old woman inside. She was the small black mouse. She said, "Grandson, where are you going? What troubles you?" He answered, "I have gambled away everything I had, even my friends and all the people." She asked him if he was hungry; and he answered, "Yes." She put on a kettle, and split a single fish-egg with a wedge. She put half of it into the kettle to boil. When it was cooked, she put the food on a dish and placed it before the boy. He thought, "The food will not be enough;" but when he ate it, he found that he was quite satisfied.<sup>3</sup> She told him to stay there that night, and added, "You must arise early in the morning, and wash just at daylight. Then go to the steep open place over there. You will see something growing there. Pull it out by

<sup>1</sup> This song was recorded on the phonograph (Record No. 21).

<sup>2</sup> In this stick-game, common to many Western tribes, one man has to guess a particular stick out of a number. The sticks are rolled in grass and shuffled. The method of playing varies from tribe to tribe.

<sup>3</sup> See Lillooet (Teit, JAF 25 : 351), Shuswap (Teit, JE 2 : 647, 648), Thompson (Teit, JE 8 : 221, 315).



the roots and eat it." He did as directed, and after bathing went to the steep place, where he saw a beautiful plant growing. He ate it, and it made him sleepy. Next Mouse-Woman said, "To-morrow morning bathe and go to the beach. There you will find something. Skin it, then take the skin, and push the body back into the water." The boy returned with a sea-otter skin. He had fasted two mornings, and had used no fire at night. The old woman said to him, "Golden-Eyed Duck shall be your brother. When you play the stick-game, never point or choose a stick until he directs you." He slept that night without fire, arose early, and continued to fast. As directed by Mouse-Woman, he went down to the edge of the sea, and challenged Water-Man to a game. The sea opened like a door, and Water-Man came out of his house. When it opened, the boy could see his parents and all the people working in a big house as slaves. He had hidden his duck-brother on his person. Water-Man had a trump-stick (*ekəl'*) which was really a fish; and when the boy pointed at it or chose it, it always jumped aside. This was the reason he had always lost when playing with Water-Man. Duck noticed this, and warned the boy, who bet his otter-skin against his father. Duck instructed the boy to point a number of times near the fish-stick, so as to tire out the fish. Then he told him to point at it quickly. The boy won; and, acting on Duck's advice, he won back his parents, relatives, and all the people and goods. They all returned to the village. *This is why plants are used as charms to obtain good luck in gambling at the present day, and also this is why it is bad for young people to gamble too much.*

#### 40. BLUEJAY AND THE STORM-BOUND PEOPLE.<sup>1</sup>

In the Tlingit country a large number of people were living together at one place near the seashore. A sea-plant which the Tlingit venerate grew abundantly near this place. People were forbidden to speak to it except in the most respectful manner; for it was considered a harbinger of spring, and, if it did not renew its growth, spring might not come. Children were forbidden to name it or to talk to it, especially in the spring-time. One day, when spring-time was near, the son of one of the wealthiest men in the village talked to this plant, and made fun of it, saying, "Don't grow out! My father has plenty of food yet. We don't care when spring comes." After this it was continual stormy, wintry weather at this place. The people could not go hunting or fishing; and no one ventured very far away, because of the storms. They thought that the whole coast was suffering in the same way; for they could not see far, their village being envel-

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 829 (Chilcotin, Haida, Kathlamet, Shuswap, Tlingit, Tsimshian, Wasco).

oped in a cloud. The people ran out of food, and were starving. The boy who had mocked the plant died; and all the people became very weak, so that they were unable to procure fire-wood. The people of other places saw a black cloud hanging over the village. They tried to go there, but were always beaten back by the storms. One day Bluejay flew over the village, carrying a branch with fresh berries. The people said, "Oh, what is it that Bluejay has in his beak? Berries must be ripe in some place." Now, with great difficulty a few of the strongest people pushed through the storm zone. They found fine weather over the rest of the country, the salmon-fishing was nearly over, and the berries were ripe. Thus Bluejay saved the lives of the people, who ever since have been grateful to him. *The Tlingit reverence this bird because he acted as a deliverer.*

#### 41. THE BAD MAN AND HIS SON-IN-LAW.<sup>1</sup>

A man who had married a girl, the daughter of a man of evil disposition, was hated by his father-in-law, who had made up his mind to kill him. One day he told the man to go hunting at a place where a gigantic cannibal toad lived. When the man approached the toad's abode, he knew by the power of his protectors that he was in danger, and called on them for assistance. His four protectors — the grizzly bear, black bear, wolf, and lynx — appeared at once. The toad came out to fight the man, and opened its great mouth to bite him. Grizzly Bear, who was foremost, immediately jumped down its throat before it could bring its jaws together, and the others followed him. Then the four tore its entrails, and the man shot and killed it. The animals ate their way out, leaving four great holes in its body.<sup>2</sup> When the man returned, his father-in-law was much disappointed because he had not been killed.

The following day he asked him to go hunting on a high mountain at a place where snow-slides always came down and killed people. When he reached this place, he changed himself into something<sup>3</sup> so tiny that the snow-slide could not crush it. The avalanche came and carried him down, but failed to harm him. When he arrived at the bottom, he resumed his natural form and went home. His father-in-law could hardly suppress his disappointment and anger.

He said to his daughter, "I will change you into a grizzly bear. Go out on yonder side-hill and act and feed like a bear." He put a bear-skin on her, and told her to tear her husband. Then he pointed out the bear to his son-in-law, who went to kill it. When he came

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 803, 804.

<sup>2</sup> Compare E'destā or Big-Toad Stories (JAFL 32 : 221). Comparative notes, RBAE 31 : 687.

<sup>3</sup> The narrator did not remember what the thing was. Compare RBAE 31 : 803.

near and was about to shoot, his wife called out, "Don't shoot! Save me! I am your wife." He never heeded, and kept on shooting until he had killed her. His father-in-law was now very angry, and pursued him. The man threw down part of the inside of the bear;<sup>1</sup> and this formed a deep chasm between them, stopping for a time the advance of his pursuer. The latter caught up again; and the man threw something behind him, which again formed an obstacle and delayed his pursuer. Thus he threw down several things, which became canyons, lakes, etc., behind him. His father-in-law managed to pass them all, and again caught up. He had only one thing left that he could throw. This was a stick,<sup>2</sup> which turned into fire. His pursuer ran right into the fire, and was burned to death.

#### 42. STORY OF GRASSHOPPER.

A young woman used to dress like a man. She and Grasshopper were hunting-partners, but Grasshopper did not know that she was a woman. She killed plenty of game, while Grasshopper did not kill anything. He wondered why she was such a good hunter, and also why she always sat down when she wanted to urinate. One day they came to a porcupine-den, and she sat down to urinate. Grasshopper ran through the porcupine-den, and, coming out close behind her, put his hand below her, and found out that she was a woman. The woman was ashamed, and went home and told her parents. They ranged up all the men, and had them pass before the girl, to find out who had done it.<sup>3</sup> Grasshopper sat in the corner, laughing. All the men passed in view, but the girl could not point to any of them. Then she looked around, and, seeing Grasshopper sitting in the corner, pointed him out as the culprit. The girl's father gave him the girl for his wife. Now they went out on a hunting-trip together. Grasshopper, being the husband, went out hunting every day, but never killed anything except other grasshoppers. He ate only grasshoppers and sinew of game. He ate no flesh of any kind. They were starving, and the woman herself had to go out hunting. After a time a baby was born. One day when they moved camp, Grasshopper, who was unable to carry much weight, went ahead with the baby, while

<sup>1</sup> "The Magic Flight:" Assiniboin (Lowie, PaAM 4 : 177), Bellabella (Boas, Sagen, 240), Bellacoola (Boas, Sagen, 268), Blackfoot (Wissler, PaAM 2 : 70), Cheyenne (Kroeber, JAFL 13 : 184), Chinook (Boas, BBAE 20 : 78), Kwakiutl (Boas, Sagen, 164), Menominee (Skinner, PaAM 13 : 365 [526], 372 [526]), Micmac (Rand, 165), Nootka (Boas, Sagen, 99), Osage (Dorsey, FM 7 : 23), Pawnee (Dorsey, CI 59 : 31), Quinault (Farrand, JE 2 : 114), Rivers Inlet (Boas, Sagen, 224), San Carlos Apache (Goddard, PaAM 24 : 84), Northern Saulteaux (Skinner, PaAM 9 : 88), Ts'ets'aut (Boas, JAFL 9 : 260). Comparative, Bolte u. Polivka, (2 : 140-146).

<sup>2</sup> Some people say it was a fire-drill or fire-rock.

<sup>3</sup> See BBAE 59 : 287 (note 2).

his wife followed with a heavy load of camp-outfit. Grasshopper grew tired carrying the baby. He choked it, and hung it up on a tree. Then he went off hunting grasshoppers. At night, when he came to camp, he found his wife crying. He said to her, "Grasshopper, Grasshopper-Child<sup>1</sup> is not dead. Why do you cry?" He struck the baby with his mitts, and it woke up, as though it had only been asleep. His wife was glad, and said to him, "Kill a bear for me to-morrow." Grasshopper went out, and, while hunting grasshoppers in the grass, saw a huge monster approach. He was too late to get away, and the monster swallowed him. He tried to get out, and at last emerged through the anus. In this way the animal was killed. He went home, and said to his wife, "I have killed a bear for you. I jumped down his mouth, passed through all his insides, then came out and shot him."<sup>2</sup> She went out to see; and when she saw the huge carcass, she fell down from fright and crawled away, for her legs trembled so that she could not walk. Grasshopper came; and when he tapped her on the legs with his mitts, she became well, and walked back to camp. She said to him, "Bears are not like that: they are black, and only a little larger than a dog." He went out hunting, and this time he killed a bear. His wife sent him to her mother. He went, and staid some time. His mother-in-law gave him plenty of meat to eat, but this was not his food. He wanted sinew to eat. He became so weak and sick that he had to crawl on his way back to his wife. He said to her, "Your mother gave me nothing but her excrements to eat, and made me sick." They moved camp again, this time to snare caribou. Grasshopper said to his wife, "Use me as a trigger for the snare [like the trigger of a rabbit-snare]." His wife chased a caribou into the snare. The caribou went with great force and cut Grasshopper in two. He said to his wife, "Quick! put me together [join my legs to my body], that I may chase the caribou." In her haste she joined the two parts of his body the wrong way; so that, when he ran forward, he was looking backwards. He was angry and ran off, but he could not go straight. He called to her, "Quick! break me, and join me again!" She broke him and joined him again, and now he went straight ahead. He said to her, "When you see smoke, you will know that I have overtaken and killed the caribou." His wife saw smoke in a far-away mountain, and went there.<sup>3</sup>

#### 43. STORY OF THE ANTS.

Two brothers were married to two sisters.<sup>4</sup> The husbands hunted every day, and brought home plenty of caribou-meat. When they

<sup>1</sup> It is said that he always addressed his wife and child thus.

<sup>2</sup> See RBAE 31 : 718, 868.

<sup>3</sup> My informant thought there was more to this story, but he had forgotten it.

<sup>4</sup> It is not clear that these people were ants, but it would seem so.

came home, they always listened before entering the lodge. One night, when they were listening, a squirrel made a noise, as squirrels do in the evening-time. The younger sister said, "He makes a noise just like the one I make." The elder one said to her, "Don't say that! Our husbands might become suspicious." Next day they moved camp, the elder couple travelling some distance ahead. They came to a place where there was a very large ant's nest in rotten wood. The man pushed his wife into the nest; and the ants went all through her, coming out at her ears, nose, mouth, and eyes.<sup>1</sup> The man then went on and made camp. When the younger sister arrived, she inquired for her sister, but the man never answered. Then she thought that he must have killed her. On the following day the men went hunting, each going his own way. The brother who had killed his wife then came back to camp, and wanted to have connection with his sister-in-law, saying, "Let us go to a hidden place!" The woman hid a knife in her bosom and went with him. When they embraced, she said, "I must be on top: I always do that way." He agreed, and she suddenly pulled out the knife and cut his throat. That night she killed her husband (the other brother) in the same way. *This is why ants have red heads now,<sup>2</sup> and bite people.*

#### 44. THE MAN AND HIS SISTER.<sup>3</sup>

A man lived with his wife and children near the head of a creek; and near by, at the head of another creek on the opposite side of the mountain, lived his sister and her husband. Often, when her husband was out hunting, the man went to his sister and cohabited with her. Her husband became suspicious and watched her. On several successive days he saw a man go into the camp. He asked his wife who it was that visited her; and she answered, "Only my brother, that is nothing." The husband said no more. After this he came home one day and found him with his wife. He was angry, and they fought. The brother killed him, and, opening up his body, defecated inside.<sup>4</sup> After this the brother spent more time with his sister than with his wife. The game that he killed he took to her, and nothing to his wife and family. His wife noticed that he looked tired every night, and in many ways showed that he had killed game. Still he always came home empty-handed, and claimed to have killed nothing. The family was starving; and the wife proposed that her husband go and see his brother-in-law, as he might have plenty of meat. He

<sup>1</sup> Compare the end of No. 56, "The Girl who was stolen by Owl," p. 253.

<sup>2</sup> The connection is not clear; but probably their heads are red because they were beheaded, and their heads bloody.

<sup>3</sup> Compare *Kaska* (Teit, JAF 30 : 459).

<sup>4</sup> Compare *Chilcotin* (Farrand, JE 2 : 16), *Kaska* (Teit, JAF 30 : 459).

answered that he had been there, and his brother-in-law also could get no game and was out of food (he wanted his wife to starve). One day when her husband was away, the woman went to her sister-in-law's camp, and found it full of meat. She also found the dead body of her sister-in-law's husband, and saw what had been done to it. Her own husband was not there. She returned to camp, and made an arrow with a specially large head. The next day, when her husband was away, she went to his sister's camp, and concealed herself in a place adjacent to the dead body in which he defecated, but at a lower level. When he came to the place to defecate, she shot the arrow up his anus. He cried out, "Come, sister! Some one is killing me!" His sister ran out, and the woman killed her also. She opened up both the bodies and defecated in them, saying, "Now I have my revenge." As she had many children, she moved to the camp where the dead bodies were, and lived there, as there was a vast supply of meat. Later she and her children returned to the main body of the people, and told them of the wickedness of her husband and his sister. They approved of her deed.

45. (a) THE WOMAN AND OTTER-MAN.<sup>1</sup>

A widow had two sons. The lads hunted, and their mother always carried in the meat for them. One day when she was on her way to get meat, she met a strange man, who asked her if she had a husband. She answered, "No, my husband is dead, but I have two grown-up sons." He asked if she had a camp and where it was, also where she was going. She told him she was going to carry in caribou-meat, and directed him where her camp was. "Well," he said, "I shall come to your camp to-night and see you, but you must hide me." The woman cooked for her sons every night. After they had eaten and gone to sleep, the man came. He told the woman that he would marry her, but that she must conceal him. He did not want her sons to see him. He slept with her all night, and in the morning she tied him up in her pack-sack and hung it up outside. The following night she took in her pack-sack. Her sons thought it strange that their mother always hung up her pack-sack outside, when formerly she was not wont to do so. They also remarked that her pack-sack was always particularly well lashed. One night they happened to hear talking. It was not their mother talking in her sleep, for there were two voices. The next night they watched. After the fire had gone out, their mother brought in her pack and unlashed it. Then they heard whispering and talking. In the morning she lashed the pack again and hung it up outside. Now the boys went hunting, and purposely killed caribou a long way

<sup>1</sup> See *Ts'xts'aut* (Boas, *JAFL* 9 : 259).

off. They cut up only about half of the carcass, leaving considerable work for their mother to do. Then they covered the meat to a great depth in the snow. This was done to delay her in bringing home the first load of meat. In the morning they said, "Mother, go and bring in a load of the caribou-meat. We are tired to-day and want to rest." When she had gone, they took down the pack, and found Otter-Man inside. They killed him, and put his flesh before the fire to cook. They stuffed their mother's pack-bag, lashed it, and hung it up in the same place as before. When their mother arrived, they said to her, "Mother, you must be hungry. We killed a big bear and a little cub, but we took home only the cub. We have cooked it for you, and now it is ready to eat." The woman was hungry, and at once began to eat. The men put on their snowshoes, saying, "There was a crust on the snow this morning, which makes walking noisy. We are going to hunt this evening, as the snow is better." When they were outside, they shouted, "We know of a woman who is eating her husband!" The woman ran to her pack, and found it stuffed. She became angry, and changed into an otter. She ran fast and slid as otters do. She nearly caught up with her sons, who threw part of the inside of a caribou behind them. It became a canyon, which she had to cross. This retarded her. She caught up again; and they threw another part of the inside of the caribou, which became a mountain. Still she followed them. Again they threw another part, and it became water. They threw the fourth part, and it became fire. She ran into it and was burned.<sup>1</sup> *Because the otter was burned, he now has short brown hair;* and because the otter had connection with the woman, otter-spirits now enter women and make them very sick.<sup>2</sup>

(b) THE ORIGIN OF MOUNTAINS, ETC.

Once two lads killed their step-father and then ran away. Their mother became distracted at the loss of her husband, and chased them, intending to kill them. She became possessed of extraordinary powers of speed, and soon drew near her sons, who were travelling on snowshoes and carrying caribou-meat. They threw some caribou-hair behind them, which at once became transformed into an immense herd of caribou that dotted the plateau so thickly, that their mother could not pass through them. She then transformed herself into something very small, and rolled through. Again she drew near; and the lads threw the contents of a caribou-stomach behind them, which changed into a boggy, mossy country full of thick brush. She surmounted this and came near again. They threw the stomach or tripe

<sup>1</sup> See footnote 1, p. 236. Some people say that the otter could not run fast enough, and gave up the chase.

<sup>2</sup> Compare p. 242.

of the caribou behind them, and it became transformed into a piece of country with deep gulches, canyons, and valleys. Again she came near; and they threw some caribou-bones behind them, which became transformed into a tract of very rough, rocky ground. Still she pursued them. They threw some meat of the caribou behind them, which changed into marshy ground and lakes. Finally they threw their fire-stones behind them. They changed into fire. Their mother ran into it and was burned up. *Had it not been for these men throwing the parts of the caribou behind them, the country would now be level* instead of rough with mountains, valleys, gulches, rocks, and brush, as it is now.

#### 46. THE CANNIBAL WOMEN WHO LURED MEN.<sup>1</sup>

A cannibal woman and her daughter lived on an island. When men landed on the island, they were lured by the mother to make love to her daughter. The daughter induced the men to lie underneath her; and then she slit their throats with her fore-arm, which was as sharp as a knife. The two women then ate the men's bodies.

A man who lived on the mainland near by had noticed that no one who went to the island ever came back, and he wondered what became of them. He watched, and saw that they entered a house and never came out. He hid a sharp knife in his clothes and went to the island to investigate. He was called by some one who had a sweet, attractive voice. He followed the sound to the house. There he was met by the old woman, who invited him in, saying, "Come in and see my daughter! I have a fine daughter of great beauty." He went in, and noticed the old woman sitting some distance away, partly concealed. Presently a very fine-looking young woman came in from the other side of the partition, arrayed in fine garments and nicely painted and combed. She asked him if he cared to lie with her, and he nodded his assent. She told him to follow her to the other room. She asked him to take the lower position. He said, "No, I will not do that, in my country the man always is on the top." The old woman thought they were taking a long time. She became anxious, and called, "Are you not ready yet?" The young woman answered, "No, he wants to be on the top, he will not go underneath." Her mother said to her, "It does not matter, you can cut him just the same." The young woman then agreed, and they lay down. The man quickly cut her throat, and covered her mouth with his other hand, so that she could not make a noise. The old woman asked again, "Are you not through yet?" and the man answered, "No, pretty soon." When he was sure that the woman was dead, he with-

<sup>1</sup> See Kaska (Teit, JAFL 30 : 431).



drew his hand and quickly ran out of the house. The old woman was surprised to see him run out, and went to see her daughter. When she found her lying dead in a pool of blood, she gave chase. The man ran to a strong fort in the forest. The old woman, who was in a great hurry, ran straight through the forest, cutting a wide swathe of trees and bushes with the large knives on her fore-arms. When she reached the log fort, she attacked it with her arms, the knives cutting slices out of the logs. As she kept on cutting, she became more and more tired, and the knives more and more dull. When the house was almost cut through, she became so tired and the knives so dull, that she could hardly cut any more. The man then ran out and killed her with his knife.

47. THE WATER-BEING AS A LOVER.<sup>1</sup>

(Version a.)

A man had a wife who fell in love with a water-being who lived in a lake near their camp. The husband noticed that his wife was always sick and could do little work. When she went for fire-wood, she brought only a little. Yet every day she painted her face and combed her hair as young girls do. He became suspicious; and one day, instead of going hunting, he watched her. She went to the edge of the lake, where the roots of a stump extended into the water. Here she gave a signal. The water-being looked up in the middle of the lake, disappeared again, and came to the tree, where he made love to the woman. Afterwards she went home lame. The next day the man asked his wife to bring in some meat of the game that he had killed; but she protested, claiming to be too sick. Finally she went. Then the man painted and dressed himself to resemble his wife, went to the tree at the lake, and gave the signal. The water-being came out of the lake and embraced the man, who at once stabbed and killed him. He cut off his large privates and carried them home. He boiled them with pieces of fat and other meat. When his wife returned, he said, "I am sure you must be tired and hungry. I have cooked something nice for you." When she had been eating a short time, he remarked, "Women now eat their lovers' privates." She looked, and recognized a piece of the meat, and at once became very sick. Her husband killed her and cut off her head. He then returned to where the other people lived, and told them what had happened.

(Version b.)

A man's wife always went to the shores of a certain lake to gather roots, and brought back hardly any. She would not go to any other

<sup>1</sup> See BBAE 59 : 304, note 1 (Assiniboin, Bellacoola, Caddo, Carrier [pp. 4, 5, 22, 23], Cheyenne, Chippewayan, Chukchee, Cree, Lillooet, Ojibwa, Passamaquoddy, Shuswap, Sioux, Thompson, Ts'ista'ut, Tungus [Yana]); also this number, pp. 239-240.

place. Her husband became suspicious. She complained of being sick and lame. One day he told her he was going hunting, but instead sat down on a hill above the lake and watched. His wife came along; and when she reached the shores of the lake, she began to sing a love-song. A water-being came out and played with her. The husband told her he would go the next day and gather the roots, as she was sick and not able to gather much. He disguised himself. When he sang a love-song as his wife had done, the water-being came out. The man cut off his privates with a knife which he had concealed in his bosom. He boiled them, and gave them to his wife to eat. When she saw what she had been eating, she vomited, and afterwards, through shame, committed suicide.

#### 48. THE FAITHLESS WIFE; OR, THE ORIGIN OF WITCHCRAFT.<sup>1</sup>

A family lived in a large, long village in the HütCenū'<sup>2</sup> country. It consisted of husband, wife, and some children. The wife feigned sickness when her husband was at home. Whenever her husband was away, her lover came and staid with her. She said to her husband, "I have been sick a long time now; I am going to die soon." Later she said to him, "I am going to die to-night. Do not burn my body, but put it on top of the ground in a house of poles."<sup>3</sup> She had already put rotten clams underneath her body. The people buried her as she had directed, and her husband went to the grave and cried for his dead wife. She was not there, however, for she had departed the first night after the pole-house had been erected over her.<sup>4</sup> She went off with her lover, and was living with him in the farthest house at the end of the village. Some time afterwards one of her sons, who was a big boy, happened to go to this house. He was surprised to see his mother there. She never spoke to him, and feigned not to know him. When he came home, he told his father, who said, "You must be mistaken. You know that your mother is dead. The woman you saw may have a face resembling that of your mother, but it cannot be that she is alive." The boy went back to the house and had a good look. He came back, and told his father he was sure it was his mother. His father then went, and, looking through a crack in the house, recognized his wife. He went home, and said to himself, "I wish I could do something to kill them!" He tried to bewitch them with every kind of thing, including dead people's bones, but did not succeed. Then he tried the bone of a dead dog. When he put

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 781 (Kalgani, Skidegate, Tlingit).

<sup>2</sup> A division of the Tlingit (Hutsnuwu, "bear-fort").

<sup>3</sup> Some of the people in Hutsnuwu are said to have disposed of their dead in this manner.

<sup>4</sup> Compare RBAE 31 : 781.

this bone on his body, he began to shiver as shamans do when their spirits come into them. He kept on working with the dog-bone and dog-spirit until at last he was able to fly. Now he made two arrows<sup>1</sup> of hard wood, and, flying the whole length of the village, he caused everybody to fall asleep. He went to the place where his wife and her lover were, and pushed an arrow into his wife's rectum, thus killing her. He killed her lover in the same manner. When the people woke up, they said, "Why have we slept so late this morning?" They wondered why the woman and man did not get up. They examined them, and found them stiff and dead, with arrows sticking in them. They prepared the bodies for cremation, and wondered how they had been killed. Now the husband dressed up in his best clothes. He seemed very happy, and went around laughing, and challenging people to play the stick-game. When he played, he always won. The people noticed that when he played, he always joked and called the trump *toq qEtz*, which means "anus root-digger." This and his changed demeanor made the people think that he was the murderer of the woman and her lover; but they said nothing about it at that time, as they did not know of witchcraft. Afterwards all the people of that place became famous as witches, and witchcraft spread from them to other tribes. *In this way witchcraft was introduced.*

#### 49. TLE'NTLENDOK.<sup>2</sup>

There were many people living at one place. Among them were two young men who always slept together. When the people were asleep, one man would get up and go away to sleep with a water-woman. Afterwards the other man would get up and go to sleep with a smoke-woman (the smoke from the camp-fire always changed into a woman at night).<sup>3</sup> The man who lived with the smoke-woman wondered where his comrade went. He watched him, and followed him to the lake where he heard him whistle. Something then came up out of the water, and the man jumped in and disappeared. The next night he arose first, went to the lake, and did as his comrade had done. He went down under the water to the water-woman's house. When the other man came down to the lake and whistled, he received no reply. After waiting a while, he went back and found his comrade with Smoke-Woman.<sup>4</sup> Water-Woman did not discover that another

<sup>1</sup> Some people say that he took two hard-wood sticks and sharpened the points.

<sup>2</sup> Tlingit, *Ll'énaxx'Idaq*. See RBAE 31 : 746 (Haida, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

<sup>3</sup> Some people think this woman is the same as the marmot-woman or mother (see No. 65, "The Man who became a Marmot"), but most people do not agree with this opinion.

<sup>4</sup> It is said by some people that he returned and slept with Smoke-Woman himself. When the man who had gone with Water-Woman returned, he found him sleeping with Smoke-Woman, and both women found out that they had been deceived.

man was with her until he left her. That night, when the people were all asleep, Water-Woman, who was very angry, went to the houses of the people and plucked out the eyes of the two men. Then she went on and plucked out the eyes of the rest of the people, killing them all. A woman was camped outside in a shelter by herself, as she had given birth to a baby the night before. She did not feel well, and could not sleep. She often felt a hand passing before her eyes, and she always struck it away. This continued all night, and stopped only with daylight. In the morning she wondered why the people slept so long. She called to her husband, who slept near by in another lodge, but received no answer. After a while she discovered that all the people were dead, and that their eyes had been plucked out. She took her baby and journeyed towards the east. She became a wanderer, and known as *tle'ntlendo'k*. Some people have seen her, and others dream of her. Some who have seen her claim that she is very good-looking and has long finger-nails of copper. She goes about carrying her baby. It is considered lucky to see or dream of her, and it is said that she grants people their wishes. One man asked her for riches and got them. He was not satisfied. He asked for more and more. He said, "Give me riches until I burst." He became wealthier and wealthier, and one day he burst and died.

#### 50. THE MAN WITH THE TOOTHED PENIS.<sup>1</sup>

An old man had a penis that could reach a long distance. The end of it was provided with teeth which chewed like mice. It could cross water like a snake, and go under ground like mice and moles. When it met any obstructions, such as the roots of trees, it gnawed through them and went on. The man could distend or project it at will. When he thought he was observed, he drew it back, and it assumed ordinary proportions. It would attack women when they were asleep. They were not rendered pregnant, as the penis simply fed on them. When they awoke, they felt sick, but the feeling soon wore off. Once two young girls were sleeping together. The elder girl woke up feeling sick, and thought she had felt something touching her. She found that her breeches had been gnawed as if by mice. She put on breeches of thicker skin and watched. The penis came and began to chew them. She seized it and held on. The old man tried to pull it back, but he could not do so. The girl called for her knife, which was made of an animal's rib. It would not cut. She asked for a sharper knife. The men came and cut off the end of the penis. The girl told them her story, and said that she thought the penis must belong to the old

<sup>1</sup> See Okanagan (Telt, MAFLS 11 : 71), Thompson (Telt, JE 1 : 298), Tillamook (Boas, JAF 11 : 141).

man who slept at the end of the lodge, for he was moving about. The next morning the old man was sick. He told the people that he was going to die. He said, "I am very sick and am going to die. I cannot eat any food, for I have lost my teeth. I don't mind telling you everything, for you have found me out. Women's privates are my food. If you give me back the piece that you have cut off, I may live some years longer, but I do not care very much." The people let the old man die. If they had given him back the end of his penis, *then men at the present day would have had small teeth there*; but, as they withheld it, *it has its present form now*.

#### 51. THE DECEITFUL WIFE.

A man was out hunting. He had a wife and four children. He could find no large game. All he could get were small birds, sometimes only one or two a day. They were starving, and moved their camp. The woman found a bear's den. She heaped a pile of snow over it to conceal it, and camped alongside. Her husband was hunting. That night he heard near the head of the bed growling as of a dog. He asked his wife what it might be, and she answered that she was scratching herself. They were to move camp again the next day. In the morning her husband went ahead to try to find some game. He was barely out of sight when the woman killed the bear. She cooked the meat. Her husband smelled the burning hair and meat, and came back. As soon as she saw him, she hid the bear, and put the head of one of her children into the fire and scorched his hair. She told her husband that one of the boys had gone too close to the fire and had singed his hair. When he saw the boy with his hair burnt, he believed what she said, and departed. The woman fed herself and children, and put the rest of the meat on her toboggan. Now, her brothers were also starving, and, thinking that their brother-in-law might be well provided with game, they journeyed towards his camp. When they struck his trail, they followed it, and came to the place where their sister and her children had been eating the bear-meat. They saw the bear's skull hanging there. They were glad, and thought that their brother-in-law had been successful in hunting. The woman concealed the bear-meat from her husband, and kept it for herself and her children. When her brothers arrived in camp, they said to their brother-in-law, "We are starving;" and she answered, "So am I." They said, "We saw the skull of a bear that you had killed, and we thought you had meat." Then the woman said, "I will give you some meat to eat," and she took some out of her toboggan. The brothers were ashamed, and went off without eating. Then the husband killed her and the children, because she had hidden the food and deceived him.

52. THE SISTERS WHO MARRIED STARS.<sup>1</sup>

Two adolescent sisters who were living together were staying apart from the other people. One evening when about to retire, they were playing and joking with each other. Happening to look up at the stars, one of them said, "Do you see that nice star? That is my husband. I wish he would come here and take me!" The other sister looked around among the stars, and picked out one which seemed very beautiful. She said, "That one is my husband. I wish he would come for me!" Soon after this the girls fell asleep. In the morning they found themselves in the sky. The stars they had chosen had taken them up during the night. They lived with these men as their husbands. The star men were great hunters, and always killed an abundance of game. The women had to carry home all the meat and skins. After a while they discovered a hole in the sky, and they used to watch the people moving on the earth below. They thought by what means they might be able to descend to earth, and, according to the elder sister's suggestion, they secretly cut up skins and made a long rope. They told their husbands that some animal was eating the skins. When they thought the rope was long enough, the elder sister said, "I will go down first. If you feel me shake the rope, you will know that I have reached the ground. If I do not shake it, and all the rope is out, you will know that it is too short, and you must pull me up again. If you follow me, tie the end of the rope to the cross-stick over the hole, pull it up, and come down yourself." Their husbands were out hunting. Both sisters reached the earth in safety. The rope was not quite long enough, but they alighted on top of a tall tree.

The younger woman had just got clear of the rope when the star men arrived, and, finding that their wives had descended, cut the upper end of the rope, which fell down and lopped off all the side-branches of the tree. The women could not descend, and sat in the top of the tree, where a few branches were left. They called for help on the various animals that passed near the tree; but some passed without paying any heed, and others promised to help on their return. At last Wolverine came along, and they called to him. He said to them, "Yes, I can carry you down." He climbed the tree and began to play with the girls. The elder girl said to her sister, "Keep him off until after he has carried us down." She said to Wolverine, "You must carry us down first." He carried the elder one down, and wanted to play with her, but she would not let him until he had carried down her sister. When he came to her, he wanted to do likewise; but she said, "You must carry me down first." When he brought her down,

<sup>1</sup> See BBAE 59 : 309 and pp. 269, 308, of this number.

he asked for his reward; and the sisters said, "We are hungry; you must get us meat first." He brought the meat, and asked them again. They said, "Let us eat first." When they had finished, he asked again; and they said, "We are thirsty; bring us water first." Wolverine was now getting tired, but he brought the water. They said to him, "Take us up to the top of yonder steep bluff, and then we shall really give you what you want." He took them there, and the women prepared a bed to sleep in. Wolverine wanted to sleep farthest from the steep bluff, but they made him take the place over the precipice. He lay down next to the younger sister, and immediately the elder one pushed him off. He fell over the cliff and was killed. Now the sisters left, and looked for the camp of their people. One night Bush-Tailed Rat entered their camp and killed and ate one of them. The other escaped and reached the people, who had given the women up for dead. The surviving sister told the people of her adventures and how the stars were fine-looking people.

Because of this story the Indians believe that *it is dangerous to wish for the stars*; for they may come and take you away, as they did the sisters in the story. Because Wolverine carried these women on his back, *the wolverene at the present day can carry meat on his back*.

### 53. A TSE'DEXTSI<sup>1</sup> STORY; OR, THE GIRL WHO MARRIED THE DOG-MAN.<sup>2</sup>

A wealthy man had a daughter who lived in a recess off the main part of the house. The entrance to her chamber was from the main room, and the girl could neither go out nor in without being seen. Her father's old dog was in the habit of lying down at the entrance to her room, and was always in the way. Going in or coming out, she had to step over him or kick him out of the way. One night the old dog turned himself into a good-looking young man. Then he asked her if she would marry him. She consented; and forthwith they eloped, and made their camp on a distant mountain. The man proved to be a good hunter, and always brought home plenty of game. The girl noticed, however, that each time he went hunting, there was the sound of a dog barking in the direction whither he had gone. She asked her husband about this; and he said, "Your father's dog comes here." She asked, "Where is he now? I will feed him;" and he answered, "I called him, but he would not follow me. He must have

<sup>1</sup> Said to mean "rocks sitting down," with reference to the rocks at this place; which were the Dog-Man's wife and children.

<sup>2</sup> See JAFL 30 : 463 (Bellacoola, Cheyenne, Chilcotin, Chinook, Comox, Dog-Rib, Eskimo, Hare, Kaska, Kathlamet, Kwakiutl, Lillooet, Nootka, Quinault, Squamish, Thompson, Tlingit, Ts'x's'aut); Quileute (Mayer-Farrand, JAFL 32 : 272); also Coos (Frachtenberg, CU 1 : 167).

gone off somewhere." She also noticed that her husband put all the bones from their meals on the opposite side of the fire. He never threw them into the fire. At night she often heard crunching of bones, and thought that perhaps her father's dog had come. In the morning, however, there was never any sign of the dog having been there. She also noticed that her husband, on his return from hunting, invariably lay down for a short time and went to sleep quickly, as dogs do. She thought much over these things, and at last made up her mind to watch one night. She saw her husband get up, change into a dog, chew the bones alongside the fire, then change back into a man and go to bed again. She made up her mind to kill him. She prepared a block of wood and had a club ready. On the following day, when he came home from hunting, she said to him, "Well, you are tired. Lie down and have a nap. Put your head on this block while I cook for you. When all is ready, I will wake you up." While he slept, she hit him on the head. He changed into her father's old dog, and died. Now she returned to her parents, told them how she had eloped and that now she was pregnant. They said, "If your children are human, it will be well; but if they are dogs, it will be bad." One month afterwards she gave birth to four male and one female pups. The people were angry, and at once deserted her, leaving her without food. She would also have been without fire had not her maternal grandmother taken pity on her, hidden some fire in a pit, and secretly told her of it. The people had left in canoes.

The woman dug clams every day, and fed her children abundantly. Sometimes, when she returned home, as she approached the camp, she heard sounds of laughing and talking, as though children were playing in the lodge. She also noticed sticks lying about, as if children had been playing with them. She watched, and found that the boys had stripped off their dog-skins and had assumed the form of children. The girl, however, was ashamed to strip naked, and pulled her skin down, exposing the upper part of the body only. The boys had piled up their dog-skins while they were playing. The girl would run out from time to time to see if their mother was coming. The woman then went down to the beach to dig clams. She set up a stick, and put her hat and robe on it, to deceive the girl and make her think she was still on the beach. The mother then went back to the camp, and, creeping stealthily up behind the girl, seized her and pulled off her skin. She then seized the other skins and threw all into a hollow log that she had put on the fire before leaving.

The boys grew up to be good hunters, and always supplied the family with plenty of meat. Now the family left the coast and moved into the interior, where there was plenty of game. They hunted on the north side of the Stikine River in the Tahltan country. As they



depleted the game in each place where they hunted, they often moved camp and hunted in new places. When they had finished hunting in the Level Mountain country north of Telegraph Creek, they made up their minds to move to the south side of Stikine River. They forded the river at "The Three Sisters," a little above Glenora. The girl, who was adolescent, and therefore not supposed to look purposely at anything, wove a robe with a hood which came over her head and face. She sat down at the river's edge to wait for her mother, who was resting herself on the edge of the bank above and had divested herself of her pack. The four boys had entered the water. Their mother was watching them, and seeing the foremost ones struggling in the current, and, as she thought, in danger of being drowned, she called out in her excitement. The girl then looked at her brothers, who at once became transformed into stone in the positions they occupied in the water.<sup>1</sup> Then she and her mother and her pack also changed into stone; and all of them may now be seen as rocks at this place. These rocks are called "The Three Sister Rocks" by the whites, because of the three large rocks in the river close together. The Indians call the upper rock *Aske'tlekā'*; the middle one, *Kaskētī*; the one next to the lowest, *Tsexhuxha'*; and the lowest one, *Tlkaiā'uk*. These rocks are the four brothers. The rocks known as the girl and mother are on the shore, and a rock which stands out at the mouth of the little creek near by is known as their pack. *Because the Dog men hunted throughout the Tahltan country on the north side of the Stikine, and killed off so much game, marmots are scarce there now, while they are plentiful throughout the country on the south side of the river, where they did not hunt.*

#### 54. THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED A GHOST.<sup>2</sup>

Once an adolescent girl was living apart from the people. She was the daughter of a wealthy man who had much property and many slaves. One night a ghost asked her to elope with him. She consented to be his wife, as he appeared to her as a good-looking man. He took her to Ghost-land, which was underground, and not far away. As the girl did not appear in the morning, the people thought she was asleep, and her father sent some one to waken her. They found her place empty, and thought she must have eloped with some man. Her father sent slaves to search in all the houses, and he counted all the men. She could not be found anywhere. When the girl arrived in Ghost-land, she became the wife of two men. She had plenty to eat, as the Ghosts were good hunters. After a while her

<sup>1</sup> Compare stories of persons transformed into stone (or killed) by the glance of a pubescent girl: Shuswap (Teit, JE 2 : 650, 651), Thompson (Teit, MAPLS 6 : 45).

<sup>2</sup> See Tlingit (Swanton, BBAE 39 : 247).

husbands said, "Let us go and see your people! Probably you would like to visit your father." They went to her father's house and stood outside. The people said to her father, "Your daughter has come." He told them to tell her to come in, and, if she had any husband, to invite him in also. They made places for them in the house, and the girl entered with two skulls rolling behind her.<sup>1</sup> She took her seat, and the skulls took places one on each side of her. Her father told the slaves to cook food for them and to give them to eat. All the people kept looking at the skulls, and could not eat. The girl could not see any skulls, but instead two good-looking men. On the other hand, the people could not see any men, but only the skulls. The ghosts ate with their wife, and conversed with her; but the people could not hear them. The girl asked her father if her husbands might go hunting in one of his canoes. He told them to use a canoe that was on the river. When night came, the ghosts left, and took the canoe. They camped over one day,<sup>2</sup> and returned the following night. They came rolling into the house, as before. The girl was glad to see them, and told her father that there was meat in the canoe. He went to see for himself, and, finding it quite full, he ordered his slaves to carry the meat up to the house. The girl told her father that her husbands said they would leave soon, and they wished to know whether he would allow her to go with them. Her father asked if they would return some time; and she answered, "No, we shall not come back." Her father said, "Well, you must not go with them. I will pay them with much property, and they must leave you." He made a pile of goods, and gave it to them before they retired to sleep with their wife. On the following morning they were gone, and the goods had also disappeared. *This is why nowadays, if a husband ill-treats his wife, her father takes her back, and pays the husband for releasing her.* The girl staid with her father, but seemed to think much of Ghost-land. She told that it was a good land, better than here, and the people were good. They did not quarrel and fight. Her father said, "Yes, I know, but the people there are ghosts." She would not believe this. Before leaving, her husbands had told her they would come back for her soon. They meant that she was going to die. After a while she died, and went to Ghost-land to remain there as a ghost.

The ghosts who live underground are always seen as skulls rolling along the ground. People are afraid of them; for when they are seen, many deaths will occur. Other ghosts are like shadows, and harmless.

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 754.

<sup>2</sup> Day was the same as night to us, for they travelled and hunted at night.

55. THE OWL-WOMAN.<sup>1</sup>

Once a man married a young girl who had not finished her training, and still wore the robe with large hood used by girls at this period. Her mother lived with them. The man was a good hunter, and always brought home plenty of meat. He brought home the paunch of a caribou for his wife to eat, for, being adolescent, she did not eat meat. That evening he said to his wife and mother-in-law, "We will move camp to-morrow. You women will carry everything over there; and I shall go hunting, and join you at night." The following morning the women started with their loads, and on their way passed a tree where the owl lived. The mother said, "Oh, there is an owl's nest in this tree!" The girl looked up, and at once had a strong desire to go there. The owl's influence had come over her. She said, "I will climb up to see it." While she was doing so, she began to hoot, and went into the nest, where she disappeared. When her mother called her, she looked down, and said, "I shall eat you." Her mother noticed that her daughter's face already looked like that of an owl. Her clothes had dropped off on her way up the tree. Her mother now picked them up and put them on, intending to deceive her son-in-law. She hid her face with the hood. The man came home. He mistook the old woman for his wife, and asked her where her mother was. The woman answered, "She has gone out." The man gave her a paunch to cook and eat. As the old woman had very few teeth, she put charcoal in her mouth along with the food to make a crunching-noise. She thought the sound was exactly like that of some one chewing: so she said to her son-in-law, "Don't you think I chew well? Listen to me." He was made suspicious by this question, and thought the sound was different from that of some one chewing. He pulled back the hood, and discovered that she was his mother-in-law. He asked her where his wife was; and she answered, "On a big tree. She has turned into an owl." Her husband went to the tree and called his wife. She flew down repeatedly close to her husband's head, saying, "I shall take my husband's hair." He tried to catch her, but in vain.

The owl took the girl because she looked up. An adolescent girl should only look along the ground.

56. THE GIRL WHO WAS STOLEN BY OWL.<sup>2</sup>

Once a number of people who were living at a salmon creek engaged in putting up fish for winter use. In one house lived a girl with her parents and sister. Her grandmother lived near by in another lodge. The girl had been playing in her grandmother's lodge, and came home late, after her parents had gone to bed. She asked them for something

<sup>1</sup> Compare Kaaka, "The Owl-Woman" (JAFL 30 : 462).

<sup>2</sup> S. : : : E 59 : 296 (note 5) and RBAE 31 : 762.

to eat; but her parents did not want to get up, and told her to wait until the next morning. The girl cried and cried. Suddenly they heard some one speak outside with a voice like that of the grandmother, saying, "Come here! I'll give you a piece of salmon." The mother told the girl to go; but it was dark outside, and she was afraid. She continued to cry, and her mother urged her to go. She went out, and came back, saying, "That woman is not my grandmother." Her mother said, "Surely it is she." She went out again, and Owl took her. She screamed, and her parents got up. All the people searched for the girl. They followed her to the foot of a mountain, in which she disappeared. Her cries became fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Owl took her through the mountain to her lodge, which was in a hollow tree on the other side. The people dug into the mountain, but gave it up when they heard cries far away on the other side. They returned home and sang a dirge, accompanying it with beats of a long staff. Owl heard the noise, and said, "Let us go and see what the people are doing!" Owl went, and perched with the girl on the roof of one of the lodges, and watched. Owl asked, "Why are they singing?" and the girl answered, "Because they are sórry." Owl said, "That is funny." The people kept up the ceremony for several nights, and Owl watched each night. She thought it was nice, and asked the girl, "How do they do it? Do they hold the pole and bring one end down on their heads?" Owl thought this, because to her everything looked upside down. The girl answered, "Yes," and Owl said she would like to try it. The girl said, "Very well. Let me help you!" When they came home, the girl made a long pole, sharpened one end, and put a heavy flat stone on the other. She stood above Owl, who was standing up straight. She put the sharp end of the stick on Owl's head just where the skull was weakest. She pushed the stick and drove it in with the stone. Owl tried to pull the stick out, but did not succeed. When dying, she tore holes in the tree with her hands. The girl left, and returned to her people. She was weak, for Owl had fed her on live ants, telling her to swallow them without chewing. At last she reached the place where the people drew water, and sat down. Her sister came, and recognized her. When she told her parents that her sister had returned, the mother would not believe it. She said, "Don't speak of her! Long ago Owl took her." The girl returned, and told her sister that their parents would not believe her. Then the returned girl took off part of the fringe of her marten robe and sent it to her mother. She recognized it, and came out at once and took her in. She told her story. There was a good fire in the camp; and when the girl became warm, the ants stirred in her belly, and came out through her mouth, nose, ears, and even her eyes, and every opening in her body. Then she died.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare No. 43, p. 237.

## THE PAPAGO MIGRATION LEGEND.

BY J. ALDEN MASON.

THIS version of the migration myth — it cannot properly be called an "origin" myth — was secured at Santa Rosa, Ariz., on the newly established Papago Reservation, January, 1919, from Abraham Pablo, a Papago resident. Santa Rosa is one of the largest and most conservative of the Papago villages; but the Government has recently established a pump and a school there, — factors which will soon result in a loss of conservatism. The story was commenced in native text; but, as time available was insufficient, the greater part of it was taken in English through an interpreter. With it, toward the end, is combined the story of the sacrifice of the children, inasmuch as the two stories were said to belong to the same epoch. The latter legend is particularly connected with Santa Rosa, as its action took place there. It was obtained from the same informant, and in text.

The migration legends of the Papago and Pima are long and complex epical cycles. The actual myth is told through a series of songs, which continue for four nights, the singing lasting all night. I am not certain whether the myth consists entirely of songs, the context being understood by the hearers, or whether the context is spoken, and interspersed liberally with the songs. A very complete version of the Pima myth, with the songs, is given by Frank Russell in his "The Pima Indians" (RBAE 26). It is considerably longer than the present Papago version, which is probably far from complete. There is a close resemblance between them in general spirit, and many incidents are common to both; but each has some elements not found in the other. In both, the first part is quite mythological and supernatural; but towards the end the accounts of the dispossession of the former inhabitants of the country are so circumstantial, with names of persons and places, incidents and travels, so definitely stated, as to lead to the inevitable impression of a true historical basis, clouded by time.

One of the interesting features of the present myth is the identification of Elder Brother with Montezuma. The reason for this is not clear; but that the identification is a uniform one, is indicated by the number of localities in the Papago country which bear the name of Montezuma.

The "Shrine of the Children's Sacrifice" is situate just west of the village of Santa Rosa. The principal feature of the shrine is a

ring of a single row of *ocotillo*-sticks about four feet high, bending inwards. The ring is about ten feet in diameter, with openings to the east and west. To the northwest and southwest are heaps of discarded *ocotillo*-sticks, piled like cords of wood. Those at the bottom are entirely decayed; those at the top, comparatively fresh. As they are changed only every few years, a considerable age is indicated. In the centre of the ring is a small mound of flat stones about eighteen inches high. A large flat slab surmounts it, on which some blue beads were lying at the time of my visit. Two short sticks of *ocotillo* are stuck in the ground immediately to the east of the pile. To the east runs a shallow gully for about one hundred feet, to the "end of the flow of water." Here are ten more large flat stones, singly and without apparent arrangement. To the eastern end of each, occasionally to both ends, a short stick of *ocotillo* is stuck in the sand. The entire shrine is kept fairly well cleaned.

At a distance of less than a half-mile is the "Shrine of the Buried Olla." On a level space is a low mound about six feet in diameter and one foot high. It is surrounded by a ring of odd-shaped stones, broken archaeological milling-stones, and similar objects. To each of the cardinal points an *ocotillo*-stick is erected. On the top of the mound is a large flat slab, on which are innumerable small offerings, curious-shaped stones, daintily colored shells, small coins, cartridges, archaeological bits of drilled turquoise, and modern beads, making a pretty and interesting effect.

For further information on the shrines, Santa Rosa, and the Papagos in general, the reader is referred to Carl Lumholtz, "New Trails in Mexico," particularly pp. 90-110.

#### MONTEZUMA.

Long ago, so it is said, another people lived in this country, whose chief was named Montezuma. At that time all people spoke the same language; in fact, everything was able to speak. And Elder Brother caused the rain to fall, and fed all the people. He planted some food-plants, — chia and flax-seed and choya, many different kinds of seeds. And Chief Montezuma always took good care of his people.

But there came a time when he treated them badly and killed them. The chief sent pain upon them, with which he killed his people. When they learned that it was Montezuma who had done this, they all set out, and went to his house and killed him.<sup>1</sup> Then they returned to their homes. Four days later one of them went again to Montezuma's house, and was astounded to see him sitting there. He found

<sup>1</sup> Compare Russell, "The Pima Indians" (RBAE 26 : 225).

that Montezuma had come to life again. So he returned home, and told his people that Montezuma had revived. "He is sitting right there," he told them. Then the old leader told his people that they must go and kill Montezuma again. Again they set out, and came to Montezuma's house, and were surprised to see him sitting there. Again they killed him. They cut up his body, and mixed his flesh with earth. They pounded it all to bits. And his bones they likewise pounded up, and mixed with earth and scattered. Then they left him and went home.

Four days passed, and again one of the people went to Montezuma's house. And there he sat! he had revived again. Again the man went home, and told the people that Montezuma had come to life again. Then said the leader, "We must again prepare, and go and kill him again." So they got ready, and again went to Montezuma's house. There, indeed, he was sitting. Surprised as they were, they again killed him, and cut him up; but this time they cooked the flesh until it fell to pieces. They took it out and tore it into little bits, and scattered them far and wide. Then again they went home.

Again four days passed, and some one happened to go by Montezuma's house. And there he sat! Astounded at the sight, he returned home, and told the people that Montezuma had revived again. Then said the chief, "What can we do to kill him so that he will not come to life again?" Then the people from all parts held a great council, and debated the matter. "How can we kill this Montezuma so that he will never again come to life? By what means shall we kill him so that he will not revive?" — "You must immediately take council with one another, and possibly you will find some way by which we can kill this Montezuma so that he will never again come to life." Thus said the old chief.

Then said some of the people, "We will tell Yellow-Buzzard, who has the iron bow. Possibly, if he kills him with that, he will not revive." — "All right!" said the chief. "It may be true, that, if he is killed with the iron bow, he will not come to life again." So said the chief. And the people also said, "It is well that we should tell the one up there." This they all agreed. And the chief said, "Go, one of you, and tell him to come here to my house, that I may smoke with him. Thus will you tell Yellow-Buzzard." So one of them ran and told him that the chief had sent for him.

Then said Yellow-Buzzard, "All right! I'll go there. Run ahead!" Thus said Yellow-Buzzard. So the man ran home to his house, and told the chief that he would come. Then said the chief, "All right! I'll wait for him." At last Yellow-Buzzard arrived there, and the people all smoked together. Then the chief said, "I will tell you why we have sent for you, Yellow-Buzzard." Thus said the chief,

"I did so because Montezuma is killing us off. — And you, Yellow-Buzzard, have the iron bow, with which you may kill him so that he will never again come to life. For that reason I sent for you." Then said Yellow-Buzzard, "All right! I will do as you have said." Thus said Yellow-Buzzard. Then the chief said, "Four days from now you must be ready, and come here. And then you will go and kill Montezuma." Then said Yellow-Buzzard, "I will come on the day that you name. On that day look for me, and I will come." Thus spoke Yellow-Buzzard. "Good!" said the chief. "You people must also all be ready when Yellow-Buzzard arrives." Thus did he say to the people. Then Yellow-Buzzard went back to his home.

Four days passed, and Yellow-Buzzard arrived. The people also were ready, and they went over to Montezuma's house. And when they came to it, there he sat! Then Yellow-Buzzard sat down and seized his iron bow. Carefully he took aim, and shot and killed Montezuma. Then they all went home. Then said Yellow-Buzzard, "Now I have killed Montezuma! Four days from now one of you will go there to look at him. Perhaps he will not come to life, as before; but if he should revive again, come up and tell me, and I will kill him again." Thus spoke Yellow-Buzzard. "It is well," said the chief, and Yellow-Buzzard went home. And when four days had passed, one of the people went to the house of Montezuma. He was surprised to see that Montezuma had not revived, as before. There he still lay. So he returned home, and told the chief that Montezuma had not come to life, but still lay there. Thus did he tell the chief. Then said the chief, "It is well; possibly he will never revive as before." And truly he did not come to life for four years.<sup>1</sup>

For four years Montezuma lay there dead, though before he would have come to life the next day; but after four years he rose again, and ascended, and travelled with the sun, for he was offended at his people. He decided to send sickness upon them, and kill them all. Four years he remained with the sun; and during that time he gathered every feather which he found, — eagle-feathers and all other kinds.<sup>2</sup> When he had collected a great bundle of them, he burned them, and kept the ashes. Then he roasted a little corn, and ground it on the metate with the ashes. He filled a little basket with the feather pinole. Then he made a man; and when it was noon, he sent him down with the pinole to a large village, instructing him what to do when he met the inhabitants.

The man whom Montezuma had made came down from the sun, and took his stand by the pond where the people of the village got their water. Soon some women came to get water. "Are all the

<sup>1</sup> To this point the story was obtained in text; from here on, only in English translation.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Russell (RBAE 26 : 219).



men at home?" he asked them, and they replied that they were. "Send one of them over to see me," he said. "I wish to talk with one before I go back." The women then went back, and told one of the men that they had met a stranger at the pond who was anxious to return, and wanted some one to go and talk with him immediately. So the man went over, and saw Montezuma's man sitting at the edge of the pond. "Before I talk to you," said the latter, "I'll mix you some pinole, so that you may drink first." He then mixed some of the pinole, and gave it to the man to drink. And when he had drunk it, he felt a pain in his stomach, and a desire to shake himself; but when he did so, little spots broke out all over his body. "I'll mix you some more," said Montezuma's man; and when the other had drunk the second time, he shook himself again, and feathers began to come out all over his body. A third time he did the same, and the feathers came out a little stronger. The fourth time the remainder of the pinole was mixed; and when he had drunk it and shaken himself, the feathers grew out long over his entire body. Then Montezuma's man said, "That is what I came here for, to give you this pinole," and he rose up and went off. Going to the same place where he had reached earth, he ascended again to the sun.

The man who had drunk the pinole was left alone at the side of the pond; and every once in a while he shook himself, and the feathers came out more strongly. He was ashamed to return home and see the people. In the village all the men were waiting for him to return, and tell them what the stranger had said. One of the chiefs climbed up on his house-top, and told all the people to come out and hear what he would report. "After he reports," he said, "we are all going out to hunt rabbits."

Now it was getting late, nearing noon; and the chief said, "I wonder why he doesn't come! It is getting very late, and we won't kill any rabbits!" So he sent out a man to see what was keeping the other so long by the pond; but when the messenger neared the pond, he saw only a great eagle standing by the shore, shaking his wings. So he went back to the chief, and said to him, "There is something strange at the pond, so I didn't go over there to see about the man." But the chief said to the people, "It isn't true! This man is just lying." And he sent another man. But when the second man neared the pond, he also saw the eagle sitting at the edge; and he likewise returned, and told the chief that there was a large bird at the pond, so he didn't go closer, but came back. Four times the chief sent different men; and each time they returned, and told him that it was true that something strange was at the pond.

Then said the chief, "Well, if it is true, get ready, all of you, and we will go out and kill this strange thing." Then all the people

started out with their weapons, and came close to the pond. "Some of you go to this side, and some to that," said the chief, "so that we may be sure of killing it." But when they came close to him, the eagle rose up, flying so low, that the people ran along under him, and tried to shoot him with their bows and arrows. But the eagle at last left them behind, and came to a big tree, where he thought he would rest a while. But the tree broke down with his weight, and he had to rest on the ground; and while he was resting, the people came up again, and began to shoot at him. Again he flew away, so swiftly that the people lost sight of him, and ceased the pursuit; but they still tried to find out where he had gone. He flew away to a steep mountain which had perpendicular sides, like a mesa. When he first rested on it, it shook for a little while, but finally quieted. Here he made his nest. Every morning he would sally forth in pursuit of game,—deer, antelope, rabbits, or anything he could kill.

Now, at this time Montezuma was not alive. It was his spirit which had ascended to the sun, but his bones were still lying where Yellow-Buzzard had killed him. And every day the children played with them. One morning they went out to play near his bones, and were terrified to see him sitting up alive. So he lived among his people again, and they treated him well; but they feared him because of his powerful magic, with which he could work them much harm. When he came around visiting, they were much afraid of him, and did not like to have him go among the houses.

Now the great eagle which Montezuma's spirit had sent down was killing all the animals, and exterminating the deer and rabbits, and it was very difficult for one to get any food. So Montezuma thought it would be a good plan to let the eagle kill some of the people, so that he might then rid them of the monster and earn their confidence and gratitude, so they would no longer fear him. So at last the eagle could find nothing more to eat, and went to the village, and, catching a man, carried him to his cave and ate him. Then the people were greatly disturbed; and the chief called a council, and said, "What are we going to do? This eagle will eat us all up!" And some one said, "We had better consult Montezuma about it; he may have some means of killing the eagle." So the chief sent a man to call Montezuma to the meeting; and when the messenger came to his house, he said to Montezuma, "The chief wants you to go down to the meeting and hear him speak about a certain matter."—"Very well," said Montezuma, "I'll be down there in about four days." So the chief told all the people to gather at the council in four days to hear what Montezuma would propose. When the four days had passed, all the men gathered at the chief's house in the evening; and they sat up all night waiting for Montezuma, who never came. So in the morning

the chief sent another man to his house, but Montezuma told him the same as he had told the first one; but he did not mean days — he meant years. "After four *years* I'll be down there." So the chief kept on sending men, but Montezuma always replied the same. And all the time the great eagle was continuing to eat the people, one or two every day. He even took a girl, but did not kill her; he kept her for his wife.

At last the four years had passed, and Montezuma went down to the chief's council. "Please do all you can to kill the eagle," said the chief, "or else he'll eat us all up." And Montezuma replied, "Very well, I'll do all I can to kill him." He asked the people to gather him some reeds known as *va-s*, and with these and his great machete he started off. He came to the foot of the steep mountain, and sang a song. Then he stuck one of the reeds in the side of the mountain, where it remained. Pulling himself up by means of this, he stuck in another; and after repeating the process ten times, he reached the top of the rock. The eagle was out hunting; so Montezuma went into the cave, and saw there the wife with a year-old baby. When she saw Montezuma standing at the door, she asked, "How did you get here? I didn't think that any one could come here alive, because the eagle is killing every one." Then Montezuma replied, "I came up some way to ask you when the eagle will be back." — "He'll be back in the middle of the day," she said. Then Montezuma told her that he had come there to kill the eagle, and asked her, "What does he do when he comes home at noon?" — "When he comes home," she replied, "I give him his dinner; and when he is through, he lies down, and I pick the lice from his head. Then he goes to sleep, and the baby also goes to sleep, and I lay it by his side." So Montezuma told her to do the same as she had been in the custom of doing to the eagle. "Come along!" he said. "I'll tell you where I'll be hiding, so that, when they are asleep, you can come and let me know." So they went over to the place where the eagle kept the dead persons' bodies; there was a great pile of them. "I'll make myself into a green fly, and hide deep down under the mass of dead," Montezuma told her; "but when you come to call me, call in a low voice, not loud." So he did as he told her, and went down under the pile of dead.

Soon it was noon, and Montezuma heard something coming roaring like the wind; and when it came closer, he heard a person groaning. The eagle flew down, carrying a great many people; but when he arrived at the cave, he was excited, and looked all over the cave, smelling and sniffing. "I believe some live man has come here to our cave," he told his wife; but she replied, "No, no one has come here; you had better come and eat your dinner which I have prepared. No one would be able to come here; you merely smell the live men you

have just brought in." But the little baby looked up at his father, and tried to speak, saying, "Apatcuvi!" the meaning of which is unknown. "Some one must have come here!" exclaimed the eagle. "Listen to what the baby is trying to tell me!" — "Oh, come in and eat!" she replied. "That's the way babies always do when they are beginning to talk; he doesn't know what he's saying!"

Then the eagle went over to the pile of dead, and began to turn them over and inspect them. And when he came to the one on the bottom, he exclaimed, "Phew! This one is getting rotten; I'd better throw it away." — "No, don't!" said his wife, coming out; "for some day you'll have had bad luck and not kill anything, and the baby will be hungry. Then we'll eat it, anyway." The eagle still wanted to throw it away; but the woman induced him not to do so, for she knew that Montezuma was inside of that body. So he took his wife's advice at last, and put the body back, and laid the others over it. He went back into the cave and ate his dinner; and when he had finished, his wife began to louse him, and he went to sleep. He lay on the ground with the pillow under his neck, and his head hanging down; and the baby slept beside him in the same position.

Then the woman went to the pile of dead, and told Montezuma that the eagle was sleeping. At that he came out and resumed his natural shape. "Go inside the cave and make yourself a firm seat," he told her, "because the mountain will tremble when I kill the eagle, and you might fall off." Then he took out his great knife, went into the cave, and cut off the heads of the eagle and the baby. The heads he threw to the north. Then he cut off their breasts, and threw them to the east, the bellies to the south, and the legs to the west. Firmly he clung to the rock, while the great mountain began to shake. It trembled for a short while, and then came to rest. Montezuma told the woman to warm some water; and when he had washed all the dead persons with this, they revived. All climbed down the way that he had mounted, and went to the village. Montezuma asked them if they all recognized their houses; and all did but two, who were the most rotten. These he told to go with the others.

Now Montezuma thought that he had done a great service to his people, and that they would no longer be afraid of him; but whenever he came to the village, after he left and returned home, the chief would call his medicine-men together, and ask them if he had done anything to make the people sick. Montezuma knew what they were doing, and became angry again because the people were still afraid of him and thought him an evil medicine-man. So he planned to do some more things to establish his station among them.

One morning early he started east toward the sunrise, and met the sun as he was coming up. He made another man, and painted him,

and gave him a kicking-ball.<sup>1</sup> "Go with the sun," he told him; "and when he gets to the middle of the heavens, come down to the village, where all the people are living." So, when the sun had reached the zenith, the man descended to the village, and began to kick his ball around. He kicked it toward the village; and when he came near it, he saw some women sitting outside of one of the houses, making a mat. Coming a little closer, he kicked his ball to where they were sitting. One of them took it, looked at it, and hid it in her dress. When the man came up and asked for his ball, she replied, "Your ball never came this way; I haven't seen it; you must have kicked it somewhere else; I never look around when I'm working." — "No, you've got my ball!" — "I never saw your ball." — "Well, you can keep the ball if you want to; but I know you won't take as good care of it as I. I've taken great care of it, and used it as it ought to be used." So he went back to the sun again. After he had gone, the woman thought she would look at the ball: so she arose and looked all around, but could not find it; so she went to work again. But the ball entered her body, and she became pregnant. When the baby was born, it had long finger-nails like a bear, and the parents wanted to kill it, but the mother refused. This monster was known as *ho'o'kē*; it was neither man nor woman.

When the child grew up and played with the boys, she scratched them when angry: so the people who had children did not like her. And when she grew up, she fought with the boys. But one day her mother tied her to a post, and whipped her so hard, that she became furiously angry and ran away. She went south, and found a cave across the Mexican line at Pozo Verde, where she lived on deer and rabbits. She would hang around villages; and when a child began to cry, she would come up, and say, "Why don't you make my grand-child stop crying? Let me quiet it!" Then she would take the child and rip out its entrails, and carry them home, where she would grind them in her mortar and eat them. So there were no children growing up.

Then the chief called a council of the people, and said to them, "What are we going to do? This *ho'o'kē* is eating all our children! We had better send for Montezuma again, and ask him to kill the *ho'o'kē*." So he sent a man to Montezuma's cave to ask him to come and hear what the chief wished to say to him. "I'll be there after four days," replied Montezuma, and he really meant four days this time. So after four days he came to the meeting, and they decided to go to Pozo Verde. He told the people to sing for four nights and four days, so that the *ho'o'kē* would be sleepy and go home. So, when evening came, Montezuma began the singing, and sent a man to invite the

<sup>1</sup> Compare Russell (RBAE 26 : 222).

*ho'o'ke* to come over. "I'll be down there in a little while," replied the monster. Soon she came down, and the dance had already begun. She entered the group in which Montezuma was, and began to dance with him. At this all the people shouted, which pleased the *ho'o'ke* immensely. All night she danced with Montezuma. For four nights and four days this continued, and the last night the monster went to sleep.

Then Montezuma took her on his shoulders and carried her home, singing and dancing. Before this, many of the people had been at the cave, gathering dry sticks. They laid her on the bed in the cave, and filled it with dry wood and set fire to it. When the fire reached her, she sprang up, and cried, "Why are you doing this to me? I have been enjoying your hospitality, and now you are treating me ill!" So hard she sprang up, that she hit her head against the top of the cave, so that the rock split. But Montezuma ran above the cave and put his foot on the crack to close it. The footprint is still to be seen there. When four days had passed, the fire had ceased, and the cave was cool. The people entered, and took the body out. They cut it up into little pieces, and the people of each village took a piece and went home.

Montezuma was sure that now the people would think well of him, because he had done so much for them; but they suspected him just as before, and he found no friends among his own people. He considered other plans by which he might make his people like him.

Away to the south was another chief whom he knew; and he went to him, and asked him to find a plan by which he could make himself popular with his people. "I can't do anything for you," said the southern chief. "It is too difficult." He then went to a chief in the north, who also declined, but sent him to a chief in the west. "I can't help you," said the western chief; "but go and see the chief in the east, possibly he can do something for you." But the eastern chief also could do nothing to help him. "Go to the chief under the ground," he said: "he may be able to aid you." So Montezuma sank into the ground, and came to the village of the chief there. To him he told all his troubles, — all the services that he had done to his people on the earth, — but the people still feared him. "There is no way by which your people can be brought to respect you," said the underground chief. "The only thing to do is to kill them off, and let my people take their place. If you say so, I'll take my people up there, and we'll kill them off and take the land." — "Very well," said Montezuma. "I'll take you at your word. That's what I came here for, — to find out what I should do."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare Russell (REAE 26 : 226).

The chief of the under-world then instructed his people to make a great enclosure, so that they might all hold a council inside and hear what he had to say to them. The enclosure was made, and in four days all the people gathered there. Then he stood up among them, and told them that Montezuma had come there for help, that his people had not treated him kindly. "I know that all my people are fighting men," he said, "so I told him we would help him. Now get ready, all of you, and we will decide what day we will go up and fight the people on the other side. — And you medicine-men also, prepare to use your influence when we begin fighting with them." Then Montezuma also stood up and encouraged them, saying that the people on the outside were unable to do anything. "We'll kill them all off and take the land," he told them. "After four days we'll be out on the other side. So I want you all to get your bows and arrows ready; and if there is anything you medicine-men need, get it ready." Then the chief of the under-world stood up again, and told the people to have the women prepare food, for no one was to be left below — all were to go to the other side and fight.

When the four days had passed, all the people were ready, and Montezuma and the chief led the way. They went a little distance away from the village, and Montezuma tried to make a way for them to get through to the surface of the earth, but was unable to do so. Then the chief tried and failed, and then all the medicine-men. Finally a medicine-woman stood up and made the way, and all climbed up on the outside. When all had reached the surface, the hole closed up again.

At that time the woman's carrying-basket (*kiho*) was able to walk alone, carrying its load. But the coyote laughed at it, saying, "What's that walking around over there?" Then the *kiho* stopped, and never walked again. Since that time it has always been carried around by the women.

The people came out of the earth somewhere in the east. There they spent the first night; and the chief said to them, "In the morning we will divide into many groups, so we can occupy the entire earth. Some of you will go to the sea, and others to the north and the west. Kill everything you see, — people, birds, deer, and everything. We must kill everything off." So in the morning they divided as the chief had instructed, and set out. All over the country they travelled, killing all the people. When food gave out, they settled in a place for a year or so, and raised corn and beans for food and provisions; and on they came again, fighting the former inhabitants. And when the latter heard that they were coming, they prepared to meet them and to fight against them to protect their lands. Whenever they came to a village, Montezuma's medicine-men would make them

sleep, and blinded them so that they could come into the villages and kill the inhabitants without resistance. It was while the country was thus being conquered that the incident of the buried children occurred among the earlier population.<sup>1</sup>

The people were hungry. There was no water, and no rain fell.<sup>2</sup> One day a man went out to hunt hares. He saw no hares; but he saw a badger, and thought he would kill it. So he ran after it, but the badger ran into a hole. Then he decided to dig it out and kill it: so he commenced to dig where the badger had gone in. Very deep he dug until he came to a big hole with water in it. Out of this hole the wind came. Then the man went home. The people heard the wind roar, and said, "Where is that roaring?" And they told the medicine-man to try to find out where it was. He decided that the roaring was where the badger had gone in, and he told the people so. Then all the people went over there and saw it.

Then the chief spoke, and said, "You medicine-men, try to do something to stop that wind from blowing so!" That is what he said to the medicine-men; and they replied, "Very well, we'll try to do something." So they tried their best, but were unable to stop it. And they told the people so. Then said the chief, "Let every one come to our meeting!" and they all came. And he said, "If any one owns anything valuable, let him bring it. If any one has any beads, bring them, so we can stop the water [*sic*] with them." Thus said the chief. So all the people brought their beads; and the chief took them, and walked over and left them near where the wind was blowing. "Cease blowing!" he told the wind, but it never stopped. Still it blew. They could do nothing, and went home.

For four days the wind blew, and then came the water. Then the people gathered again in council to debate about what they should do. "It will drown us all," they said. So they asked the shamans to try again, but they replied that they were unable to do anything. Then one man who was not a medicine-man — just a wise man — said, "Let us put some children in the hole; possibly then the water will stop pouring out." Thus said that intelligent man. Then the chief said, "Good! All you who have children, bring them, so that we may do as he says." And all the people agreed to put their children in. "We will put four children into the hole," said the chief. "Two of them shall be boys, and two girls; so there will be four." They told some of the children that they would be put into the hole, and the children replied that it would be all right. "It is well that you put us into the hole," said the children; "for possibly then the

<sup>1</sup> The story of the sacrifice of the children was taken earlier and in text, but from the same informant.

<sup>2</sup> Lumboltz, *New Trails in Mexico*, p. 100.



water will cease." That is what they said. "We will meet again to put in the children," said the chief, "or the water will increase." So they all assembled again, and brought four children. The water was pouring out. So they threw the children in, and the water ceased.

Then the medicine-men said, "Find a large jar, and let us put it somewhere and place the beads in it!" So they all hunted around, found a large jar, and took it to the shamans, who carried it a little farther down. And when they had found a good place, they stopped, and said, "Here will be a good spot for the jar to be placed. So bring your beads and put them into it." And all the people brought their beads and put them in. The medicine-men buried the great jar, and said to the people, "Hereafter, whenever any one comes to this place, he must give whatever he has with him as an offering to the jar, as long as the world shall last."

. . . . .

For many years no rain came in the country. This was owing to the magic of the invading medicine-men, who thus made the former population hungry and unable to fight. And the people here heard about those who were coming from the east, and they built the Casa Grande so that they might have better protection from them. The largest villages were along the Gila. At Casa Grande there was a man named Sivanvi, who was the most powerful shaman of all the people around there. He was able to sink into the ground, and come out at some other place. But one of the medicine-women of the invaders changed herself into lightning; and when Sivanvi endeavored to sink into the earth, she struck him and killed him. All along the river they fought until they came to Va'ahki, a place between Gila Crossing and Sacaton. There they encountered a powerful hostile medicine-man, and were unable to get the better of him. He was stronger than they. So one of the medicine-women changed herself into a dark-red snake. She coiled herself around the building, and squeezed and cut it in two; so that the top fell in, and killed all the people within. Then they went ahead fighting their way, but found no more powerful opponents.

As far as the sea they went; and here the shamans and the medicine-women caused the sea to divide, so that they crossed on the dry bottom, and conquered the people on the other side of the sea. Then they crossed the sea again, and returned. But as they were beginning to cross back, a boy about eleven years old became obstinate, and cried and rolled on the ground when his mother tried to carry him across. So his parents were delayed; and the seas came together again, and left them on the other side. And so there are still some of the same people living on the other side of the sea.

Then they came back again to this valley, and settled here; and Montezuma told them to spread over the entire country. "Each village will talk a little differently," he told them, "but you will all understand each other." Then he divided the Apaches from the rest, and sent them to the northeast; and he said to the others, "These people will fight against you just so as to keep you active and good runners and good fighters." And he told the Apaches of certain things they must eat, and certain which they might not eat. And he told the Apaches to come here and fight. Having done this, he went back to his old cave.

Some time after this, two men came from the south, from heaven, looking for Montezuma. They passed through here on their way to Tuaki. And the chief at Va'aki sent out men to tell Montezuma to come to the council. When Montezuma came, the two men told him that they had come to get him, and to take him to the chief of the place from where they had come, who wanted to speak to him. Montezuma did not want to go, but finally agreed, and set out. But after they had gone half way, Montezuma stopped, and said he would not go any farther. "I also am a chief here," he said to them; "and if any other chief wants to talk to me, he'll have to come half way and meet me." Then the two men tried to compel him to go with them, but he would not go farther. "It is better for me to stay right here," he told them. "Very well," said the two men; and they dug a hole and made him an underground house, and sealed him in. The house has four doorways, and is somewhere just over the line in Mexico. And there is Montezuma locked up.

#### ABSTRACT.

Montezuma was chief of the former population of the Papago country. At first he treated his people well, but later abused them; and they killed him. Three times they killed him, and each time he revived in four days. The fourth time they induced Yellow-Buzzard to kill him with his iron bow, and Montezuma remained dead for four years. Then his spirit ascended to the sun, where he planned revenge. He sent a man to earth with pinole mixed with burnt feathers. The latter induced an Indian to eat the pinole, and he was thereby changed into a great bird who preyed on animals and men. In despair the people appealed to Montezuma, who had arisen in body. He attained the great bird's nest, and, with the help of a woman it had carried off, changed himself into a fly, hid under the corpses, and, after the bird had fallen asleep, killed both it and its child.

Montezuma thought now he had regained his position among his people, but still they feared him. So he sent a man with a ball, which entered a woman, and she gave birth to a monster known as a *ho'o'ke*, who ate children. Again the people appealed to Montezuma, and he killed the monster by burning it in a cave. But even yet his people distrusted him, so he appealed to the surrounding chiefs for advice. Finally the chief of the under-

world advised him that the only way was to let him come up with his people and exterminate the population and take their place. Montezuma agreed to this, and the country was conquered.

About this time a torrent of water gushed out at Santa Rosa, and threatened to engulf the country; but it was ended by the sacrifice of four children, who were put into the spring.

After conquering the country, Montezuma crossed over the border into Mexico, where he was sealed up in an underground house.

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## LITERARY TYPES AND DISSEMINATION OF MYTHS.

BY GLADYS A. REICHARD.

## I. INTRODUCTION.

SINCE, in this consideration of myth dissemination, we are dealing with a product of the Indian mind, we shall feel justified in defining the myth as the Indian himself characterizes it. He carefully distinguishes between myths and tales. Myths relate incidents which happened at a time when the world had not assumed its present form, and when mankind was not yet in possession of all the customs and arts which belong to our period. Tales are stories of our modern period.<sup>1</sup> Myths, then, need not necessarily be explanatory or ritualistic, nor do they require personified animals as actors. They usually relate to the achievements of animals and heroes; and even historical incidents become mythological by being placed in the mythical period. There may also be a combination of mythological and historical actors in the same tale, but the former characters perform deeds which cannot be expected to happen nowadays. Regardless of the transference of historical personages into the realm of the mythical, or of a converse exchange, or of a combination of the two, there remains in the mind of the Indian a definite distinction between that which is myth and that which is history. Furthermore, this distinction is one of distance of space and time, and is not due to the kind of actors, or the incidents which appear in the story.<sup>1</sup>

According to this definition, we may class the complexes which are to be analyzed and discussed as myths with very few, if any, historical elements. They deal with stars who become human, with animals who have man-like powers, and with culture-heroes who perform marvellous and incredible feats. The first of these myths is the "Star-Husband" or "Star-Boy" story. In 1908 Dr. Lowie<sup>2</sup> found fifteen versions of this myth distributed among nine tribes. I have found fifty-one versions, and it is more than likely that others have been recorded which I failed to secure. This is only one of a number of instances which might be cited to show the immense amount of work which has been done in collecting material of this kind. A vast amount of effort must be expended to gather and render available more data of equal importance, but enough has been done to make the proposed analysis profitable.

<sup>1</sup> See JAFI 27 : 378.<sup>2</sup> See JAFI 21 : 144.

The following is a brief summary of the first part of the "Star-Boy" myth: —

A woman desires marriage with a celestial being. The Star (Sun, Moon) raises her to the sky, and weds her. Disobeying instructions, she discovers the sky-hole, with the earth below. She plans to escape with her child, generally by a rope, but perishes in the descent; the boy reaches the earth in safety. (JAFL 21 : 143.)

Variations occur in each incident in different versions, but they will be discussed later. The following scheme (Table I) will convey a clear idea of the important likenesses and dissimilarities in the different accounts.

TABLE I.

STAR-HUSBAND.

A Wish for husband:

- (1) Each girl for star.
- (2) One girl for star.

B Ascent to sky:

- (1) Transportation.
- (2) Lure of porcupine.

C Broken taboo.

D Birth of son.

E Descent to earth by, —

- (1) Sky rope.
- (2) Other means.

F Landing:

- (1) Woman killed, boy safe.
- (2) Women safe.

G Adventures of Boy:

- (1) Shiny-stick.
- (2) Adoption by Old Woman.
- (3) Murder of secret husband.
- (4) Subjection of animals.
- (5) Jug-Tilter.
- (6) Calf-fœtus.
- (7) Fire-Moccasins.
- (8) Rectum-snakes.
- (9) Long-Knife.
- (10) Killing-Tree.
- (11) Spreading coulee.
- (12) Sucking-Monster.

H Adventures of Women:

- (1) Tree landing-place.
- (2) Escape from rescuer.
- (3) Twisted hair-string.

- (4) Bridal chamber.  
 (5) Symplegades.  
 (6) Rescuer drowned by Crane.

*Distribution of Episodes.*

VERSIONS.	EPISODES.
Koasati . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Caddo . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Wichita . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Oto . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Shoshoni . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Mandan . . . . .	.E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Gros Ventre . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Kutenai . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Songish . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Cheyenne . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> (G <sup>12</sup> )*
Dakota . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup>
Blackfoot . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CDE <sup>2</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Arapaho . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> G <sup>1-2</sup> G <sup>3</sup>
Crow . . . . .	.B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> G <sup>1-12</sup>
Hidatsa . . . . .	.B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> G <sup>1-2</sup> G <sup>4</sup> G <sup>5</sup>
Kiowa . . . . .	.B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> G <sup>1-2</sup>
Pawnee . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> G <sup>1-2</sup> G <sup>4</sup> G <sup>5</sup>
Arikara . . . . .	.A <sup>2</sup> B <sup>2</sup> CDE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> G <sup>1-2</sup> G <sup>4</sup> G <sup>5</sup>
Micmac . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup> F <sup>2</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>4</sup>
Passamaquoddy . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>4</sup>
Ojibwa . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> (H <sup>4</sup> )
Assiniboin . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>2</sup> F <sup>2</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>4</sup>
Chilcotin . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup> (H <sup>1</sup> )H <sup>2</sup>
Kaska . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> CE <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>4-5</sup>
Ts'ETs'aut . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> (C)E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>5</sup>
Tahltan . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> (C)E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup> H <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>5</sup>
Shuswap . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> H <sup>2</sup>
Quileute . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Quinault . . . . .	.A <sup>1</sup> B <sup>1</sup> E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup>

The second part of the tale is summarized with greater difficulty, and therefore with a less degree of completeness.

In the Plains area,—

Star-Boy is found or seduced by an old woman who owns a garden; she adopts him, and, because she fears that his "medicine" is stronger than hers, forbids him to approach certain places. She rightly judges that she will arouse his curiosity, and that he will be destroyed by the very monsters he is warned to avoid. He investigates the forbidden places, and encounters monsters; but, contrary to her expectations, he kills or subdues them. By his power he conquers the old woman's serpent-husband, Jug-Tilter, Fire-Moccasins, Long-Knife, rectum-snakes, Killing-Tree, Spreading-Coulée, Sucking-Monster, and captures fierce bears, panthers, and horned

\* Parentheses indicate that an episode occurs which, in the opinion of the writer, is equivalent to the one listed.

water-snakes. In short, he is the culture-hero endowed with his celestial father's power; and he not infrequently returns to the sky, there to live as a star, after having rid the earth of the bad things in it.

In the area extending from Nova Scotia, across the Great Lake region, and westward including the northern United States to the extreme northwestern part of Canada, the myth concludes, in general, as follows:—

The two women (in this type there are two, and no son is born) are let down from the sky, but disobey commands, and land in the top of a tree. They beg various animals to take them to the ground; but all refuse except a trickster, — Marten, Wolverine, Badger, or a cannibal, — who brings them safely to earth with the promise of reward. The girls then trick the trickster, and escape without granting the reward, but have various adventures in doing so. They eventually arrive at their original home, or settle down as the wives of some animals which they have met.

The hero-tale of "Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away" (see Table II) is, without doubt, closely related to the preceding story, especially to the Plains type. The adventures of the two boys (or, in some cases, only one) are almost identical, and, in any case, quite similar to the achievements of Star-Boy. In brief, the general plan of the introductory incidents is, —

A hunter warns his wife, who is pregnant, not to speak to or look at any stranger who may visit her during his absence. A man (often a monster with two faces) comes. She breaks the taboo, and he insists on having food served him on her abdomen. He cuts her open, takes out the twins, and throws one behind the lodge, the other into the spring, into a log, or into the ashes, and leaves the woman propped up, as if alive and smiling, before the door. The hunter returns, discovers his wife, buries her, finds Lodge-Boy, and cares for him. Thrown-Away plays with his brother during the father's absence, but runs back to his spring at the hunter's approach. He is captured by a ruse, and becomes "human." The twins restore their mother.

TABLE II.

## LODGE-BOY AND THROWN-AWAY.

- A Husband's warning to pregnant wife.
- B Wife killed by stranger,
  - (1) Who demands food served on her stomach.
- C Twins taken out, one thrown in lodge, the other away, —
  - (1) Into spring.
  - (2) Into log.
  - (3) One developed from after-birth.
- D Lodge-Boy asks father for food.
  - (1) Has to be captured.
- E Thrown-Away plays with brother, escapes at father's approach.
- F Capture of Thrown-Away by ruse.
- G Twins resuscitate mother.

H Boy adventures:

- (1) Hoop taboo.
- (2) Pot-Tilter.
- (3) Sucking-Monster.
- (4) Killing-Tree.
- (5) Rectum-snakes.
- (6) Fire-Moccasins.
- (7) Flint-Knife.
- (8) Mother's murderer killed.
- (9) Carry Burr-Woman.
- (10) Survive smoking or boiling.
- (11) Subdue thunder-birds.
- (12) Ascent to sky.
- (13) Escape Long-Arms.

I Test theme.

J False husband.

*Distribution of Episodes.*

VERSIONS.	EPISODES.
Shoshoni . . . . .	AB(B <sup>1</sup> )CC <sup>1</sup> DEFGH <sup>1</sup>
Crow . . . . .	ABB <sup>1</sup> CC <sup>1</sup> DEFGH <sup>1-6</sup> H <sup>11</sup> H <sup>12</sup> IJ
Blackfoot . . . . .	ABB <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1</sup> D <sup>1</sup> EFGH <sup>1</sup> H <sup>10</sup> H <sup>12</sup>
Hidatsa . . . . .	ABB <sup>1</sup> CC <sup>1</sup> DEFGH <sup>1-2</sup> H <sup>1-7</sup> H <sup>12-13</sup> IJ
Gros Ventre . . . . .	ABB <sup>1</sup> CD <sup>1</sup> EFGIJ
Arapaho . . . . .	ABB <sup>1</sup> CC <sup>1</sup> D <sup>1</sup> EFGH <sup>1</sup> H <sup>11</sup>
Wichita . . . . .	ABCC <sup>1</sup> EFH <sup>1</sup> (H <sup>3</sup> )(H <sup>8</sup> )H <sup>10-12</sup>
Omaha . . . . .	ABCC <sup>1</sup> EFH <sup>1</sup> (H <sup>11</sup> )
Sauk and Fox . . . . .	ABCC <sup>1</sup> EF(H <sup>1</sup> )H <sup>9</sup>
Assiniboin . . . . .	AB <sup>1</sup> (C)(G)
Pawnee . . . . .	BC <sup>1</sup> EFH <sup>1</sup> H <sup>8</sup>
Menominee . . . . .	BC <sup>1</sup> EFH <sup>10</sup>
Ojibwa . . . . .	B(C <sup>1</sup> )EFH <sup>11</sup>
Micmac . . . . .	BC <sup>1</sup> EF(H <sup>10</sup> )
Cherokee . . . . .	C <sup>1</sup> EH <sup>10</sup>
Iroquois . . . . .	(B)C <sup>1</sup>
Kiowa . . . . .	(E)H <sup>1</sup> H <sup>10</sup>
Tsimshian . . . . .	(B)(C)D(E)F
Newetsee . . . . .	(B)(C)D(E)F

In the second part the father warns the boys of dangerous places, but they always visit forbidden grounds and disobey orders. They survive smoking or boiling, the result of rolling their hoop in a prohibited direction; they kill Pot-Tilter, their mother's murderer, Fire-Moccasins, Flint-Knife, and Sucking-Monster; they overcome the killing-tree and the spreading coulée; they subdue thunder-birds and rectum-snakes; and, not content with adventures on earth, they ascend to the sky, where they punish Long-Arms, and subsequently return to earth. In several versions, one of the boys succeeds in a test given by a chief, and wins the chief's daughter. Later he creates a magic food-supply; but these incidents dovetail into the test-theme,



false-husband, dirty-boy, or found-in-the-grass motives, all of which suggest data for further investigation.

As a check upon the distribution of the two myths just outlined, the "Earth-Diver" tale — one supposedly not at all related to the other two — was selected, partly at random, and partly because of its wide distribution.

A flood occurs, — either a primeval flood or a deluge with various causes given. A few animals survive, usually on a raft on the surface of the waters. They feel the necessity of having land. A number of them dive for it, but come to the surface dead. A final attempt is made, often by Muskrat; and the successful animal re-appears exhausted, but carrying mud in mouth, ears, nails, paws, or armpits. The dirt magically becomes larger until the whole earth is restored. The increased size is often brought about by an animal running round and round the bit of land. (See Table III.)

TABLE III.

## EARTH-DIVER.

- A Primeval flood:
  - (1) Water-birds on surface of water.
  - (2) People in Sky-land.
- B Deluge:
  - (1) Raft.
  - (2) Cause of deluge.
    - (a) Killing of water-monsters.
    - (b) Other reasons.
- C Diving:
  - (1) Successful diver, —
    - (a) Muskrat.
    - (b) Other animals.
  - (2) Divers employed to build earth.
  - (3) Divers restored to life.
  - (4) Divers rewarded.
- D Earth support.
- E Creation of earth by, —
  - (1) Magic.
  - (2) Combination of mud with other things.
  - (3) Running (for creation and enlargement).
- F Creation of mountains:
  - (1) Tired animal.
  - (2) Thick earth.

*Distribution of Episodes.*

VERSIONS.	EPISODES.
Timagami. . . . .	B <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Missasagua . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup>
Ojibwa (Sault Ste. Marie). . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Ojibwa (North Shore). . . . .	(B <sup>1</sup> )B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> (C <sup>4</sup> )E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup> (F <sup>1</sup> )
Ojibwa (W. Ontario). . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Ojibwa (Minnesota). . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> E <sup>1-2</sup>
Montagnais . . . . .	BB <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> (C <sup>4</sup> )

Eastern Cree . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Saulteaux . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup>
Swampy Cree . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a-b</sup> C <sup>1a-b</sup> C <sup>2-4</sup>
Wood Cree . . . . .	*ABB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> DE <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Plains Cree . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Western Cree . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> (B <sup>2a</sup> )C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Ottawa . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup>
Gros Ventre . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Hare . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Sauk . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1-2</sup>
Fox . . . . .	BB <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> E <sup>1-2</sup>
Menominee . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2-4</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Sarsi . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Carrier . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Assiniboin . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2a</sup> C <sup>4</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Iowa . . . . .	B(?)B <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Dog-Rib . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> E <sup>1-2</sup>
Chipewayan . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> C <sup>2</sup>
Arapaho . . . . .	AA <sup>1</sup> BB <sup>1</sup> (B <sup>2a</sup> )C <sup>1b</sup> C <sup>4</sup> E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Blackfoot . . . . .	B <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1a-b</sup> DE <sup>1-2</sup> (F <sup>1</sup> )
Loucheux . . . . .	B <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> DE <sup>1</sup>
Kaska . . . . .	AA <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup>
Beaver . . . . .	A <sup>1</sup> BB <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1b</sup>
Newetsee . . . . .	B <sup>1</sup> (E <sup>2</sup> )(F <sup>2</sup> )
Kathlamet . . . . .	BB <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1a</sup>
Arikara . . . . .	B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Hidatsa . . . . .	A(A <sup>1</sup> )C <sup>1b</sup>
Crow . . . . .	AA <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> E <sup>1</sup> (F <sup>2</sup> )
Yokuts . . . . .	AB <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1-2</sup> F <sup>2</sup>
Salinan . . . . .	AB <sup>1</sup> B <sup>2b</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> C <sup>2</sup>
Maidu . . . . .	AB <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1</sup> (F <sup>2</sup> )
Miwok . . . . .	B <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>2</sup>
Yuchi . . . . .	AC <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1</sup> F <sup>1</sup>
Cherokee . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> D
Delaware . . . . .	BB <sup>1</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> E <sup>1</sup>
Iroquois . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> DE <sup>1</sup>
Mohawk . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> D
Seneca . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> D
Onondaga . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> C <sup>1a</sup> C <sup>2</sup> D
Wyandot . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> DE <sup>1</sup>
Huron . . . . .	AA <sup>2</sup> C <sup>1b</sup> D

This myth is known as an episode of a myth-complex, or as a story unconnected with other elements, in all parts of North America except in the extreme north, northeast, and southwest.

In the treatment of myths of this kind, two methods of approach suggest themselves: first, given areas may be selected, and the myths of these areas may be analyzed and compared; or, second, definite

\* Where seemingly incompatible episodes occur, it is because several versions were found in the same tribe, each differing in details.

myths may be chosen, dissected, and traced. The areas which they follow will then be determined by the evidence presented. The latter method has been deemed the more promising in this investigation.

From remarks previously made, it may readily be seen that the area determined by the myths chosen includes the whole of North America north of Mexico, except the Eskimo region on the extreme north; and the Southwest area, embracing a part of Texas and all of New Mexico and Arizona. Our three myths are not found in these two distinct culture-areas, and not even traces of the myth-elements have been recorded.

It might rightly be expected that in a region which is so extensive as this, and which has been under the influence of Europeans for over three hundred years, tales may have lost their pristine American characteristics and have come to partake of imported traits, either in part or *in toto*. Of the one hundred and sixty narratives analyzed, only a very limited number show definite European influence. These occur in versions of the Deluge myth, which was probably more readily adapted to the stories told by the missionaries. In two of the Huron and Wyandot creation tales, the first woman gives birth to twins whose names have been construed into the Christian God and the Devil (GSCan 80 : 50). The first man and woman were Adam and Eve in another version of the same tribes. The culture-hero of one of the tribes near the Great Lakes also conducts his flood in a Noah-like manner. With these few exceptions, however, the three myths are found to be remarkably free from European elements.

Now that the myths, as used, have been defined and briefly outlined, the area in which they occur has been sketched in general, and the effect of European civilization has been discussed, we may ask, What are the problems confronting us in an investigation of dissemination? And how may they be solved? Professor Boas, in his paper "Dissemination of Tales among the Natives of North America" (JAFL 4 : 14 *et seq.*), has pointed out a method of procedure. If simple elements (that is, a combination of a number of incidents which are very closely connected and still form one idea) are found in various places, it is possible that the idea may have arisen independently; but it requires more evidence than the mere fact that they occur to prove the assertion. The additional proof consists of an increase in the number of analogous tales, or in their geographical distribution. "Whenever we find a tale spread over a continuous area, we must assume that it spread over this territory from a single centre. If, besides this, we should know that it does not occur outside the limits of this territory, our conclusion would be considerably strengthened. This argument will be justified, even should our tale be a very simple one." (JAFL 4 : 14).

The elements of a tale, in all probability, may have an independent origin; but, if we find these elements combined in the same manner in different places, we shall have conclusive proof that the tales have been transmitted; and if we should also find that like combinations occur in contiguous areas, the diffusion theory must be considered valid, and the theory of independent origin untenable. I shall try, by an analysis of the component parts of the three myths summarized above, and by a consideration of their literary form, to show how they have spread, and in what areas they have been adopted and been incorporated into the mythology of the tribes where they are found.

## II. LITERARY TYPES.

Certain definite limitations must be recognized before a solution of the kind proposed is offered. The proof would be relatively simple were it true that literature — and we include mythology in the definition of literature in its broadest sense — had an evolutionary development. For instance, it would be convenient and agreeable to trace the growth of a myth-complex from an origin in dithyrambic verse, through ballad, lyric, or didactic periods, concluding with a polished epic, drama, or novel; but such a procedure, although attractive, would be a wide departure from truth as it is presented by the data at our command. It would point out that the literary phase of cultural development had a universal origin, growth, and purpose. This theory could be supported only by the elimination of much material, and hence cannot be accepted. In short, such a method would contend that myth-phenomena are static, and would refuse to consider the dynamic forces which are constantly at work in the life of primitive man.

Since, on the other hand, we have chosen to allow our material to determine our conclusions by the evidence which it presents, it would be helpful if we could take the myth-productions as we find them, and classify them as ballad; as lyric, epic, didactic, or dramatic poetry; as drama, novel, or romance. Even the aid which such a classification could give must be denied; for we are dealing with productions differing greatly from our own, the work of minds which think in varied terms. A reference to the languages of Indian tribes demonstrates the truth of this fact. To master their speech it is necessary to revise completely our thought-processes. It will readily be seen, then, how false an English classification of primitive literature would be. Comparatively few of the numerous tales which we are considering are taken down as texts, which are the purest form we can reasonably expect to secure. We must be content, therefore, for the present at least, to study the tales at our disposal with the embellishments and abridgments given them by their recorders or interpreters.

Even when a myth has been dictated, and is recorded according to the original wording of the tribe from which it is procured, the personality of the story-teller must be a variable quantity. Each *raconteur* has his favorite tales. In the separate stories there are parts which he may choose to enlarge upon, and others which he may slur. Furthermore, he preserves in his rendition of the tale the factors which gave him prestige as a story-teller. He may be famed for his wonderful memory for details, in which case his devotion to accuracy might make him the reservoir of esoteric or ritualistic myths. Or he may be renowned for his humor, for fluency and choice of language (always, of course, from the Indian point of view), for dramatic delivery, or for the radical way in which he handles time-worn themes. (GSCan 16 : 42.) In any event, the personal interests and abilities of the narrator exert a potent influence upon the finished product: hence the ideal plan is to get the same story from as many *raconteurs* as possible. This method had been adopted in a number of cases, especially by Professors Boas and Kroeber and by Dr. Lowie: consequently their results are more conclusive.

If variations of the kind mentioned exist among story-tellers, it is evident how great must be the deviations encountered when comparing the same myth recorded by different authorities, especially when it is not taken as a text. The myth lacks or possesses style and beauty according as imagination is dull or vivid in its registrar, and according to his ability to enter into the thought and spirit of the tribe he is studying. There are therefore differences in type of myth-portrayal as we know it, varying from poetical and imaginatively beautiful versions, like McClintock's "Legend of Poia (Scar-Face)" (The Old North Trail, 491 *et seq.*), to incoherent and often crude (from an English point of view) tales recorded as texts in many regions.

Besides variations due to language, style, artistry, and the personal equation, there are differences in literary criteria and in ideals, due to diversities of culture. A perfect myth from an Indian's point of view would differ greatly from a perfect tale according to our standards; also an American from the Southwest would, without doubt, regard with disdain a tale which to an Eskimo would be the acme of completion; and *vice versa*. For example: the stories of the Northwest coast are generally animal tales, and the whole region shows a definite unity in preferring this type of myth; Pawnee and Blackfoot myths are remarkable for their star-lore; while myths of the Central Algonkin and Eskimo agree in featuring a culture-hero who performs supernatural deeds, but differ greatly in the kind of feats accomplished and in the way the narration is achieved. Definite areas have their humorous trickster cycles, — Fox among the Eastern Algonkin, Coyote in the West, Raven or Mink on the North Pacific coast. This statement

does not mean that the kind of myths cited is the *only* kind peculiar to the area, but rather that the type predominates. Because of tribal favoritism, the more amenable myth-elements are to the style preferred, the more chance they have of being adopted or incorporated into the territorial mythology.

Cultural differences show, perhaps more clearly than any deviations before noted, how vain an attempt at division of primitive literature into our categories would be. Nevertheless the cultural phases which the myths present are the chief rewards which their study confers. One example will suffice to explain. The Blackfoot "Star-Husband" tale seeks to explain the Sun-Dance ceremonial which is common to the Plains tribes. The origin of the turnip and the digging-stick, of the sacred medicine-bonnet and dress trimmed with elk-teeth, of the sweet grass (incense) and the prongs for lifting hot coals from the fire, are attributed to Soatsaki, wife of Morning-Star, and mother of Mistake-Morning-Star. On the other hand, the Gros Ventre, southern neighbors of the Blackfoot with a like Plains culture, accentuate the buffalo-hunt in their version of the related myth, and fail to include the Sun-Dance, although it occupies an important place in their life. It is unusual to find a complex Plains myth which does not refer to the buffalo-hunt or the Sun-Dance, — two characteristic features of the culture of the area. If, then, two tribes with approximately similar cultures differ so greatly in their rendition of a single complex, it is not surprising that peoples with diverse customs should adopt a theme, and, by amalgamating it with their own culture, produce a new but related variant.

In spite of the fact that there are serious objections to the use of an English literary classification, a few types may be found to be common to the accepted categories and to Indian types. Similarities must be noted in their broadest sense, however. Ballad-elements appear in the tales of the culture-hero of the Central Algonkin, and material exists in the same cycles for the weaving of epics; but the consistency necessary to the finished production is wanting, not only in the Woodland area, but in all parts of North America. The Hidatsa version of the "Celestial-Husband" theme (Lowie MS) is unusual in its abundant use of dialogue; in fact, the few parts not in this form might be construed as stage directions. Dramatic components, too, are plentiful; but there is no definite climax or structure, and, apart from the brief characteristics mentioned, it may not be classed as drama.

Most noteworthy of all, in this pseudo-classification, is the prominence of poetry and poetical elements, more especially lyric poetry. There can be no doubt that the Indian embraces the fundamentals of rhythm and song in many tales. For example, a lyric of the White Mountain Apache runs thus.

"He took her away, where the land is beautiful with corn.

Fog-Maiden; where the land is beautiful with pumpkins.

Bi'l'olisin; where the land is beautiful with large corn, they two went.

Fog-Maiden; where the land is beautiful with large pumpkins, they two went.

Bi'l'olisin; where the land is beautiful with large corn, they two sat down.

Fog-Maiden; where the land is beautiful with large pumpkins, they two sat down.

.....

At the east, where the black water lies, stands the large corn, with staying roots, its large stalk, its red silk, its long leaves, its tassel dark and spreading, on which there is dew.

At the sunset, where the yellow water lies, stands the large pumpkin with its tendrils, its long stem, its wide leaves, its yellow top on which there is pollen." (PaAM 24 : 130-131.)

To summarize, North American literature cannot be considered as a static phenomenon, the result of an evolutionary development. Because of linguistic, personal, idealistic, and cultural differences, it is useless to attempt an arbitrary classification of the myths according to English standards. On the other hand, however, some elements of English literature may be found in Indian works; namely, ballad, dramatic, and lyric constituents.

### III. MYTH-ANALYSIS.

Having outlined our limitations, we may now turn to a consideration of the means which may legitimately be used for a comparison of our myths. Professor Boas (JAFL 4 : 13-20) has defined the method of analysis. We shall attempt to extend the earlier investigations over three well-distributed myths; and, by a consideration of their composition, we hope to arrive at a conclusion with respect to their diffusion. We must therefore discuss the importance of the actors of the stories, the episodes of the complex, the relative importance of the incidents of the episodes, the plot, its motivation and elaboration; in short, the myth-content.

The actors of a story are important in a general sense, in that they help to characterize a myth style. In this sense we may note the animal players of the North Pacific coast, the anthropomorphic performers of the Southwest area, and the celestial beings which figure extensively in myths of the Plains region. They assume also a relative prominence in working out the three myths we have chosen. The girls of the "Star-Husband" theme are the daughters of chiefs, or ordinary women of the camp, in all the tribes tabulated — except in the Micmac and Passamaquoddy, where they were weasels; and in the Ojibwa, where there is a confusion, or rather automatic interchange, between animal and human heroines. The heroes, in the majority of cases, are

celestial beings, — Star, Sun, or Moon, — who become human, godlike, or animal in form at will. When Star-Boy becomes the culture-hero, he is usually endowed with the supernatural powers of his luminary father, and by virtue of these powers may become voluntarily animal, human, or inanimate. The same holds for the versions of "Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away," more pronounced, if possible, than in the other story. In contrast to the anthropomorphic and supernatural characters of the two stories, we encounter the animal actors of the "Earth-Diver" myth with almost unvarying uniformity. Even the Creator, except in the Ojibwa-Cree and several isolated versions, is an animal, — Great-Hare, Great-Turtle, Crow, Hawk, Eagle, or Old Man Coyote. In the Cree-Ojibwa type and among the Newetsee the culture-hero gives orders, moulds the mud, and magically causes the earth to appear. A few cases occur where the creating spirit is ephemeral and indefinite, but even in these instances an animal being is implied. It is natural to suppose, in a myth of this kind, that the minor persons of the story would be animals; and this is invariably true. The particular species mentioned varies in different areas, and is relatively unimportant except where the story has been adopted by a tribe in its entirety, although the animal is unknown to the people.

Of much greater value are the variations in the episodes of the stories, and the incidents of which they are composed. By an episode we mean an expression of a single idea, simple in composition, but made up of still simpler incidents. The tabulations (pp. 271, 273, 274, 275) list only the episodes common to the numerous versions. There is also much deviation in the way these digressions are accomplished. On this basis, then, we may say that the "Star-Husband" story consists of the following main elements: (1) the wish for a husband, (2) ascent to sky, (3) taboo and its infringement, (4) birth of son, (5) descent to earth, (6) death of mother. Not every portrayal shows all of these elements, nor are they by any means the only constituents of the story. From this point the theme varies, and in general conforms to two types, — further adventures of the boy or of the women, — between which classes no relation exists.

The dissimilarities of the incidents comprising the first episode are almost negligible. And here we may speak of the relative importance of actionary units. For example: two girls wish for a bright or a dim, a red or a yellow, a large or a small, star-husband; one girl wishes for a special star-mate, and coaxes another to choose one; or Sun, Moon, or Star may wish for a wife, and select a girl from the Earth people, and subsequently entice her to his home. The fundamental idea is the same in all examples, and the incidental components lose value directly as the underlying idea becomes more unified.



The second episode, however, shows a variation which becomes important almost to the point of marking a line in the classification, especially since the idea is closely connected with a definite type; that is, the class to which belong the boy adventures. The greater number of versions represent the girls going to sleep after making the wish, and waking up in sky-land, with a star-husband introducing himself. The Star of the Assiniboin, Blackfoot, Quileute, and Shoshoni, as a handsome young man, appears to the girl on earth, and takes her to the sky to live with him. Such a variation might easily arise in the process of passing the myth from lip to lip. But the husband in the Arapaho, Cheyenne, Crow, Hidatsa, Gros Ventre, and Kiowa tale assumes the form of a porcupine, by which the girl is attracted. She tries to catch it for its quills; it lures her to the sky by climbing a tree which grows indefinitely. A bird's nest is the provocation for pursuit in one Kiowa version (Goddard MS). The Arikara have the episode developed in both ways, and the exploits of the boy occur in both. From such exposition it may be deduced that incidents are of major or minor value as they affect or fail to influence the underlying idea of the episode.

The treatment of the taboo and its infringement has almost as many minor incidental variations as there are versions. An enumeration of a few of the injunctions will make clear the detailed differences which may occur without fundamentally affecting the character of the action. One woman was warned not to look through the hole when digging; another, not to go near the *pomme blanche*; a third was forbidden to dig deep for turnips; and others had similar restrictions, — not to dig roots with withered or bushy stems; not to dig turnips in valley, in slough, near trees, or near the home of Spider-Man; not to dig the big potato, which was the door of heaven; not to move a certain stone or buffalo-chip, etc. Needless to say, curiosity in every case caused the woman to break the taboo, and consequently to see her native country through the sky-hole. She thereupon becomes homesick, and makes plans whereby she may reach her home. In all but eight versions she makes a rope, or one is made for her, and it is too short. It is made of grass, of sinew, or of spider-silk. The birth of a son has been counted as an episode because of its importance in the latter part of the tale. Had it less bearing upon the narrative, it might be considered incidental. The husband helps or advises the woman to leave the sky, in the Quinault, Crow, Caddo, and Arikara tales; an old man assists the Oto maiden; and the Arikara girl consults Spider-Woman, who makes her a rope of cobweb and sinew. The girl lowers herself and her child, or is lowered, through the hole, by means of the rope. The Arapaho, Gros Ventre, Chilcotin, and Songish women land safely, and return to their people. The husband

becomes angry, throws a stone and kills the mother, but spares the life of the boy, among the Arapaho, Arikara, Crow, Hidatsa, Kiowa, Oto, Dakota, and Mandan. The women in the Assiniboin, Koa-sati, Micmac, Passamaquoddy, Ts'ets'aut, Tahltan, Wichita, Ojibwa, and Kaska tribes are magically transported to earth with cautions not to look down, not to move until hearing the red squirrel sing, etc. By disobeying the taboo they land in a tree-top, and the motive is furnished for further adventures. The Blackfoot Poia (Scar-Face) is so called because he had a star-shaped birth-mark on his forehead. Upon this incident hangs the reason for his future journeys between earth and sky. The scar is a detail which features in one Arikara version; in the Skidi tale the woman is killed by lightning, which does not harm the boy, but scars him.

This detailed discussion will perhaps suffice to make clear our method of consideration of the elements which comprise the myth-complex, and also of the incidents which, in their turn, make up the episode. It will be unnecessary to continue enumerating the details of the rest of the story, for those of prime importance will be dealt with when the problems of plot and plot-elaboration are brought up. The tabulations will show clearly at a glance how the incidents and episodes have been dealt with in the various tribes, and they will explain further references which may be made. The adventures of Star-Boy and of Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away, too, show so much similarity, that they will be discussed conjointly.

When attention has been drawn to the variety of notions which make up a complete idea, there is almost sufficient proof for the theory of dissemination in the comparison of the episodes alone; but, by continuing the investigation of our myth material, we shall find compositions so complex, that diffusional argument cannot be gain-said. We shall therefore consider the plot; that is, the framework which holds our episodes together.

The table on p. 271 shows clearly that the "Star-Husband" myth is automatically divided into three definite classes, when its plot is considered. There is, however, no definite line of demarcation either between the kind of plot or the area in which it is found, for the plot gradually merges from the first type to the second. Since the areas in which they are found are contiguous, it is not surprising to find this phenomenon.

**TYPE I. STAR-HUSBAND COMPLEX.** — Girls wish for star-husband, wake up in sky-land. They are forbidden to dig certain turnip, disobey, see earth through hole in sky, make rope of sinew, lower themselves to earth, and return to their own people.

**TYPE II. STAR-HUSBAND COMPLEX PLUS ADVENTURES OF STAR-BOY.** — Girl wishes for celestial husband, is lured to sky by porcupine; son is

born; mother breaks taboo, sees earth, makes rope, lowers herself and son; rope too short; husband kills wife with stone, saves boy. Old woman adopts boy, fears him, and warns of dangerous places; boy ventures everywhere, kills old woman's secret husband and other monsters, becomes chief, culture-hero, or star.

TYPE III. STAR-HUSBAND COMPLEX PLUS WOMEN'S ADVENTURES. — Two girls wish for star-husbands, awake in sky-land, are given directions for returning to earth, disobey, and land in the top of a tree. Various animals refuse to rescue them; trickster saves them; they outwit him on numerous occasions, finally escape him, and eventually marry handsome husbands or arrive at their native camp.

A classification as simple as this must needs be somewhat arbitrary, and exceptions must be noted. They occur in general in the second part of the tale, the incidents and episodes of the first part showing minor variations which do not affect the plot.

The *Koasati* version depicts the girls as being transported back to their homes the first time they slept in sky-land.

The *Caddo* woman was rescued by a bird (black-eagle, hawk, or buzzard), and safely deposited near her parents' camp, after hanging for days on a rope which was too short to reach the ground. The *Wichita* plot is very similar.

The *Shoshoni* and *Blackfoot* stories have a variant with a common idea. In the former the woman was cautioned not to let any one look upon her son. One day her brother looked at the child, and, seeing nothing but a buckskin bundle, took a part of the skin for a breech-cloth. The woman grieved so, that she went out, seized the sky-rope, and pulled herself up to the sky. The brother was summarily thrown into the fire by her relatives. The *Blackfoot* woman, after receiving ritualistic instruction in the sky, was warned not to let her child touch the ground for fourteen days after reaching earth. On the last day the boy, in his mother's absence, crawled out of bed to the ground. His grandmother quickly picked him up; but his mother returned to find nothing but a puff-ball (fungus) where he had been. In the evening a new star, the North Star, appeared where the turnip had been. The woman took some of the offerings from the Sun lodge one time during a sun-dance, and died.

The *Gros Ventre* variant has been alluded to previously (p. 279). The tiny star was a buffalo-bull, who took the woman who had wished for him to the middle of the buffalo-herd. She was rescued by Gopher, who burrowed a hole through which she escaped. She climbed a tree, betrayed her hiding-place, but, as each tree fell from the impact of the buffalo-herd, she went to the branches of another; and so on until all the buffalo broke their horns.

The wives of the stars in the *Songish* myth returned to earth, appeared before their relatives, and magically erased the traces of mourning caused by their disappearance.

Such, then, are the variations, in plot, of Type I.

The plot-motivation of Type II is quite as varied. The *Cheyenne* and *Dakota* versions may well be considered as links connecting the characteristics of Types I and II. Falling-Star, the Cheyenne hero, is born when his mother falls from the sky, is reared by a meadow-lark, which gives him a bow and arrows when it leaves him. He comes to an old woman's lodge, and asks for water. She tells him a *mih'n* (a sucking monster) prevents people from getting water. The boy meets the monster, is swallowed, cuts the monster's stomach, and frees the people in it. At another camp he shoots the owl which keeps people from getting wood. He captures White-Crow, who drives away the buffalo, kills Winter-Man and all his children except Frost, traps and kills Double-Eyes, who cuts off people's ears for a necklace, and also an old woman who scalps people to make a robe. Falling-Star marries a girl, and lives there.

The *Dakota* Fallen-Star, or Star-Born, also kills the water-monster, frees the people, shoots a "thing" which turns out to be the ear of an owl which had shut people in, and subdues Waziya, the Weather-Spirit.

Other exceptions in the Type II plot are as follows:—

*Blackfoot*. — Poia (Scar-Face) was very poor after the death of his earthly relatives. He loved a maiden who spurned him because of the scar on his face. He travelled to the sky, killed seven dangerous birds, presented them to the Sun and Moon (his grandparents); and Sun removed the scar, and made Poia his messenger to the Blackfoot. Scar-Face, after fulfilling his duties to the Sun, took his bride to the sky to live. Another variant has been mentioned before in connection with the Shoshoni episode (p. 284).

*Arapaho*. — One version relates how the Moon gave buffalo to the people, and made his son his messenger. The other versions conform in general to Type II.

All in all, the tales which fall in Class II are remarkable for the consistency which marks the composition of the plot.

Only three notable exceptions occur in the classification of plot-type III:—

*Chilcotin*. (First version.) — Women marry Skunk, escape from him, reach sky, break taboo, return to earth.

(Second version.) — Old-Star is blind and lame; women escape; he follows, becomes log; but women elude him. Symplegades motive.

*Shuswap*. — Women become versed in magic, wish for stars, and find themselves married to Cannibal Star. They escape him by using their magic. Symplegades motive. Wolverine marries them, and finally takes them home (Wolverene, in this case, is not a scoundrel).

*Quinault and Quileute*. — The marriage of the girls to stars causes

war with the Sky people. The origin of fire, the arrow-ladder, and the origin of several constellations, are included motives.

The plot of "Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away," apart from its introduction, corresponds closely to the second part of Type II of the preceding myth: hence it is deemed unnecessary to recapitulate what has been given, or to repeat the episodes, which may be readily gathered from a cursory glance at the table on p. 273. This myth is less varied in plan than either of the other two, perhaps because fewer versions are found, or it may be because of the fact that those which we have belong largely to the Plains area.

There can be no doubt that the myth is closely related to the "Star-Husband" myth, if their similarities are compared. It is difficult to ascertain which are the original, and which the engrafted episodes. Furthermore, a complete treatment of the "Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away" motive would lure the investigator on *ad infinitum*. One of the most striking things which this study of myths has shown is the fact that they are so very closely related. It is not surprising to find the "Thrown-Away" motive adhering to the "Star-Husband" theme, for the former logically follows upon an elaboration of the latter; in fact, the two are definitely combined in the Crow version. Neither is it unusual to find the "Thrown-Away" motive merging into parts of other stories. But when a tale such as that of the "Earth-Diver" is chosen, a myth apparently in no way connected with either of the other two, it is unexpected to find that in the Blackfoot tale the Deluge was caused because the baby (a fungus) of the woman who married a star was heedlessly torn to pieces by children. Again, the Sarsi Flood was caused by the refusal of the daughters of two chiefs to marry two stars, and by the unwitting murder of two Star-Men by the villagers. Such ideas not only show the close relation between the same myth in different areas, but they bring to the attention the influence which one myth has upon another. They also suggest that an attempt is made to amalgamate tribal mythology into a consistent whole.

The "Earth-Diver" tale may be an episode of a longer tale (e.g., the Culture-Hero cycles of the Cree-Ojibwa and Iroquoian areas), or it may be found as an independent story in many communities. The idea is somewhat simple; and argument for independent origin might be forwarded, were it not for the fact that the episode is found in a very large contiguous area.

Nanabushu, the hero of the Central Algonkin, after sundry adventures, kills a water-monster in order to save his brother Wolf. The monster pursues the hero with a deluge. He climbs a tree, or makes a raft and floats with some of his animal companions on the surface of the waters. They desire land, and many of them dive for it. They fail. Finally Muskrat reaches bottom, and comes up exhausted, but

grasping a few grains of mud in his paw. With these few grains Nanabushu creates the whole earth, and sends Wolf around to inspect its size. The tale continues with other exploits of Nanabushu.

The Iroquoian origin myth has a number of variations. A woman is let down from the sky by her people. Water-birds on the surface of the vast expanse of water below see her come, and plan to save her. Great-Turtle volunteers to support the earth if some one finds mud. Muskrat or some other animal succeeds in bringing up dirt, and it is spread upon Turtle's carapace; the woman is placed upon it, and the origin of other earthly phenomena follows.

The Yokuts complex centres about the creation of the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Duck is employed to bring earth from the bottom of the sea. Crow and Hawk agree to divide it evenly and make mountains. When they meet at Mount Shasta, Hawk discovers that Crow's mountains are much larger than his. He gets tobacco, becomes wise, and turns them in a circle, so that the Sierra Nevada is much larger than the Coast Range.

The consideration of plot-elaboration is very simple compared to the question of plot-development. The simple narration of incidents in the third person, without the introduction of another character, is by far the most common device used. In a very few cases one character who has no connection with the plot relates the incidents. "The Girl who married a Star" is related, in the Arikara version, in this manner. The boy (in this case, the hero) returns to his grandmother, and relates the deeds which he has accomplished, instead of the author relating them as they happen. In the snakes' den their chief told the story of the life of Old-Woman's-Grandson, and he continued from where the chief left off. A third method of elaboration used is the dialogue. The Hidatsa version of "Celestial-Husband" is a good example; it has been mentioned before (p. 279).

The plan used in the elaboration of the plot is relatively unimportant. In the first place, the running narrative is so common, that other means of rendition are exceptional; furthermore, examples of the method occur in all areas, and the two other ways are not characteristic; also the personal taste of the *raconteur* and interpreter enters into the matter so largely, that no general criteria may be established for any territory; and, lastly, the number of types of plot-elaboration possible is so small, that independent origin might be very likely.

#### IV. DISSEMINATION.

Dr. J. R. Swanton<sup>1</sup> has outlined the ways in which myths may be diffused. "When it is learned by an individual belonging to another tribe, but still located in the country from which it is obtained, we

<sup>1</sup> See JAFL 23 : 1-8.

have simple 'repetition' of that myth." For example, we may take the Crow "Old-Woman's Grandchild" and the Arapaho "The Porcupine and the Woman who climbed to the Sky." They are very similar in character of plot and composition, and both are exceedingly complex. Since there was undoubtedly intercourse between the two tribes, this furnishes a clear case of repetition, but in which direction it is impossible to say. "Falling-Star" of the Cheyenne, and the Dakota "Star-Born" tales, present similar instances.

"When, however, the myth is applied to some place or people within the limits of the tribe borrowing, it may be said to be 'adopted.'"<sup>1</sup> A case in point is the "Dog-Husband" story which is found among the Dog-Rib Indians, who trace their ancestry to the children of the woman who married a dog. On Vancouver Island the essential elements of the tale have been combined in like manner where a tribe of Indians derives its origin from dogs.<sup>2</sup>

"If the scene is laid at some particular place, the story may be 're-localized.'" The Menominee version of "Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away" is probably an example of re-localization. Diffusion of this sort is difficult to prove, since there can be no absolute certainty regarding the place where a myth originated; but as this version is somewhat brief, yet much like the Sauk-Fox rendition in composition, it seems like a genuine case of borrowing. It ends thus: "They [the twins] made marks to show their deeds to future generations, lived for some time with Neopit, then went to the Menomini River and thence to the source of the Wisconsin, where they are now believed to be."<sup>3</sup>

"When the myth is taken into an older story of the tribe borrowing, we have incorporation."<sup>1</sup> When the story explains the origin of any natural feature or custom, it is naturally incorporated into the cycle characteristic of the tribe. The "Earth-Diver" complex has become a part of the Arapaho creation myth, which takes four nights to tell, and is in the keeping of the old man who has the sacred pipe.<sup>4</sup>

In other cases, when stories are combined merely because they present certain superficial similarities, we have "combination on account of similars." The Gros Ventre tale of "Found-in-the-Grass" is, in all probability, a myth of this type, combining the "Lodge-Boy" and "False-Husband" stories into one, which has been neatly welded together by the plan of narration adopted. Or such a story as the Crow "Old-Woman's-Grandchild" may be a case where two tales resembling each other closely in certain details have become combined and reduced to one. A number of Plains narrations of Star-Boy's adventures are a combination of "Star-Boy" and "Lodge-Boy" elements.

<sup>1</sup> JAFL 23 : 6.<sup>2</sup> JAFL 4 : 14.<sup>3</sup> PaAM 13 : 338.<sup>4</sup> FM 5 : 6.

A glance at the plots of the tales outlined will bring out innumerable examples of "transfusion of elements" between myths, which phenomenon occurs when two stories with certain resemblances are fused and reduced to one.

"'Alteration of motive' occurs where a myth told for one purpose at one place is given a different explanation in another."<sup>1</sup> For example: the Arapaho, Crow, and Hidatsa "Star" tales explain why the frog is on the moon; the boys' visit to and subjection of the snakes explain why the snake's head is flat, and why it bites only once in a while; the same tale explains the origin of the Sun-Dance among the Blackfoot, and the gift of buffalo to the Gros Ventre.

"Mythification" is a diffusional method which can be readily exemplified. Many references may be found where an historical figure has become the hero of a supernatural tale. The usual examples are the steadily growing mythification of the deeds of Washington and Lincoln in our own history.

The process of which ritualization is a part is an attempt to render a tale more and more consistent, either (1) to agree with altered tribal circumstances, or (2) to keep pace with a rising level of intelligence and a consequent demand for consistency. The first gives rise to etiological explanations (e.g., the "Star-Husband" tale of the Blackfoot is undoubtedly much older than the Sun-Dance which it tries to explain), and the second results in elaborate attempts to explain myths as allegorical representations of real events.<sup>1</sup>

"'Ritualization of myths' takes place when an attempt is made to weave together the sacred legends into a consistent clan, tribal, or society story, the telling of which is frequently accompanied by external ceremonies." The Arapaho creation myth may be once more given as exemplary. It was recited at an annual ceremony by the priest. Dr. Goddard secured fragments of the "Lodge-Boy" and "Star-Boy" themes from his Kiowa and Kiowa-Apache interpreters, but they were badly confused. The man explained that the story was so long and complicated, that only the priest knew the entire version. Though not strictly esoteric, it was a part of a ritual; and the people in general knew the contents, but only a few knew the consistent whole.

Diffusional methods may thus be seen to be numerous, and in very few cases can one method be arbitrarily picked out as furthering myth-development. There are a constant overlapping and combination of influences which work together in a manner difficult to define. Reaction, too, must not be ignored. One tribe does not transmit its myths and lore to another without sustaining a reciprocal change.

<sup>1</sup> JAFL 23 : 6.



The question of ultimate origin remains unsolved; but the paths which cultural interchange has blazed may be followed, and a suggestion may be made as to their probable starting-point.

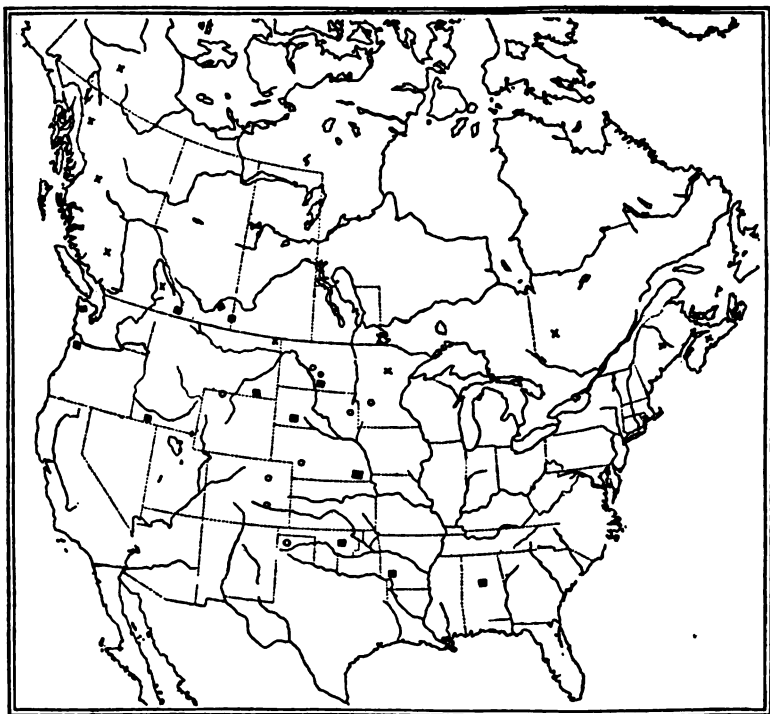


FIG. 1. Star-Husband. ■ Type I. ○ Type II. × Type III.

Let us now consider how the episodes of our stories have travelled, before we take up the question of the spread of plot and entire complex.

The wish for a celestial husband, and its fulfilment, are found among all the tribes where the story was obtained, except the Crow, Hidatsa, Kiowa, and Mandan. It is very probable that the Mandan had the element, for the version we have is extremely fragmentary; but, in so far as we know it, it conforms to Type II of the plot-classification. The ascent to the sky by magic—and this includes the "Porcupine-Lure" motive—is common to all the tales but the Mandan and the Shuswap. Among the latter, the myth is poorly motivated, and has very little in common with the other tales, except the wish for the star-husband and the awakening of the women to the realization that the Star was an old man with sore eyes, who turned out to be a cannibal. This is a very good example of the transfusion of elements, or, it may be, of incorporation. Such an occurrence helps to bridge the evidence of transmission from one tribe to a more

distant one, when data regarding plot and complex are lacking for the intermediate space. Considerable distance intervenes between the Assiniboin and the Chilcotin, which have like tales; but when we find one element among the Shuswap, and another among the Thompson, we may allow the episodes to strengthen the argument which the complex itself will prove conclusively. The Thompson Indians have an incident in the Coyote cycle which is strangely like the "Sky-Hole" theme; the fundamental idea differs. Coyote was travelling where many *latnEn* (*Claytonia*) roots grew. He made a stick to dig some, dug a large one up. Wind rushed up through the hole, and he could see people walking way down below. He did this repeatedly. The fragment ends characteristically: "He must have been in the sky country, and these roots were stars." The incident shows contamination with the episode of the women digging the sky-turnips, and in so doing is worthy of consideration. A curious utilization of the same theme is made in the Kathlamet myth of "Aq'axenasxena." One day when Moon was delousing her husband, an earth man, he bent down, made a hole in the ground, and became homesick. Moon made him a basket and ropes of willow-bark, and they went down to earth. This example combines two episodes — namely, the "Sky-Hole" and "Sky-Rope" motives — in a tale which in other respects shows no relation whatever.

Episodes of the "Lodge-Boy" theme are equally suggestive. The murder of the woman by a stranger is known to the Micmac and Cherokee in the East (the Iroquois have a similar incident, in which the husband kills his wife), west of the Great Lakes, and in the Plains area from the Wichita territory on the south to the Blackfoot on the north (see Fig. 2). A Tsimshian chief's wife had a lover, pretended to be dead, was visited by the lover every night. The chief's nephews killed the man and woman. Her unborn child lived, sucked her intestines, and grew up in the box in which his mother was buried. He stole the arrows of children who played near by, was discovered, captured, and taken home. An incident differing only in minor details is reported among the Newetsee. I am inclined to think that these episodes are a borrowing of the "Lodge-Boy" theme from the Plains, where it is prevalent.

I consider it more exact to regard the "Earth-Diver" myth as an episode, although in a number of cases it has been narrated as an unattached complex. The idea is the same in all areas where it is found, and it has a very wide dispersion. As a part of the "Culture-Hero" cycle, it is known extensively in the Eastern Woodland area west of the St. Lawrence River, around the Great Lakes, in the Mackenzie area reaching as far as the Hare territory in the extreme north. As an incident, it is found in all parts of North America except in

the Eskimo and the Southwest areas. It will be noted, however, that it is known among fewer of the Plains tribes than either of the other myths considered. The dissemination of episodes, therefore, is of vital interest in tracing the spread of myths; but let us give one more example of its importance, this time as it is seen to influence plot-motivation.



FIG. 2. ▲ Earth-Diver. + Lodge-Boy-and-Thrown-Away.

The enticing of the women by the Sky-Being was considered sufficient provocation for war between the Sky and the Earth people in the Quinault and Quileute versions. The Shuswap have a separate tale concerning this war, which is almost identical with the second part of the former versions. How did the Quinault and Quileute get a combination of two such tales so nearly alike, while the Songish, between the two, have the typical "Star-Husband" myth without extensions or embellishments? And why do the Shuswap have common myth-elements, but a dissimilar combination of them?

Before answering these questions, it will be necessary to consider other complexes, and to make new queries regarding them. The

map (Fig. 1) shows very clearly the areas where the three types of "Star-Husband" myth are found as consistent complexes; that is, as complexes composed of similar episodes (differing, it is true, in detail), but with a characteristic plot-combination. The plot summaries and variations have been noted: it will be well to outline the areas where they are found.

Type I (see Fig. 1) shows a dispersion extending from the Koasati of the Southeastern area, northwestward (including Caddo, Wichita, Oto, Shoshoni, Mandan, Gros Ventre) as far as Kutenai and Songish on the North Pacific coast. This cuts through the area covered by Type II (Fig. 1) and the plot of "Lodge-Boy" (Fig. 2); namely, the typical Plains area, embracing the Blackfoot, Cheyenne, Dakota, Arapaho, Crow, Hidatsa, Kiowa, Pawnee, and Arikara. The "Lodge-Boy" complex extends beyond this area as far west as the Shoshoni, with several equivalent episodes among the Newettee and Tsimshian, and a related myth of the "False-Husband" variety of the Okanagon. It continues to the Sauk, Fox, and Menominee on the east, then farther to the Iroquois; and a variant with many common traits is known among the Cherokee.

Hence it is apparent that the two stories are typical of the Plains area; that the centre of this area possesses both complexes equally long and involved; that west of the centre the "Star-Husband" theme becomes independent of the boy-adventure episodes (as in the Shoshoni version), or carries the hero through different conquests (as among the Cheyenne). On the other hand, the Shoshoni have a "Lodge-Boy" tale which fills this gap. It may be that the complexes originated on the western border of the area, and became combined as they travelled eastward. I am of the opinion that the Plains region was a centre of dispersion for this particular style of myth, and that it spread eastward, westward, and northwestward from there. This conclusion is corroborated by the fact that the farther away we go from this area, the greater are the differences in the plot, and the fewer are the common elements.

The question of the crossing of the areas where Types I and II are found remains to be explained. It will be remembered that the classification as given is purely arbitrary, and that no definite line can be drawn between plot types. With these facts constantly in mind, we may readily observe that there is no incompatibility in the apparent crossing of the two classes, for Type II is merely an extension of Type I. The conclusion arrived at in the preceding paragraph is therefore necessarily strengthened by this additional evidence; and we may extend the assertion, and say that the first part of the complex diffused to the south and to the southeast as well as to the north, to the west, and to the Central Woodland area.

Type III (Fig. 1) shows an exceedingly interesting phenomenon

with regard to dissemination. It is remarkable to find, for instance, that the Micmac of Nova Scotia have a very complicated tale, which finds its most exact counterpart in the western part of British Columbia, among the Ts'ets'ut. Such a discovery provoked investigation; and it has been found that the complex extends from the Micmac territory on the east, almost directly westward, taking in the Passamaquoddy, Timagami Ojibwa, the Ojibwa of Minnesota, the Assiniboin, Shuswap, Chilcotin, Ts'ets'ut, Tahltan, and Kaska, also the Quileute and the Quinault, who have an interesting variant.

We may now return to the question previously asked with regard to the episode of the "Sky War" in the latter two tribes. Since the Quinault and the Quileute are both Coast tribes which have a like culture and intercommunication, it is not unlikely that one "adopted" the myth exactly as given by the other. The Shuswap, having separate myths containing the "Star-Husband" and "Sky-War" episodes, probably carried them farther west, and in the Quinault and Quileute versions the elements were transfused. On the other hand, it is possible that the Songish received their version from a different source. The Songish story may have come through the Klickitat (personal opinion of Professor Boas), but their myths are not available. The question must remain undecided for the present, for difficulties arise with all three tales as the episodes and complexes approach the North Pacific coast area. There is no doubt that there has been contamination, undoubtedly from the east; but the exact course it took must be a matter for further research. It is possible that there has been a resistance factor in the case of some tribes, whereas others have shown less hesitancy in adopting foreign lore. The query may be answered by accumulating and analyzing more tales from intervening tribes.

We may use the "Earth-Diver" episodes as a check upon our observations to determine how far our conclusions are justified. As the "Lodge-Boy" motive clinched the argument of the "Star" theme, so the "Earth-Diver" suggests a solution to the dispersion of Type III plot. Of the fifty-one tribes among whom it is found, it is an incident of the Culture-Hero cycle in fourteen, chiefly in the Ojibwa-Cree versions. The use of the incident in this complex extends through the Mackenzie area, but does not reach quite as far west as the "Star-Husband" theme. A curious fact is that it has not, so far as is known, crossed the St. Lawrence River and become a part of the mythology of the northeastern tribes. The Wyandot and Huron Indians north of Lakes Erie and Ontario have a complex almost identical with that of the Iroquois south of them (see Fig. 2). A Sky-woman fell to the earth; water-birds saw her coming, dived for dirt, secured it, and spread it on Turtle's carapace, whence the earth was made. That

the Delaware had a version somewhat similar, is shown by the only fragment available; but the Cherokee and the Yuchi, farther south, have an episode detached from any complex. Another local development occurs in California, where Eagle and Crow procure earth in the same way as elsewhere, but quarrel about the amount each gets, and by trickery determine the size and location of the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Perhaps the California complex is remotely related to the Northwest coast versions, but here again our material fails us. We know that the Kwakiutl, Chinook, and Molala have the myth; but the intervening space furnishes no clew to its relation to the California story.

The region in which this tale occurs is obviously very large. The wide dispersal may be due to the fact that it is a comparatively simple myth, or that it is much older than the others discussed. The only areas where it is not known are the Eskimo, the extreme Eastern Woodland, and the Southwest. It has reached the prairie region, but in relatively few tribes only. From the kinds of complexes which feature the element, it seems not amiss to conclude that it originated in the Central Woodland area, and spread with varying effects in all directions; whereas the Type III plot of the "Star-Husband" tale originated in the same area, or perhaps farther west, and spread only east and west in the same complex, its episodes digressing and merging into other complexes as it reached the Plains area.

Besides the regions in which definite types of composition are found, it is interesting to observe the areas into which neither episodes nor complexes have infiltrated. So far the tales of Southwest and Eskimo territories display not the faintest testimony of contact with the myths we are considering. Negative evidence is always insecure; but I should like to suggest that the lack of adoption or incorporation of our tales in these areas may be due to resistance, and unwillingness to accept or fuse these particular types into tribal mythology. Since we find very little common culture between the Eskimo and Eastern Woodland tribes, we should not expect to find similarities of literature. We might be justified in looking for bits of corresponding traits in the North-Central and Northwestern areas, but they do not exist in our test tales. From these meagre observations it would be absurd to attempt to prove that tales do not travel because of tribal opposition, for communication and contact have not been easy or ordinary; but when we turn to the Pueblo area, the question assumes a different tone, for here there has been no obstruction to cultural spread — except, perchance, tribal psychology.

In short, all the areas of North America north of Mexico, except the Eskimo and Southwest territories, have yielded to the influences of dissemination with respect to these particular kinds of myths. One

centre of dispersion appears to be the Central Algonkin area, which spread its myth material directly east and west, and succeeded in infiltrating the Plains and North Pacific coast areas, but to a limited degree. The Plains region, on the contrary, was a diffusional centre for a different type of myth, the culture-hero sort, and it affected the former sections by contributing episodes which worked into complexes typical of the literary area. This region also sent rays south, north, and northwest, the complex possessing fewer common elements in direct proportion to the distance from the radiating point.

#### V. CONCLUSION.

The analysis of the three myths chosen has shown us that they must be treated with an attitude as detached as possible from English classifications, because of personal differences in taste and execution of *raconteur*, interpreter, and myth-recorder. Other deterrents are discrepancies in language, style, literary criteria, ideals, and culture. Several literary elements may in their broadest sense be present; namely, ballad, dramatic, and lyric components.

The *dramatis personæ* are of value in defining a mythological style, but the possibilities of variation are too few to characterize a literary area. Episodes, as parts of a composition, are marks by which the path a myth has followed may be traced, second in importance only to the complex itself. Plot and plot-motivation, being the scaffolding upon which the tale hangs, are the final tests of myth-dissemination.

Myths may become a part of tribal mythology by processes of repetition, adoption, re-localization, or incorporation; and examples of each method are plentiful. By these means episodes and complexes have spread, and by their appearance indicate the way they have travelled.

The Plains area became a centre of diffusion for the boy-adventure and celestial-hero type of tale. This sort of complex moved south, southeast, north, and west. The "Culture-Hero" tale of the transformer pattern arose in the territory east of the "Boy-Exploit" myth, and spread farther east, following the water-route of the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence River, and Northwest as far as, but not including, the Arctic territory. The North Pacific coast region is remarkable in presenting elemental fragments of our myths, but elusive in displaying their exact path. There has undoubtedly been literary contact with the Plains people, and material from intervening tribes may show the relation. The "Earth-Diver" tale, the only one of the three, has travelled to the California segment, but has taken on new form. It is evident that the connection between California mythology and the literature of other areas, if there is any, must be found by a study of a different type of tale; and the same may be said for the stories of the Southwest.

Furthermore, from the foregoing discussion, it is evident that tales travel, and become adopted and incorporated into tribal mythology, because of their content (that is, their episodes) rather than because of their style or plot consistency.

#### VI. ADDENDA.

Although the theory which contends that a myth has a perfect, recognized, or model form in some local area, is clearly untenable, it will be interesting to note how a single tale can be made to embrace the various episodes peculiar to its type. To show how this may be done, I have chosen the "Star-Husband" story of the Plains style; and I shall try to work into a consistent whole a number of the incidents which occur.

#### STAR-BOY.

One night in the Moon of the Flowers, Soatsaki (Feather-Woman) and another girl slept under the stars. Before daybreak Feather-Woman awoke, looked upon Morning-Star, and loved him. Before autumn she found herself with child, and knew not the father. She was very unhappy; and one day, while walking alone near the river, she saw a fine porcupine on the branch of a tree above her head. She saw that it had beautiful quills, and reached for it, but it eluded her grasp. It seemed so near, that she climbed the tree in pursuit of it. It lured her on, the tree growing as they climbed until they reached the sky. There a handsome young man appeared before her. He wore a yellow plume in his hair, and carried in his hand a juniper-branch with a spider-web at one end. He told Soatsaki he was Morning-Star, and asked her to live with him, as he was her husband. He put the yellow plume in her hair. She held the upper end of the web, stepped upon the lower end, and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, she found herself in the home of Morning-Star, who presented her to Moon, his mother.

Moon was kind to her, dressed her in a soft-tanned buckskin dress (the possession of pure women only), gave her a root-digger, but warned her against digging the large turnip near the home of Spider-Man.

One day Soatsaki, carrying her little boy, whom she had named Star-Boy, dug at the forbidden spot. When she lifted a turnip with her digging-stick, she saw, through the sky-hole which appeared, her people at work and at play on the earth, and she became homesick. She told Moon of her discovery and of her desire to return to earth. Moon gave her the sacred paraphernalia of the Sun-Dance, tied her and Star-Boy to a piece of sinew, and lowered them through the sky-hole.



The sinew rope was not long enough, and Soatsaki with her son was left dangling in the air. When Morning-Star returned home and discovered what had happened, he was angry. He went to the sky-hole, picked up a small stone, breathed on it, and bade it kill his wife, but not his son. The stone travelled along the rope accompanied by lightning. It freed the support, and the woman fell to the earth dead. Little Star-Boy clung to his mother, and reached the ground unscathed save for a star-shaped scar left upon his forehead by the lightning.

For a long time he staid near his mother's body, and lived on berries and fruit. One day, however, he wandered farther than usual, and came to a large garden where grew fine corn and squashes. The boy walked in the garden, trampled down the vines, and made holes in the squashes.

An old woman owned the patch, and, when she discovered the damage, set out bow and arrows to trap the culprit if a boy, and shinny-stick and ball to entice a girl. The next morning the bow and arrows were gone, and Old-Woman lay in wait for the visitor. She caught Star-Boy, who was very dirty and half-starved, and, in spite of his protests, carried him to her tepee, which was near by. She dressed him, and fed him corn-cake. After they had both eaten, Old-Woman took a part of the cake and hid it behind the tent-curtain. This she did for several days.

One day when Old-Woman was away, Star-Boy cooked himself some corn, and, after he had eaten, looked behind the curtain to find out for himself Old-Woman's object in setting food there. When he pulled back the curtain, he beheld a huge serpent with fiery yellow eyes. He snapped his bow twice, shot an arrow into each shining ball, and the serpent stretched out dead. When Old-Woman returned home, she praised Star-Boy for killing the serpent, but in reality was very angry, first, because the reptile was her secret husband, and next because she greatly feared the boy's power.

Consequently she formulated a plan by which to get rid of the boy. She played upon the weaknesses which had been his mother's undoing; namely, curiosity and disobedience. She warned him not to go near a chokeberry-thicket, for it was very dangerous. The next time Old-Woman left home, Star-Boy sought the thicket, and met a huge cinnamon-bear. He aimed with his bow, shot twice, and brought down the bear by shooting it through the eyes. He cut off one of the bear's claws, and took it home to Old-Woman. After this episode she feared him more than ever.

She now warned Star-Boy against an old woman who lived in a cave near a spring. Star-Boy set out almost immediately for the cave. When he came near, he saw a horrible old woman sitting before the

cave-door, and an ordinary jug stood on the ground beside her. Star-Boy kept himself hidden, and watched her. Soon some blackbirds flew overhead; Jug-Tilter — for that was the old woman's name — tilted her jug in their direction, the jug sucked them into it, and instantly boiled them. Star-Boy waited a reasonable time, then casually emerged from his covert, and approached Jug-Tilter. He bade her good-morning, and asked if he might drink from her jug, at the same time snatching it from the ground before she knew what was happening. Then he tilted it toward her; it sucked her in, and destroyed her. Star-Boy took the jug home to Old-Woman. She warned him against a man who had moccasins of fire, and who could destroy any one.

Near a hollow tree, some days after, Star-Boy saw a giant asleep. Beside him, on a rock, was a pair of fire-moccasins. Star-Boy stole up to the rock, and grasped the moccasins just as the monster awoke. He was furious, but Star-Boy destroyed him in his own fire. The boy took the moccasins home, and presented them to Old-Woman.

After every adventure of Star-Boy, each more dangerous than those which preceded, Old-Woman sought other means to get rid of him. She exposed him, by suggestion and warning, to a beaver called Long-Knife. Star-Boy cut off his tail, which was a long, sharp knife, and took it home to Old-Woman. She told him of a tree which leaned over and killed any one passing under it. He subdued this tree, and sought a narrow coulée, which spread whenever any one attempted to cross, and engulfed the person who tried it. By his magic he taught the coulée not to kill people, and to behave like other coulées.

One day, as Star-Boy was wandering over the Plains in search of adventure, he met two men who were butchering buffalo. They had a calf-foetus, which they offered to the boy. He was much afraid of it, and ran away. One of the men chased him with it; he climbed a tree. The man could not reach him there, but tied the calf to the lower part of the tree, and left the boy very much distressed.

After some hours one of the men returned, and promised to free Star-Boy if he would deliver Old-Woman to them. Star-Boy promised, the men removed the calf, and Star-Boy hurried home and told Old-Woman of his adventure. She told him that she would go with him, but he must exact a price for giving her up. They went to the lodge where the men were, and Star-Boy asked for his reward. Five bows were set up in the lodge. The men told Star-Boy to choose one. He chose the middle one, which choice caused the men much chagrin, for it was a magic bow. Then Old-Woman gave the boy a flute. As he began to play, the men became frightened, and dared not move; Old-Woman became transformed into a beautiful young girl; and, as Star-Boy continued to play, she turned into a spider, crawled up

the tent-pole, and watched the performance from her seat at the top of the pole. Star-Boy played until the food gave out and long after, so that the men all starved to death.

Then he left the lodge, and went back to Old-Woman's lodge. He lived there for some time, but became very lonesome, and left the lodge to seek new exploits. One day he came to a white tepee in which was a fireplace which had sticks arranged about it in a circle. The Snakes who owned the tepee used these sticks for a pillow, and rested their heads on it, when they were at home. When Star-Boy arrived, they offered him some uncooked paunch. He cooked the paunch; and as it became hotter, the Snakes squirmed in pain, for it was their teeth. After it was thoroughly cooked, Star-Boy ate it, for he had cooked the original poison out of it. Then the Snakes asked him to tell stories. He replied, "I will, but you must tell stories first." After each had had a turn, he began. He told four incidents, and at the end of each episode one-fourth of the Snakes fell asleep. Star-Boy took a knife and cut off the heads of all but one, which glided off with the warning, "Watch out for me, Star-Boy! I shall follow you and get revenge."

After this, every time Star-Boy lay down to sleep, he set up his bow and arrows in the ground, with the command, "Wake me if anything threatens to harm me!" His weapons protected him for a long time; but one day he was more tired than usual, and he slept very soundly. The arrow north of him fell upon him, but he slept; then the western arrow fell, and the southern and the eastern; finally the bow touched him with a hard blow, just as his enemy the snake crawled into his body. He cut open his stomach, but it had reached his breast; he tore open his chest, but the snake had made its way to his skull and lodged there. Star-Boy wasted away until nothing remained of him but his skull, and the snake was afraid to come out of it.

The time of year when Morning-Star was brightest came. Star-Boy's father looked down upon his son, and pitied him. He called the lightning and sent a severe rainstorm, which filled the skull with water. The snake was very uncomfortable, but became more frightened than before. Then Morning-Star begged Sun, his father, to shine with great intensity. Sun sent down upon the skull his hottest rays, the water boiled, and now the snake was so uncomfortable that it could not stay any longer. It put out its head; Star-Boy caught it by the neck, and rubbed its face against a rock until its face was flat and its eyes close to its mouth, saying to it, "You will always suffer punishment, and you will always be ashamed and crawl on your body in the dirt, your head down, avoiding all decent creatures that Nesaru made."

Star-Boy was again homeless, so he roamed about until he came to the village where his mother had lived before she went to the sky.

Here he saw a maiden who was the chief's daughter, and he loved her. The chief encouraged his offer of marriage; but his daughter said, "I cannot marry you until the scar is removed from your forehead."

Star-Boy went to a wise old woman for advice as to how to get rid of the scar. The old woman said, "Your father gave it to you, and only he can take it away; but before it is removed, you must go on a journey, and on the way kill all the evil things you see, so that the people may be more happy."

At once Star-Boy set out, and soon came to a village where people suffered greatly from thirst. An old woman told him that many people went for water and never came back. Star-Boy went for water, and came to a long house which was full of young men and women, some dead, and some dying. They said something had swallowed them. Star-Boy's head bumped against something: it was the heart. Star-Boy cut it out: the "thing" died, and the people were free.

At another village Star-Boy shot a "thing" with an arrow. This was found to be the ear of an owl which had shut people in, and thus prevented them from getting wood.

Other adventures of the boy were: destroying White-Crow, who kept people from catching buffalo; trapping and killing Double-Eyes, who cut off people's ears for a necklace; and killing Scalp-Woman, who scalped people.

Waziya, the Weather-Spirit, took buffalo from the people of another village after they had killed them. Star-Boy went to the lodge of Waziya, saw his bow of ice, and broke it in pieces. Next morning Waziya claimed buffalo which had been caught, and ordered Star-Boy to stop dressing his cow. Star-Boy refused, and said if any one pointed a finger at him, he would become paralyzed. Waziya tried it, and both his arms became useless. Then Star-Boy cut Waziya's blanket, and the people took the meat home.

But the wife of Weather-Spirit sewed up his blanket. Waziya shook it, and the people were snowed in. Star-Boy, however, sat on the ridge of the lodge, and fanned until the south wind came. It was so hot that the snow melted, and Waziya and all his family but his smallest child died of the heat. The baby took refuge in a crack of the tent-pole, and that is why we sometimes have frost now.

Finally Star-Boy came to the Big-Water (Pacific Ocean), where he prayed and fasted for three days. On the fourth day a bright trail appeared, leading across the water. He followed the trail, and came to the home of Sun. Moon, his grandmother, welcomed him, and protected him from Sun, who did not know his grandson. One day Star-Boy killed seven dangerous birds which had threatened the life of Morning-Star. He presented four to Sun, and three to Moon.

Morning-Star was pleased with his son's deeds, and removed the scar from his forehead. The Sun rewarded Star-Boy by making him Sun's messenger to the earth. Sun taught him numerous secrets, songs, and prayers to teach to his mother's people. Morning-Star gave him a magic flute and song, with which to charm the heart of the girl he loved.

Star-Boy returned to earth by the Wolf Trail (Milky Way), and delivered the Sun's messages. Then Sun took him and the girl he loved to the sky, where he became as bright and beautiful as his father, Morning-Star.

#### ABBREVIATIONS AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

##### *Abbreviations.*

The following abbreviations have been used throughout this paper:—

BAM . . . . .	Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History.
BArchS . . . . .	Baessler-Archiv, Supplement.
BNYSM . . . . .	Bulletin of the New York State Museum.
CNAE . . . . .	Contributions to North American Ethnology (United States Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, J. W. Powell in charge).
CI . . . . .	Publications of the Carnegie Institution.
JR . . . . .	Jesuit Relations.
Franklin . . . . .	Sir J. Franklin, Narrative of Second Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea.
Leland . . . . .	Charles G. Leland, The Algonquin Legends of New England.
Maclean . . . . .	John Maclean, Canadian Savage Folk.
Matthews . . . . .	Washington Matthews, Ethnography and Phil- ology of the Hidatsa (Misc. Publ. No. 7, U. S. Geological Survey, F. V. Hayden in charge).
Maximilian . . . . .	Prinz Maximilian, Reise in das innere Nord- Amerika in den Jahren 1832 bis 1834.
MAI . . . . .	Museum of the American Indian Heye Founda- tion.
Petitot . . . . .	Émile Petitot, Traditions Indiennes du Can- ada Nord-Ouest.
Rand . . . . .	S. T. Rand, Legends of the Micmacs.
Russell . . . . .	Frank Russell, Explorations in the Far North (University of Iowa, 1898).
Schoolcraft . . . . .	H. R. Schoolcraft, Algic Researches, Vol. II.
Schoolcraft (H) . . . . .	—The Myth of Hiawatha.

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*Earth-Diver.*

- Arapaho (Dorsey and Kroeber, FM 5 : 116).
- Arikara (Dorsey, CI 17 : 11).
- Assiniboin (Lowie, PaAM 4 : 100).
- Beaver (Goddard, PaAM 10 : 256).
- Blackfoot (Maclean, JAFL 6 : 165; Wissler and Duvall, PaAM 2 : 19).
- Carrier (Morice TCI 5 : 10).
- Cherokee (Mooney, RBAE 19 : 239).
- Chipewyan (Lowie, PaAM 10 : 195; Petitot, 373).
- Cree (Maclean, Canadian Savage Folk, 75; Petitot, 472; Simms, JAFL 19 : 337; Skinner, PaAM 9 : 83, JAFL 29 : 350; Russell, 206; Swindlehurst, JAFL 18 : 139).
- Crow (Lowie, PaAM 25 : 17; Simms, FM 2 : 281).
- Delaware (Chamberlain-Zeisberger, JAFL 4 : 210).
- Dog-Rib (Franklin, 292; Petitot, 317).



- Fox (Jones, PAES 1 : 361).  
 Gros Ventre (Kroeber, PaAM 1 : 59).  
 Hare (Petitot, 141).  
 Hidatsa (Maximilian, 2 : 221).  
 Huron (Hale, JAFL 1 : 180).  
 Iowa (Boas, JAFL 4 : 15; Dorsey, JAFL 5 : 300).  
 Iroquois (Beauchamp-Cusick, The Iroquois Trail, 1).  
 Kaska (Teit, JAFL 30 : 441).  
 Kathlamet (Boas, BBAE 26 : 20).  
 Loucheux (Camsell-Barbeau, JAFL 28 : 249).  
 Maidu (Dixon, BAM 17 : 39).  
 Mandan (Maximilian, 2 : 152).  
 Menominee (Chamberlain, JAFL 4 : 210; Hoffman, AA 3 [1890] : 243; Skinner, PaAM 13 : 257).  
 Miwok (Kroeber, UCal 4 : 202).  
 Mohawk (Hewitt, RBAE 21 : 286).  
 Montagnais (Le Jeune, JR 5 : 155).  
 Newetsee (Boas, CU 2 : 223; Sagen, 173).  
 Ojibwa (Carson, JAFL 30 : 291; Chamberlain, JAFL 3 : 150, JAFL 4 : 198, 200; De Jong, BArchS, 5 : 14; Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 1] : 151; Radin, GSCan 48 : 20; Schoolcraft (H), 38; Speck, GSCan 71 : 36).  
 Onandaga (Hewitt, RBAE 21 : 180).  
 Ottawa (Chamberlain, JAFL 4 : 204).  
 Salinan (Mason, UCal 14 : 82).  
 Sarsi (Simms, JAFL 17 : 180; Wilson, BAAS 58 : 244).  
 Sauk and Fox (Jones, JAFL 1 : 233).  
 Saulteaux (Skinner, PaAM 9 : 175).  
 Seneca (BNYSM 125 : 33).  
 Wahpeton (Skinner, MAI 4 : 273).  
 Wyandot and Huron (Barbeau, GSCan 80 : 37, AA 16 : 290; Connelly, Wyandot Folk-Lore, 67).  
 Yokuts (Kroeber, UCal 4 : 204, 209, 218, 229; Potts, JAFL 5 : 73; Powers, CNAE 3 : 383).  
 Yuchi (Gatschet, AA 6 [1893] : 279; Speck, UPa 1 : 103).

*Lodge-Boy and Thrown-Away.*

- Arapaho (Dorsey and Kroeber, FM 5 : 341).  
 Assiniboin (Lowie, PaAM 4 : 168).  
 Blackfoot (Wissler and Duvall, PaAM 2 : 40).  
 Cherokee (Mooney, RBAE 19 : 242).  
 Crow (Lowie, PaAM 25 : 74; Simms, FM 2 : 303).  
 Gros Ventre (Kroeber, PaAM 1 : 77).  
 Hidatsa (Lowie MS.; Matthews, GSUS 7 : 64).  
 Iroquois (Smith, RBAE 2 : 84).  
 Kickapoo (Jones, PAES 9 : 67).  
 Kwakiutl (Boas, CU 2 : 209).  
 Menominee (Skinner and Satterlee, PaAM 13 : 337).  
 Micmac (Rand, 65, 290; Speck, JAFL 28 : 61).  
 Ojibwa (Schoolcraft, 2 : 108; Radin, GSCan 48 : 81).  
 Omaha (Dorsey, CNAE 6 : 215).

Onondaga (Beauchamp, JAFL 6 : 180).  
Pawnee (Dorsey, MAFLS 8 : 88).  
Sauk and Fox (Lasley, JAFL 15 : 176).  
Shoshoni (Lowie, PaAM 2 : 280).  
Tsimshian (Boas, BBAE 27 : 8).  
Wichita (Dorsey, CI 21 : 88).

*Star-Husband.*

Arapaho (Dorsey and Kroeber, FM 5 : 321).  
Arikara (Dorsey, CI 17 : 14).  
Assiniboin (Lowie, PaAM 4 : 171).  
Blackfoot (Wissler, PaAM 2 : 58; McClintock, *The Old North Trail*, 491).  
Caddo (Dorsey, CI 41 : 27).  
Cheyenne (Grinnell, JAFL 34 : 308).  
Chilcotin (Farrand, JE 2 : 28).  
Cree (Skinner, PaAM 9 : 113).  
Crow (Lowie, PaAM 25 : 52; Simms, FM 2 : 299).  
Dakota (Riggs, CNAE 9 : 90).  
Gros Ventre (Kroeber, PaAM 1 : 100).  
Hidatsa (Lowie MS.).  
Kaska (Teit, JAFL 30 : 457).  
Kiowa (Gatschet, Ausland, 63 [1890] : 901; Goddard MS.; Mooney, RBAE 17 : 238).  
Koasati (personal information from Dr. J. R. Swanton).  
Kutenai (Boas, BBAE 59 : 247).  
Mandan (Maximilian, 2 : 150).  
Micmac (Rand, 160, 306).  
Natchez (personal information from Dr. J. R. Swanton).  
Ojibwa (Jones, PAES 7 [pt. 2] : 151, 455; Speck, GSCan 71 : 151).  
Oto (Kercheval, JAFL 6 : 199).  
Passamaquoddy (Leland, *Algonquin Legends of New England*, 140).  
Pawnee (Grinnell, JAFL 7 : 197).  
Puget Sound (Gunther-Haeberlin MS.).  
Quileute (Farrand, JAFL 32 : 264).  
Quinault (Farrand, JE 2 : 107).  
Shoshoni (St. Clair, JAFL 22 : 268).  
Shuswap (Teit, JE 2 : 687).  
Skidi (Dorsey, MAFLS 8 : 60).  
Songish (Boas, Sagen, 62).  
Tahltan (Teit, JAFL 34 : 247).  
Thompson (Teit, MAFLS 11 : 7).  
Tlingit (personal information from Mr. Shotridge).  
Ts'ets'aut (Boas, JAFL 10 : 39).  
Washo (Dangberg MS.).  
Wichita (Dorsey, CI 21 : 298).

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FALLING-STAR.<sup>1</sup>

BY GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

ONCE, a long time ago, two girls were lying outside the lodge at night. They were looking up at the sky; and one said to the other, "That star is pretty, I like that one." The other answered, "I like that other one better." One of them pointed to a very bright star, and said, "I like that one best of all; I would marry that star."

That night as they lay down in the lodge, going to bed, they said, "To-morrow we will go out and gather wood." Next day they went out together for wood; and as they were going along in the timber, they saw a porcupine in a tree; and the girl who had chosen the bright star said, "I will climb up and pull him down." She climbed up into the tree toward the porcupine, but could not quite reach him. Just as she would stretch out her hand to seize his foot, he would move up a little, so that she could not reach him. Meantime the tree seemed to be growing taller. The girl below called to her friend, "You had better come down, this tree is growing taller!" — "No," said the other, "I can almost reach him now;" and she kept on climbing. When the girl below saw the tree growing so high, and the other girl so far above her that she could hardly see her, she ran back to the camp and told the people. They rushed out to the tree; but the girl had gone, she could not be seen.

The tree grew and grew; and at last the girl reached another land, and there she stepped off the branches of the tree and walked away from it. Before she had gone far, she met there a middle-aged man, who spoke to her, and she began to cry. He said to her, "Why,

<sup>1</sup> This story was taken down many years ago from the lips of White-Bull (Hotūa Whoko mas), a Northern Cheyenne, who was born in the South in 1837, and died on the Tongue River Agency, Mont., July 10, 1921. White-Bull's first name was Ice, the name also of his grandfather, a famous warrior who took part in the attack on the Crow camp about 1820; and under this name, with another Cheyenne, Dark, he professed in the year 1857 to have devised a medicine which should render harmless the bullets of the white troops under Col. E. V. Sumner in the campaign of that year in Kansas. In the fight the troops did not use their guns, but charged with the sabre, and this unexpected action obviously rendered the medicine useless! The Indians fled, and lost three or four men. White-Bull was long greatly respected as a medicine-man and priest. He took part in the Custer fight in 1876, where his only son was killed. As one of Two-Moon's band in 1877, he surrendered to Gen. N. A. Miles at Fort Keogh, Mont. For many years he was one of the four chiefs of the Northern Cheyenne, the others being Two-Moon, Little-Chief, and American-Horse.

what is the matter with you? Only last night you were wishing to marry me." He was the bright star.

He married the girl, and they lived together. He told her that she could go out and dig roots and *pommes blanches* with the other women, but that there was a certain kind of *pomme blanche* with a great green top that she must not dig; to dig this was against the medicine. Every day the girl used to go out to dig roots; and one day, after she had been out some time, she began to wonder why it was against the medicine to dig one of these strange *pommes blanches*, and made up her mind that she would dig one and find out about it. Next day she dug one up. It took her a long time; and when she pulled up the root, she saw that it made a hole through the ground on which she was standing. She could look down through this hole, and see, far below, the great camp from which she had come.

When she looked down and saw the lodges, and the people walking about, very small, she was homesick; she felt that she wanted to get back to her people, and she wondered how she could get down. Near by there grew great long grass; and after she had thought for a time about getting away, she wondered if she could not make a rope of this grass. She began to do so; and for many days she worked, braiding a great long rope. Her husband used to wonder why she was out of doors so much, and what she was doing; and one day he asked her. "Oh," she said, "I walk about a great deal, and that makes me tired; and then I sit down and rest." He did not understand it.

At last the woman had finished her rope, and let it down through the hole in the ground till she thought she could see it touch the earth below. She got a strong stick and laid it across the hole, and tied the rope to it, and began to let herself down. For a long time she went down safely; but when she got to the end of the rope, she found it was not long enough, and that she was still far above the earth. For a long time she held on there, crying. At last, however, she had to let go; and she fell, and the fall broke her all to pieces. Although the fall killed her, her unborn child did not die; he was made of stone, and the fall did not kill him.

A meadow-lark, flying about, found him, and took pity on him, and took him to its nest. The lark kept him there like one of its young ones; and when the boy got big enough, he used to creep out of the nest with the young birds. The stronger the birds grew, the stronger he became. He got so, after a time, that he could crawl about very fast. After the birds had grown big enough to fly a little way, the boy was able to run about. When the birds became strong, and could fly about anywhere, he could follow them. He was growing to be a big boy.

When the time came for the birds to go south, the meadow-lark said to the boy, "Son, you would better go home now; before long it

is going to be very hard weather here; we are all going to the south country." The boy said, "Father, why do you want me to go home? I want to go with you." — "No," said his father, "it will be too hard; you would better go home. Your people live down the stream; go home to them." — "Well, father," said the boy, "I will go home if you will make me a bow and arrows." The meadow-lark did so, and pulled out some of his own quills to feather the arrows. He made him four arrows and a bow; and after they were finished, the meadow-lark pointed out to him which way to go, and the boy started in that direction.

He travelled along for some time; and when he reached the camp, he went into the nearest lodge, where an old woman lived. The boy said to her, "Grandmother, I want a drink of water." She said, "Grandson, water is very hard to get. Only those who can run the fastest can have water." — "Why is it hard to get water, grandmother?" he asked. "Why, grandson," said she, "only the young men go for water, the fastest runners. There is a fearful animal there, a *mih'n'*<sup>1</sup> that draws in (to itself) people who go near it." The boy said, "Grandmother, give me your buffalo-paunch bucket and your buffalo-horn ladle. I will go for water." — "Grandson," she said, "many young men have been killed by going there for water. I fear you will be killed, too." Nevertheless she gave him the things he asked for, and he went to the stream and began to dip up water. While he was doing this, he kept looking about for this animal.

When his bucket was full, the *mih'n'* raised its head above the water. It had a great mouth; and as it drew in its breath, the suction from the mouth drew in the boy, and the water and the bucket and the spoon. Now, when he was sucked in, the boy had his knife; and when he found himself inside the *mih'n'*, he saw there all the people that had ever been swallowed by it. With his knife he cut a hole in the animal's side, and let out all the people. Then he brought the water to his grandmother.

"Why," said his grandmother, "my son, who are you? What are you?" — "Grandmother," said he, "I am Falling-Star; I have killed the great thing that has been starving you for water." The woman told an old man of this, and he cried it through the camp that Falling-Star had killed the great animal that had so long deprived them of water.

After he had saved that camp, he said to his grandmother, "Grandmother, are there any other camps of people near here?" The old woman said, "Yes, there is one down below, on this stream." Then Falling-Star left the camp, taking with him his bow and arrows.

<sup>1</sup> A mythical water-monster described as a very large lizard, partly covered with hair and with one or two horns. The thunder-birds have been known to kill these monsters. One or two writers have inferred that *mih'n'* is an alligator, but this is not the fact.

It is now the fall of the year. The boy travelled and travelled, and at length he reached the camp below. When he got there, he went into an old woman's lodge. She was sitting there alone, with her head hanging down, and only one stick of wood [on the fire]. He said to her, "Grandmother, I am very cold; why don't you have a larger fire?" — "Why, grandson," she said, "we cannot get any wood; there is a great Owl<sup>1</sup> in the timber, that kills people when they go for wood." — "Give me your rope and axe," said Falling-Star; "I will go and get wood." — "Ah, no, grandson! do not go! He is a great and terrible owl. He takes people up and sticks them into his ears," said the old woman.

Falling-Star took the rope and axe, and started out for wood. As he was chopping wood in the timber, he kept looking all about him for the owl. After his wood was cut and tied up, suddenly this great owl appeared, and took the boy up and put him into his ear. After the boy had been put in the ear, he took his bow and one of his arrows and shot the thing in the brain, and it fell down dead.

The boy crept out of the ear, and took up his wood and carried it back to his grandmother's lodge. "Now," he said, "grandmother, we will have a big fire and get warm. I have killed this great thing that kept you from getting wood." The grandmother told of this; and an old man called it through the camp, that Falling-Star had killed the great owl that lived in the timber.

Some time after this, Falling-Star asked his grandmother if there were any other camps near by, and she told him that on beyond there were others. So he left that camp. By this time it was winter, and snow lay on the ground. Falling-Star came to the camp, and went into an old woman's lodge and sat down. The old woman did not set food before him; and at length he said to her, "Grandmother, I am very hungry."

"O my son!" said she, "we have no food. We cannot get any buffalo. Whenever we go for buffalo, a great white crow comes about and drives them away." Falling-Star said, "That is bad, that is very bad, I will see what I can do. Do you go out and look about the camp for an old worn-out robe, with but little hair on it; and tell the old chief to choose two of the swiftest runners in the camp, and send them to me."

The old woman went out to look for such a robe, and found one; and then she went to the chief's lodge, and told him that she wanted him to choose two of the swiftest men on foot in the camp; and that when he had found them, he should bring them to Falling-Star at her lodge. She took the robe back to the lodge.

The two swift young men were sent to Falling-Star; and he told

<sup>1</sup> *Mt'sai* = owl or ghost.

them that when any buffalo came near the camp, he would go out to a certain place; and that when the buffalo ran, he would follow them; and that these young men must chase the buffalo, following him far, and not giving up; and that when they overtook him, they must shoot at and kill him; and that after they had killed him, they must cut him open and leave him lying there.

Not long after this, buffalo were seen, and came close to the camp; and the men started out to try and kill some. When they started, the white crow flew over the buffalo, and called out, "They are coming! They are after you! Run, run!" The buffalo started and ran; and behind them ran an old scabby bull, with little hair on its body, which could not catch up with the herd. The two swift young men chased this bull, and did not give up; and at last they caught him and shot him, and killed him, and then opened him and left him there, and returned to the camp, as Falling-Star had told them. After they had cut him open and left him, as they were going back to the camp, the young men looked back, and saw birds of all kinds, and wolves and coyotes, gathering about the carcass. Among the birds was the white crow. He would fly over the carcass and alight, and say, "I wonder if this is not Falling-Star!" Then he would fly over the bull again, and alight, and say, "I wonder if this is not Falling-Star!" He kept getting closer and closer to the carcass, and called out to the other birds, "Leave the eyes for me! Do not touch the eyes! I wonder if this is Falling-Star!" He kept getting still closer; and just as he was about to peck at the eyes, Falling-Star reached out and caught him by the legs. As soon as he did so, all the birds flew away, and the coyotes and wolves scattered all over the hills. Falling-Star brought the crow to his grandmother's lodge, and sent for one of the soldier bands and the chief, to decide what should be done with the crow. The chief said, "I will take him to my lodge and tie him in the smoke-hole, and smoke him to death." He took him to his lodge, and tied him over the fire in the smoke-hole; but one day the crow twisted loose and got away.

Falling-Star sent some of his young men out to gather flax-weeds; and from the bark he made a long string, and to the end of the string he tied a slender thread, and to the thread he tied a small feather. He blew this feather out of the top of the lodge, and told the people to watch the string; and whenever it stopped going out, to pull it back quickly; and at the end of it they would find the crow. When the string stopped, they drew it in, and soon the crow came fluttering down through the smoke-hole. Then they killed it. After this they caught many, many buffalo. The people said, "Now we are saved. Now we can have plenty to eat."

Falling-Star left that camp, and travelled on to another. He went into an old woman's lodge, and said, "Grandmother, I am hungry, I

want something to eat." — "Son," she said, "it is bad here, we have nothing to eat. When we go to chase buffalo, Winter-Man sends a big snow-storm, and we can get nothing." Falling-Star said to his grandmother, "The next time that buffalo come, you and I will go out and get some meat. So fix up your dog-travois." When the buffalo came, he said to her, "Get ready now! We will go." They all went out and killed some buffalo. There was one nice fat cow; and Falling-Star said, "Come, grandmother, we will cut up this one."

As they were butchering, Winter-Man appeared on the hill, with a great club in his hand. He started down toward them, and the grandmother wanted to run. Falling-Star said, "Do not run away, grandmother!" and as he said this, he cut out the kidney from the cow, and handed it to his grandmother. By this time Winter-Man was close to them. He said to Falling-Star, "Why do you give the kidney to that old woman?" Winter-Man lifted his foot and kicked the old woman, and his leg flew off. He raised his hand and struck at her, and his arm flew off. He opened his mouth to speak to her, and his head flew off, and he fell down. They butchered the cow quickly, and went away and left Winter-Man lying there.

After they got to the lodge with the meat, they had something to eat; and Falling-Star said, "I think I will go over and see Winter-Man." — "No," said his grandmother, "do not go! You have treated him badly, and he may kill you." — "I think I will go," said Falling-Star. "Where does he live?" His grandmother said, "He lives over there in that cut bank."

Falling-Star went to the cut bank, and went in; and Winter-Man, who had been brought in and cured by his wife, said, "Why do you come here after the way you have treated me?" — "Why, uncle," said Falling-Star, "I only wanted to talk to you, and to see your bow." He took up the bow, which was made of a great tree, and bent and broke it.

Winter-Man said, "Why do you do this? Get out of my lodge! Why do you stay here when I order you out? Have you no feeling? Have you no shame?" — "Oh," said Falling-Star, "I want to see your club." He picked up the club and struck Winter-Man over the head with it, and killed him with his own club. Then he killed his wife and children, all except one little one who got away and crept into a crevice in the ground. After he had done this, he went back to the lodge and told his grandmother that he had killed Winter-Man and all his family except one. He said to her, "Tell every one in the camp to heat water and pour it into that crevice, and try to scald that child to death." The people did this for a long time; but whenever they stopped, they could see frost rising out of the crack, and at last they stopped. If he had killed that one, we should have had no more snow.



Falling-Star left that camp and travelled on. It was now the middle of winter. The days were short, and it became dark early. One night he came to a stream, and saw a light on it. When he had come close to this light, he saw near him a man, who wore a necklace made of many ears of people strung together, standing looking at the camp. Falling-Star said to himself, "That is Double-Eyes." He crept back, and went to where some box-elders grew; and from the fungus<sup>1</sup> which grew on them he cut out many pieces shaped like ears, and strung them about his neck. He walked back, and went up to Double-Eyes, who said to him, "Halloo, friend! Where do you come from? Why, you look just like me!"

"Yes," said Falling-Star, "I am the same kind of a medicine-man. Suppose, now, the people wanted to kill you, how could they do it?" — "Why," said Double-Eyes, "if the people knew it, and caught me and threw some grease into the fire, and rattled on a medicine-rattle, I should fall down dead. I go around biting peoples' ears off, and making necklaces of them. There is one lodge here that I have not been into. After it is quiet, and these people all get to sleep, I am going into that lodge." Falling-Star said, "We are just alike; that is the only way I can be killed." Of the lodge he was talking about, Falling-Star said, "I will go in and see if all are asleep, and will come back and tell you." — "It is well," said Double-Eyes.

Falling-Star went to the lodge; and when he got there, he said, "Are all here asleep?" Some one answered, "No." Falling-Star said, "That person who goes about biting off ears is coming here. You must all pretend to be asleep, and snore, and then you can kill him. The only way he can be killed is to build a big fire and throw some grease into the fire, and shake a medicine-rattle. If you do that, he will fall down and die."

The people in the lodge were glad when they heard this, and they said they would do as Falling-Star had told them. Then Falling-Star went back to Double-Eyes, and said to him, "All are asleep and snoring. Let us go! I will go in first." — "No," said Double-Eyes, "I will go in first." — "Very well," said Falling-Star.

They went to the lodge; and when they got close to it, they listened, and all were snoring. Falling-Star said again to Double-Eyes, "I will go in first." — "No," said Double-Eyes, "I will go in first." He entered; and when he was inside, Falling-Star closed the door and put his weight against it, and called out, "He has gone in!" The people arose quickly and built up a big fire. Double-Eyes was trying to get out everywhere, but Falling-Star was like a rock against the door.

<sup>1</sup> This fungus is called in Cheyenne *is-tō-wō-šh-kōn*, meaning "one's ears," with a diminutive, — perhaps "one's small ears." It looks like the old-fashioned dried apples, which have been given the same name.

The people threw some grease into the fire, and shook a medicine-rattle, and Double-Eyes fell down dead. Next morning the people threw Double-Eyes out of doors. All those in the camp came about him, and recognized their own ears and took them. Falling-Star made a big sweat-house, and told the people to get into it and take a sweat, and to hold their ears against the sides of their heads. They did so; and when they came out, all had their ears on as natural as ever.

While he was in this camp, he was told that they needed him at the next camp; that a lodge had been built for him, and a girl was waiting to marry him. Those people were worse off than any. An old woman lived there who scalped people. Falling-Star reached the place, and found it just as he had been told. His lodge was up, and the girl he was to marry was waiting for him. All the people had been scalped, and had their heads tied up.

The old woman heard of his coming, and went over to see him. She said, "Why, grandson! I heard that you had arrived, and have come over to see you. I need two scalps to use on the robe I am fixing." — "Yes, grandmother," said Falling-Star, "we heard you needed scalps, and that is why we came." The girl had not been scalped; she had long hair, and so had Falling-Star. After a while he went over to the old woman's lodge, taking his wife with him. She did not want to go into the lodge, she was afraid; but he coaxed her to go, yet it was a long time before she would go in.

When they entered, the old woman said, "I am glad to see you. You have nice hair." — "Yes," said Falling-Star, "we came here for that reason, because we heard you needed good scalps." He told his wife to sit on the side away from the old woman, saying, "I will let her take my hair first." The old woman made ready her knife, and walked over to Falling-Star to cut off his hair. As she came close to him, he struck her; and because he was made of stone, he knocked her down and killed her at the first blow.

When the people heard that Falling-Star had killed this old woman, they all rushed into the lodge; and after they had seen that she was really dead, when they looked about the lodge, each man knew his own scalp hanging there. Now Falling-Star made a big sweat-house; and he told all the people to get in and take a sweat, and while they were sweating to hold their scalps on their heads. They did this; and when they came out of the sweat-house, their heads were perfect.

Falling-Star married the girl, and lived always with these people.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN FRANCE OF PREHISTORIC STUDIES.**—In 1919 Dr. Henri Martin, once President of the Société Préhistorique Française, allotted for an indefinite period a tract of ground to American anthropologists for the purposes of prehistoric excavation. The allotment, save for the title, is a gift; and it was the wish of the donor that a school should be established by Americans in connection with the excavations, where the students should have the opportunity of the study, classification, and disposition of specimens. The site is contiguous to the Mousterian Station of La Quina, exploited for more than fifteen years by Dr. Martin, and seemingly inexhaustible. It is near the town of Villebois-Lavalette, about twenty-five miles southeast of Angouleme (Charente).

Such a school has now been established, under the joint auspices of the Archæological Institute of America and the American Anthropological Association. The original idea of Dr. Martin has been amplified, with the result that work has begun, and will be carried on, following somewhat the same lines as those adopted by the American Schools at Athens and Jerusalem.

The money necessary for the first year's work was raised by subscription. A governing board of nine members was elected, and Professor George Grant MacCurdy of Yale University was appointed Director for one year from July 1, 1921.

Excavations began the first week in July; and during two months of work a very fair result in specimens of the upper palæolithic epochs was attained. Most of these are Mousterian, as the site accorded the School by Dr. Henri Martin belongs to that culture.

Plans for the second year, 1922-23, are given below. The activities of the School may be divided into work in the field, and work in the museum and lecture halls of Paris; and the former may be said to include both excavation and excursions.

Beginning July 1, 1922, it is hoped to spend three months in excavation. The result in number of specimens is of less importance than the training in excavation and in the study of specimens that will be the duty and the privilege of the students.

All the digging is done by the students and Director themselves. The technique of excavating a rock-shelter is different from that of all classical excavations, and from that of prehistoric sites in the open, and even from the methods of clearing out a prehistoric cavern. As always, the utmost rigorouslyness of observation and control is expected of the Director, and he in turn will require it of those under him.

The study, classification, cleaning and mending, comparison and exposition, of the specimens found, will be taught. In doing this, full advantage will be taken of the advice, lectures, and facilities of Dr. Henri Martin. He has established on the ground a laboratory, complete in stone and bone collections of the Mousterian epoch, and containing a synoptic collection of neolithic and palæolithic France. The founder of this laboratory is most anxious, in his kindly interest, to help by precept and example.

The specimens that are likely to be found are flint Mousterian points, scrapers, and knives, and bones of contemporary animals, many of which bear marks of the flint implements used in battering and cutting. The most common animals represented are the bison, horse, reindeer, stag; besides the hyena, lion, fox, wolf, and wild boar. A few hundred feet away from the laboratory a fragment of mammoth tusk was discovered; human remains have also been found at La Quina; and there is always the chance that traces of Neanderthal man may be found.

Other sites of later palæolithic man abound in the neighborhood, and it is hoped that it may even be possible to use part of the autumn in excavating a Gallo-Roman tumulus in southern France.

It is of the highest importance that trips be made to the classical centre of Les Eyzies, whence the famous caves of Font de Gaume and Combarelles, as well as the rock-shelters of La Ferracie, Le Moustier, La Madeleine, Laugeries Haute and Basse, and many others, may be visited.

With good fortune, it may be that Professor Capitan, Mr. Peyrony, the Abbé Breuil, and others whose names are intimately connected with these sites, will be on the ground; in this case, judging from the universal rule of French scientific hospitality, it may be promised that the visit will be doubly interesting.

A trip to the Pyrenees will be arranged, and it may be that Count Béguen will again introduce the students to the wonders of the bison of Tuc d'Audubert and the Sorcerer of Trois Frères.

Mas d'Azil, Gargas, and other Pyrenean caves must be seen; the detailed itinerary, of course, will depend on weather, time, and finance. In the spring, trips will be made to Brittany, where the megalithic monuments, especially the alignments near Carnac, will be studied; to some fortified camps, such as the beautiful Camp de Cesar near Dieppe; and to Alesia or some important Gallo-Roman site.

In and around Paris are the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle, the Muséum de Paléontologie Humaine, the Trocadéro Museum, and the great Musée des Antiquités Nationales at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. The students will be expected to familiarize themselves with the prehistoric sections of these, and, under the supervision of the Director, to specialize on some particular subject and write a thesis connected with it.

There will be museum walks and lectures by the Director; but the main part of the instruction will come from attendance at the lectures of the École d'Anthropologie de Paris and of the other institutions in anthropology of the city. These are generously opened to the public freely; and the chance of hearing and of knowing personally the men who have made the French School and the museums famous, will be appreciated by the students. The names of Capitan, de Mortillet, Hervé, and Manouvrier at once suggest themselves.

In comparative art, the collections in the Egyptian section of the Louvre, and paintings in the Luxembourg and especially in expositions of realistic modern art, must be visited. An appreciation of the place in the history of art, of the palæolithic and neolithic paintings, engravings, and carvings, cannot be gained without some knowledge of the history of technique through the years of history.

Students may be admitted for the summer months; they will get the advantage of the field-work and of some of the excursions. Students classi-

fied as "regular" should enter for the whole period of twelve months; these will receive a certificate testifying to the amount and the quality of work done, and will be required to present a thesis showing at least the faculty of independent observation.

For summer students, special experience in prehistoric archæology is not indispensable, though a short course of general reading and some visits to museums of prehistoric archæology are highly desirable. These will vary in individual cases. Those who have any idea of attending should write to the Chairman, who will advise them as to what is most feasible and desirable. Nor, for summer students, is an extended knowledge of French absolutely necessary; a few weeks on the ground, and the physical necessity of speaking French in daily life, will marvellously increase the students' vocabulary.

For "regular" students, some knowledge of prehistoric archæology and of elementary anthropology is desirable. Those who intend entering should write to the Chairman, giving their experience and attainments. Some knowledge of French is here almost indispensable, though with diligent study during the summer, and the Director's aid, the deficiency could be made up in part.

The lectures and all the privileges of the School are free, but the students pay their own expenses. It may be said that the minimum allowance for living in France is from twenty to twenty-five francs a day.

There will be a few opportunities for earning money at the excavations by doing some of the physical labor for which otherwise local workmen would have to be engaged. In Paris there are chances of earning money; but, as always, the time and energy put on outside duties hamper the best intensive work.

Two scholarships—one of five thousand and one of two thousand francs—are offered for 1922-23; these will be awarded by competition. Applicants should have some knowledge of prehistoric archæology, not necessarily in the European field, and some acquaintance with French. A long course of preparation is not absolutely necessary.

There will also be established probably a small loan fund; this may be used to tide deserving students over an emergency.

Students of both sexes are admitted.

The work of the School begins July 1 of each year, and continues for one year.

The time is divided between excavations, excursions, and study in museums. This is supplemented by attendance at lectures given by French scholars and by the American Director.

Accommodations near the excavations, while not luxurious, are readily obtained, and the reasonable comfort and well-being of the men and women are looked out for.

Those who consider entering the school, whether or not applicants for scholarships, and whether or not intending to pass the entire year in the School, should address the Chairman as soon as possible. Requests for information of any kind concerning the School should also be addressed to the Chairman of the Board.

CHARLES PEABODY, *Chairman.*

PEABODY MUSEUM,  
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TWO LEGENDS OF THE MOJAVE-APACHE, TOLD BY CAPTAIN JIM (HOO-KUT-A-GO-CHE, "NOSE-TIED-UP") OF THAT TRIBE. 1. *Story of the Flood.*—One time there were people living underneath the world. They sent out one little bird to find another place, maybe in the upper earth. The bird flew north, east, south, west. Not find anything. Then people make ladder of vines like grape-vines, leading up to upper world. Send bird up the ladder, and people followed the bird. After they reached the top, they heard a noise, and they went to the top of the ladder and looked down. They saw big waters coming out of the hole.

Now they left Old Lady Frog down there. They thought she made water, and it covered the earth. Before the water came very high, they made a box, and put something to eat in it. They chose a girl, and put her in the box. They told her she would live when all the people were drowned. They told her when the box hit four times on the sky, she was to make a little hole. Then the water came, and all the people were drowned. The box floated on the water.

By and by the box struck the sky four times, and then it rested on the ground at the top of Mount Montezuma (or maybe at Mount Montezuma well, four miles east of Jerome, across the Verde River). The girl moved in the box. She opened the little hole or door, and came out from the box. She thought she would see the people, but she was all alone.

After some time she knew she was the only one, and she wanted to make a baby. She went to a little waterfall and lay down under it. (Here the illustration was made by pouring water from a small earthen dish, and the question was asked, "Do you want me to tell you right?" in other words, exactly as it was.) In a few days she gave birth to a girl. Now there were two girls in the world; and when she grew up, her mother told her how conception took place, but they could find no waterfall at that time. They took a vessel of water, and used that in the same manner as the waterfall. Soon the daughter gave birth to a boy, and called his name Jesus.

When the boy was four days old, the mother said to her daughter, "Go out on the hills and get some fruit." She went on the hills and gathered some guava-seed. She heard an eagle coming in the sky, and the eagle came and carried her away to Montezuma Mountain on the top—very high. The eagles killed her and ate her.

Little baby Jesus staid with his grandmother, and they gave him mescal to suck. He grew older. When the boy was getting grown, he asked his grandmother where his mother was; what was his name besides "grandson." She told him that when he was four days old, the eagles took her away and killed her.

Then the boy became a man, and told all the people he was going to kill the big steer. The steer was very big, and lay on the ground like a root. The boy told a man to dig a hole for him, and the man finished the hole. It was toward the head of the steer, under his heart. The boy made a little fire, and got his knife red-hot. He went down into the hole, and ran the knife into the heart of the steer. The steer struggled, and stuck his horn so far into the ground that he nearly killed the boy. He thought about the eagles, how they had killed his mother. He wanted the blood and brains of the steer. He took the blood and smeared it all over himself, and put the brains on his head and made handles in front—of the hide. Now he was ready to go.

He went to top of Mountain of Montezuma, where the eagles lived, and lay on his back when he heard them coming. They carried him to their nest. They told their children, "I have brought you something to eat." They struck the boy with a rock. The steer's brains and blood came out. They told their young to eat, and they would hunt some more. Then they flew away and left the young with him. Both tried to eat meat. Boy said, "Sh-sh-sh!" Then he asked, "Where does your mother sit?" They told him the rock where she usually sat. He took a lot of pine pitch and put it on top of the rock where she sat. Then, when she returned, she dropped on the rock, and her feet stuck so she could not get them out. Then the boy put the pine pitch on the rock where the father sat. He was hunting, and heard a great noise. It was the struggle between the boy and the eagles. He came flying, and was stuck to his rock: so the boy took a stick and killed him. He took both young ones and threw them down the side of the mountain.

Now he did not know how he would get down. He tried to sing a medicine-song. He put the medicine on his hands; and while he was singing, he pressed his hands and head down, and the rock began to go down the mountain. Half way down he saw an old lady carrying a basket, and he called, "Grandmother, come and get me!" She asked, "How did you get up there? No one can get up there. The eagles will kill you." He said, "I killed all of the eagles. Come and get me!"

The rocks were very sharp. The old lady turned herself into a bat, and began to climb by the rocks. She carried her basket by her head-rope. She wanted to carry him down in the basket, but he thought the head-string was too slender. She told him to put a big blue rock in to test it. He did so, and it held the weight. Then he took out the rock and climbed in himself. She told him, "Sit in the basket. Do not open your eyes! If you do, the string will break and kill us." So he sat with his eyes tight closed. By and by he thought he would open his eyes and see if what she told him was true. He opened his eyes, and the string broke, and they fell. The grandmother was hurt: legs, arms, and hands (wrists) broken. The boy says, "I will cure you right away." (Here the interpreter demonstrated by rolling up his sleeve and rubbing his forearm until he obtained some tiny bits of dead skin, and these he used.) So the boy touched the broken places with the substance he gathered from his skin, and moisture from his tongue, and they were well at once.

2. *A Story of Coyote* (Ca-tha-ta-han-na). — In the beginning, people say, if a person dies, they can come back to earth in four days.

Coyote says, "No, if person dies, they cannot come back."

Coyote had a daughter. Medicine-Man poisoned her, then she died. Then Coyote asked people, "Did you say the dead could return in four days? My daughter is dead."

People said, "You said the dead could not come back."

People said, "We have nothing to do with Coyote's daughter. She cannot come back."

M. K. GOULD.

TWO PLAINS CREE TALES. 1. *Wisā'kitcā'x and Buzzard*.<sup>1</sup> — Wisā'kitcā'x was travelling. He killed a buffalo, and cooked the carcass. While waiting

<sup>1</sup> This story was told by George Adait in relating the origin of the unfeathered head and neck of the buzzard. He heard it from the Plains Cree. Compare PAES 9 : 129.

for it to cook, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he found that Buzzard had eaten all, leaving only the bones. He lay down, concealing himself among the bones, and never moved. Buzzard, thinking Wisā'kitcā'x had left, came close up to the bones. Wisā'kitcā'x seized him by the legs and beat him. He then spit on his head and pushed it into his anus. He walked around for about a week with Buzzard's head this way. Then he pulled it out and examined it. Buzzard was still alive; but his head and neck had become rotten, and all the feathers had come off. Wisā'kitcā'x now transformed him into the turkey-buzzard, saying, "Henceforth you shall be the buzzard, and all shall know you as a carrion-bird. You shall always have this mark of a rotten head and neck, because you stole my meat. People shall call you ugly." Before this Buzzard was handsome, like Eagle.

2. *Wisā'kitcā'x and the Buffalo-Marrow*.<sup>1</sup> — Wisā'kitcā'x was travelling along Milk River (?), and saw a bladder of buffalo-marrow floating on the stream. He picked it up, ate the contents, and threw the empty bladder into the river. The bladder made foam, and since then there has been foam on all water. The marrow worked in him, and he began to defecate. Every little distance he had to stop. At last he could not move away, but defecated without ceasing at one place. A lake formed, and he was now in danger of drowning. He called on the willow-trees for help. Each kind of willow came one after another, and bent over to pull him out. As he took hold of each, it broke. At last the red willow came and drooped over. He took hold of it, and was pulled out.<sup>2</sup> Wisā'kitcā'x was very grateful for this help, and, as a mark of distinction, painted the bark of this tree red and its berries white. The lake Wisā'kitcā'x defecated remained in this place. It is called "*Stinking Lake*" by the whites, and "*Pagō'gi*" by the Blackfoot. The stench of the lake can be smelled several miles away. The lake is north of the Sweet-Grass Hills in Alberta.

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TRADITIONAL BELIEF CONCERNING THE GENERATION OF THE OPOSSUM (*Didelphys virginiana*, L.). — The opossum figures in the folk-lore of the North American Indians, the negroes and whites of the South, and the natives of Mexico. Such stories as the writer has seen concern the opossum's hairless tail, its broad grin when in the attitude of fear or anger, its habit of feigning death ("playing 'possum"), and its use for food. There seems to be no published reference to the prevalent notion regarding the mode of generation in this animal, — a notion which is deeply ingrained in the popular mind, from New Jersey to the Rio Grande River. This general belief is that the opossum copulates through the nostrils, and that the female blows the fruit of conception into the pouch. This is illustrated by the following note, dated April, 1921, sent to me from Tucson, Ariz., by J. Ross Thurman: "There are many old men in the South who believe the old Southern adage that the organ of the male [opossum] is forked, and the intercourse takes place in the nose of the female. As ridiculous as this sounds, I have never heard of any one who could deny it or explain it."

<sup>1</sup> This story was told by George Adsit, who heard it from the Plains Cree.

<sup>2</sup> This part of the story seems to bear a resemblance to the Thompson story of Coyote, who was in a deep hole, unable to get out. He called on all the animals, who came one after another and hung their tails over. At last one pulled him out.



There are several phenomena that form the basis of this belief. In the first place, the copulatory organ of the male is bifurcate, corresponding to the double nostrils; and in the second place, the female, just before parturition, may be seen with her nose in the pouch, licking it clean for the reception of the young.

Now, opossums, including females near term, have doubtless been kept in captivity in all parts of their habitat; and interested though unscientific persons, on numerous occasions, must have observed pregnant females more or less intent upon preparation of the pouch. Dr. Middleton Michel alone has recorded observations on the birth of the opossum,<sup>1</sup> and has shown that it occurs after the manner of all mammals; but his further observations were faulty, in that he failed to see how the young reach the pouch. He concluded that the mother transfers them to the teats with her lips or her tongue. This interpretation has been copied in the current text-books on zoölogy, and has been applied to all marsupials.

Popular traditions of this kind are well worth investigating. This is illustrated by the experience of Caldwell in his search for the monotreme egg, which, according to native tradition, is laid into the pouch and there incubated, the embryo being later attached to the teat for nutriment. Caldwell had more faith in this tradition than in the opinion of the learned Richard Owen, who contended, on *a priori* grounds, that the Ornithorhynchus is not oviparous. Caldwell's searches were rewarded, and he was able to send to the 1884 meeting of the Royal Society of London this famous cablegram: "Monotremes oviparous, ova meroblastic."<sup>2</sup>

In like manner popular opinion in the South seemed to indicate that the mother-opossum in some way assisted the young at birth; but experiments with newly born pouch young had convinced me that she did not actually transfer them to the pouch. On Feb. 8, 1920, I witnessed the birth, and found the following facts to obtain: The mother sits on her haunches, and, as the young emerge, she licks them free of the amniotic fluid, after which the tiny beings, less than a half-inch long, scamper up into the pouch and find the teats, reaching the place of safety and food entirely by their own efforts, without further aid on the part of the mother. The observation is difficult to make, since it takes the fœtus but a few seconds to make the trip; hence it is no wonder that an air of mystery should surround the advent of these bits of flesh into the world. It is of interest to note that the above-described performance is that of a fœtus of only ten days' gestation.

As to the manner of mating of the opossum, Selenka and the present writer have shown this to occur as in other mammals.

The explanation given above is offered as though the legend were of indigenous origin. In this connection, however, Dr. H. M. Evans, professor of anatomy at the University of California, has called my attention to the European legend of the "unlicked bear"<sup>3</sup> (*der ungeleckte Bär*), which has been traced from post-Aristotelian times to the present day by Dr.

<sup>1</sup> Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, III (1850).

<sup>2</sup> Caldwell, Phil. Trans., 1887; Am. Nat., 1887, 489-492.

<sup>3</sup> Elze makes the following quotation from Shakespeare (Henry VI, Part III, act iii, sc. 2):—

"Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp  
That carries no impression like the dam."

Curt Elze.<sup>1</sup> According to this fable, stripped of the many fanciful details and variations that accumulated in the course of centuries, the young bear is brought forth a formless mass of flesh, which the mother-bear must lick until the limbs appear and the foetus takes on bear-like shape. According to some versions, *the she-bear gives birth to its young through the mouth*. The latter point is of special significance in comparison with the local traditional belief that the opossum blows her young into the pouch. Whether or not there is any genetic connection between the two legends, I am unable to say. It would be interesting to know if a similar belief exists in Australia, the home of all the marsupials except the opossums of North and South America. British folk-lore literature seems to be silent on this point.

Although as early as 1642 Ambrosinus figured a well-formed bear-foetus in his "Paralipomena Historiæ Omnium Animalium," the fable of the unlicked bear has persisted to the present day. In view of this fact, we may be inclined to wonder how long the legend described above may be expected to endure in America.

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NOTE ON THE GROUND-HOG MYTH AND ITS ORIGIN. — On p. 521 of Vol. 32 (No. 126) of the Journal of American Folk-Lore, in the article under "Notes and Queries" by J. Newell Wardle of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, on Ground-Hog Day, I notice an error. Miss Wardle says Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, is forty days after Epiphany. Epiphany is Jan. 6, or twelve days after Christmas Day, — the day on which the Magi reached the child Jesus to offer their gifts. Candlemas Day, or Ground-Hog Day, is Feb. 2. The feast Miss Wardle has in mind was the Nativity, or Christmas Day. Her use of the word "Epiphany" makes her article all wrong. The Catholic Encyclopedia gives a perfect history of the fixing of the dates of the Nativity and Candlemas Day.

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THE MANDRAKE, A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE. — The present active interest in the development of the mandrake legend, as evidenced by the publication of four important articles on the subject, will justify the following supplementary bibliographical notes. The studies in question all appeared in the year 1917, and are as follows: —

FRAZER, SIR J. G., "Jacob and the Mandrakes" (Proc. Brit. Acad., VIII, and now reprinted in his "Folklore in the Old Testament," II).

HARRIS, J. RENDALL, "The Origin of the Cult of Aphrodite" (Bull. John Rylands Lib. [Manchester], 3 : 354-381, and now reprinted in his "Ascent of Olympus").

LAUFER, BERTHOLD, "La Mandragore" (T'oung pao, 2<sup>e</sup> sér., XVIII, 30 p.).

STARCK, TAYLOR, "Der Alraun: ein Beitrag zur Pflanzensagenkunde" (Ottendorfer Mem. Ser. Germ. Monographs, 14).

<sup>1</sup> Archiv f. d. Gesellsch. d. Naturwiss. u. d. Technik, 5, 1913.

Although these often supplement one another admirably, much yet remains to be gleaned. In particular, the modern developments and distortions of the legend have not been brought together and examined critically. Of the four, Starck gives the most usable bibliography. Many of the citations below are at second-hand; and, as a result, it is impossible to estimate correctly the importance of some contributions. As far as possible, those which seem significant and those which promise to be unimportant are indicated.

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 ANONYMOUS, "Legend of the Mandragora" (Annals of Medical History, 1 [1917] : 102-105).  
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 KRAINZ, *Mythen und Sagen aus dem steirischen Hochlande* (Bruck, 1880), 148, No. 105.  
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THE "DREAM-BREAD" STORY ONCE MORE. — The following verses (to the tune of "Pop goes the Weasel") were communicated to me through the mediation of Mr. Max Deutch by Mr. Frank Wolff. They were composed by the latter in conjunction with an employee of the St. Louis Post-Office.

He is unable to identify any part as his contribution, and knows the tale merely as a floating anecdote. The theme will be recognized at once as that of the "Three Dreams, or the Dream-Bread Story," which has been discussed at length by Paull F. Baum in this *Journal* (30 [1917] : 378 ff.). The substitution of "heaven" for "hell" as the destination of the second dreamer is a minor innovation not restricted to this version. This is one more testimony of the immortality of the three-dreams motif; and it has, I am told, even descended to the vaudeville repertory.

Two Irishmen and a Hebrew one day  
 Went out for recreation.  
 They took enough provisions along  
 To spend a week's vacation.  
 One night they got lost in the woods;  
 The night was dark and lonely.  
 At last the food they had gave out,  
 Except a piece of baloney.  
 As one of them took up a knife,  
 I said, "It's no use of carving,  
 For if we share this piece of baloney,  
 It won't keep us from starving."  
 So I suggested we all go to sleep,  
 And so did Maloney.  
 And the one that had the best of dreams  
 Wins the piece of baloney.  
 The following morn we all got up,  
 It was quarter after seven.  
 One of them said: "I had a dream,  
 I died and went to heaven;  
 St. Peter met me at the gate,  
 Riding on a pony.  
 I guess that dream couldn't be beat,  
 So that wins the piece of baloney."  
 The other one said: "I too had a dream;  
 I died and went to heaven;  
 St. Peter met me at the gate,  
 Stuck out his hand, and said, 'Hello, Maloney!'  
 I guess that dream couldn't be beat,  
 So that wins the piece of baloney."  
 The Hebrew said: "It's true, my friend,  
 That you were sleeping.  
 The reason why I know it is  
 'Cause I was peeping.  
 I saw you both go up in heaven;  
 And, believe me, I was lonely;  
 I thought you'd never come back again,  
 So I got up and ate the baloney."

ARCHER TAYLOR.

## REVIEWS.

Indianermärchen aus Südamerika, Herausgegeben von THEODOR KOCH-GRÜNBERG, Verlag bei EUGEN DIEDERICH in Jena (Die Märchen der Weltliteratur, herausgegeben von FRIEDRICH VON DER LEYEN und PAUL ZAUNERT). Buchausstattung von Hanns Anker, 1920. iv + 343 p. 16°.

THE admirable series of volumes devoted to the world literature of stories has recently received a notable addition in the book under review. The editors, Friedrich von der Leyen and Paul Zaunert, have performed their task in the most praiseworthy manner; and the printers, under the direction of Hanns Anker, have produced a book of unusual beauty and good taste.

Within the last few years the remotest parts of the earth have yielded up their harvest of popular tales; but for many reasons, mostly physical, the vast continent of South America has contributed but a relatively small contingent, and the most valuable collection of its folk-lore did not appear until 1915, when W. E. Roth published, in the Thirtieth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, his precious "Inquiry into the Animism and Folklore of the Guiana Indians."

A year later Theodor Koch-Grünberg published his interesting book of travel, "Vom Roroima zum Orinoco" (Berlin, 1916), the second volume of which contained "Mythen und Legenden der Taulipang- und Arekunà-Indianer,"—fifty stories in text and German translation.

No more suitable editor could have been found for a general collection of South American tales; and for the first time the general reader, as well as the special student, has at his disposal a broad but fairly adequate survey of the whole field. Details of the editor's sources, with reference to the geography of the collection, will be given later.

The stories comprise every class of *Märchen*, from myths of the creation and deluge to fables and popular tales, and afford interesting material for comparison with the folk-lore of other races and continents. The editor has treated this fascinating branch of research in his collection of tales referred to above and in the condensed notes to the present work. I shall mention first a few of the most striking examples of resemblances between the tales of the North American and South American Indians, and then those which are like the popular tales of the Old World.

No. 7 ("Die Speerbeine," p. 26) relates the story of two brothers who visit a party of spirits in a wood. One brother gets drunk, and his feet are burned off by the fire under his hammock. He sharpens his bones, and learns how to spear animals by them. The younger brother fears him, and tells relatives they must destroy him. They use swiftly-flying birds to lure him from his hammock, and thus kill him.

This motif occurs frequently in North American Indian tales. In A. L. Kroeber, "Gros Ventre Myths and Tales" (PaAM 1 : 82), "Clotted-Blood," the hero, comes to a camp where there is a man with a sharp leg. "He caused those who came, to play at kicking with him. Clotted-Blood put a limb of a cottonwood under his robe. They played, and he proved superior to the man. Then the man kicked at him with his sharpened leg. Clotted-Blood threw the stick out, and the other's foot pierced it. Then a



large cottonwood-tree stood there. In the top of it stuck this man. Clotted-Blood left him there to starve." In the same author's "Cheyenne Tales" (JAFL 11 : 169 [No. 12]) there was a man whose leg was sharpened so he could stick to a tree. He could not do this trick more than four times. A white man comes, and asks him to sharpen his leg, but is told he must not do the trick more than four times. In his vanity he does it a fifth time, and is stuck in the tree and starves. In No. 57 of Dorsey and Kroeber's "Traditions of the Arapaho" (FM 5 : 112), the hero sharpens his leg, and kills buffalo by kicking; in No. 108 (p. 257) he tries to kill comrades, but is overcome and killed himself; in No. 109 (p. 258) he tries to get up a kicking-match, then in anger attacks friends, and is killed himself by one who swallows a rock and lets the leg-sharpener kick the stone. In R. H. Lowie's "The Assiniboine" (PaAM 4 : 118) some boys are playing the "eye-juggling" game. One of the boys cuts his feet off, and whittles his legs to a point. He then jumps into the bush, calling an antelope by name, and the dead antelope is found with a stick through it. These two games are imitated by the hero of the story to his discomfiture. On p. 184 of the same work, one of several companions sharpens his legs and kicks his comrade, but afterwards cures him; on p. 186, one comrade kicks the other with his sharpened legs, and kills him.

Reference has been made above to the "eye-juggling" game, one of the most curious motifs in North American Indian tales, and until recently not known in the Southern Continent. Koch-Grünberg (No. 40, "Das Augenspiel") gives a Taulipang story in which a crab sent its eyes to the sea, and then recalled them. A jaguar was watching the crab, and wanted to see the trick. The crab sends its eyes, and only the empty sockets are left. Then the eyes are recalled. The jaguar insists on having its own eyes sent. The crab sends them and recalls them. The second time a fish swallows them. The jaguar tries to kill the crab, but it jumps into the water and escapes. A king vulture anoints the jaguar's eye-sockets with sap of a tree, and cures him. Since then the jaguar kills animals for the vulture to eat.

The many North American versions of this story are conveniently enumerated by T. T. Waterman in "The Explanatory Element in the Folk-Tales of the North-American Indians" (JAFL 27 : 44), and are too well known to be repeated here. Many of these versions are explanatory, as is the South American tale.

In a Bolivian story (Koch-Grünberg, No. 104, "Die Pfeilketten"), Abaangui, the grandfather of the Guarayu, had two sons. One day each of them shot an arrow towards heaven, so that it stuck fast in the heavenly vault. Then each shot a second arrow into the first, and so on until two arrow-chains reached from heaven to earth. On these they climbed to heaven, and remain there changed into sun and moon.

For the numerous North American Indian versions of this widespread story, see Waterman (*ut supra*, p. 41). For the relation of the South American story to the North American Indian versions, see R. H. Lowie's admirable article, "The Test-Theme in North American Mythology" (JAFL 21 : 102).

One of the most curious motifs in Koch-Grünberg is No. 68 ("Der rol-lende Totenschädel"), in which a band of hunters camp in a forest, and

prepare all sorts of game for eating. They then leave a lad to guard things. He sees a suspicious mysterious figure spying around, but his story is believed by his father only. He hangs his hammock in the woods, and he and his son escape when a *kurupira* and his band come at night and kill and eat all the other hunters. The skull of one of the hunters asks to be taken home; the man agrees, and drags it after him by a vine. It soon becomes too uncanny, and he abandons it. The skull, however, rolls after him, and cries out, "Gossip, gossip, take me with you!" The man makes a pitfall and catches the skull in it. At night, cries are heard, and the man tells his neighbors that it is the skull, which has got wings and claws like a gigantic falcon. It flew down and devoured the first man it met. A medicine-man hides, and, when the falcon comes the next night, shoots it through the eyes, and the skull falls dead from its perch.

For the North American Indian versions see Waterman (*ut supra*, p. 47) and Lowie (*ut supra*, p. 101).

The story just mentioned contains incidents which connect it with a large class of tales common to the Old and New Worlds; viz., where fugitives delay pursuit by throwing down objects which are transformed into obstacles, or where inanimate things, like spittle, etc., speak, and throw the pursuer off the track. The theme of the "Magic Flight" is represented by a number of stories in Koch-Grünberg, of which Nos. 75 and 83 are the most complete. Inanimate objects which speak (spittle, excrement, etc.) are found in Nos. 10, 47, and 68. It is worthy of mention that the "comb," which occurs so generally in the Old-World versions of this class, is not found in the South American tales.

The most common theme connecting the stories of the Old and New Worlds is that of the "Visit to Heaven" (Koch-Grünberg, Nos. 2, 13, 14, 38, 64, and 115). In these tales a man marries an animal wife (often a bird), and visits her family in the upper world. There he is forced by his wife's father to perform certain difficult tasks, and is aided by grateful animals, etc. This theme has been treated at great length by Lowie in the article cited above, and it is sufficient to refer the reader to it. This theme is also connected with that of the "Twin Brothers" (see Koch-Grünberg, Nos. 3, 28, 79, 80, and 102). Another incident of the above story is that of men or women who assume temporarily the shape of animals, and resume their human form when their skins are burned (see Koch-Grünberg, Nos. 9, 15, 38, 64, and 67, and the notes of Bolte and Polívka to Grimm, No. 88).

Finally, I may mention the few fables which are connected with those of the Old World. These belong to the Rabbit cycle. One of them deals with the race between two animals, and the victory of the slower but more crafty one (see Koch-Grünberg, Nos. 50, 53, 56, 113, and 117). The two forms of the fable are represented in the above stories. In one the relatives or friends of one of the competitors are stationed along the race-course, and answer as the other runner passes; in the other version, one of the competitors jumps on the back of the other, and thus wins the race (see Bolte and Polívka's notes to Grimm, No. 186, and Dähnhardt's *Natursagen*, 4 : 54, 65-66).

The sources from which Koch-Grünberg has drawn his tales, besides his own book (ten stories), are chiefly Roth (twenty-five stories), Brett (five

stories), Nimuendajú-Unkel, "Sagen der Tembe," in *Zeitschrift für Ethnologie*, 1915 (eight stories), Barbosa Rodrigues (twelve stories), Magelhães (seven stories), Capistrano de Abreu (thirteen stories), and E. Nordenskiöld (fifteen stories). The others are from Ehrenreich, Von den Steinen, Cardus, Van Coll, and a few others.

The localities chiefly represented are Guiana, Central Brazil, and Bolivia. Large tracts have not yet yielded their quota.

The book is handsomely illustrated with views of the scenery and natives of the country; and scattered through the work are smaller cuts from drawings by the author, representing the native idea of the animals which play so large a part in the stories. The book is a model of convenient arrangement, and the notes are admirable in their conciseness. Koch-Grünberg follows the theories of Ehrenreich in "Die Mythen und Legenden der Südamerikanischen Urvölker und ihre Beziehungen zu denen Nordamerikas und der alten Welt" (Berlin, 1905). It is hardly necessary to call the attention of the readers of this Journal to the masterly refutation of Ehrenreich's theories in the article by Lowie so often cited above; to which should be added the equally admirable article by Boas, "Mythology and Folk-Tales of the North American Indians," in the twenty-seventh volume.

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W. H. F. BASEVI. *The Burial of the Dead*. London, 1920. 208 p.

THE author's fundamental thesis is that burial-places were originally refuges for the weak and the wounded. He explains the cave-burials in the following way. When a hunter was wounded, his companions left him in a shelter, usually a cave, with a supply of food and water and a fire. If he recovered, he returned to their camp. If he died, there is the origin of the cave-burial. The author believes that his theory is strengthened by the fact that large numbers of skeletons are never found in one place. In a similar fashion he derives all the other rites connected with the burial of the dead. The ethnographic materials which he uses to prove his theory are mostly drawn from secondary sources.

E. G. S.

LEWIS SPENCE, *An Introduction to Mythology*. New York, Moffat, Yard, & Co., 1921.

THE elementary student of mythology has been looking for a brief summary of theories relating to the science. Mr. Spence, after giving the necessary definitions for "myth," "mythology," "folk-lore," "folk-tale," and "legend," gives a brief *résumé* of the theories of myth-critics, from Xenophanes (fl. 540-500 B.C.) to the more modern investigators, Gomme, Hartland, Harris, and Elliot Smith. But to the American student especially, it has been a keen disappointment to find, after careful search, not a single reference to the American school of mythologists. This is the more surprising, since Spence professes to embrace the eclectic system of myth-elucidation, and declaims, "Let no method, linguistic, solar, anthropological, dominate our conclusions, but let none be absent from our counsels."

Furthermore, the author apparently has not made use of the more recent and abundant myth-material published by the American Folk-Lore Society,

the American Museum of Natural History, the Bureau of American Ethnology, the Field Museum of Chicago, the University of California, and others. At any rate, certain inaccuracies — such as classifying Yetl as the thunder-bird of the Tlingit (Athaspaskan), regarding the Chinook as representative of the Northwest coast, and attempting to define "the American myth-system" — might have been avoided had he considered some of these sources; for, even though he ignores the American theorists, perhaps because he feels investigations of particular mythologies to be of less value than comparative works, he might with profit peruse the original tales, and derive at least a feeling for the myth-areas of North America, especially when attempting comparative tables for classification. He does not pretend that these tables are exhaustive, and they need not be; but we object to the errors in the few instances he has used. In general, Mr. Spence is indefinite as to sources. Even in his chapter on "Written Sources of Myth," it is not quite clear whether he includes available written sources, or whether he means literature in the narrower sense; i.e., mythology written and worked over into a unified composition. If the latter interpretation is to be assumed, he may be correct in classifying Charles G. Leland's "Kuloskap the Master" with the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Popol Vuh*, etc.; but if he intends to give a guide to the North American myths in their original forms, he has chosen a recorder whose bane it is "that the pride of some one theory is strong in him," and a mythological record strongly flavored with sophistication and notably inexact. However, had he appended a bibliography, — which is indispensable, particularly for an elementary book, — his meaning would be clear, and this criticism undeserved.

Since Spence defines mythology as "the study of a primitive or early form of religion while it was a living faith," his main thesis centres about the evolution of the gods, types of deity, man's relation to the supernatural and to the life after death, and ritual. He concludes that man endowed the gods with such qualities as he desired in them (e.g., when man became ethical and moral, his gods took on these attributes); that the gods which were solar, animistic, or economistic became departmental in type (e.g., corn-spirit or maize-spirit, sun-spirit, etc., — grain or sun personified, — took on sanctified human characters as well as superhuman powers); that the religious evolution of man, as evidenced by creation myths, has followed similar lines in all parts of the habitable globe; that the notion of paradise and punishment is greatly affected, not only by the natural environment of a people, but also by the ethical ideas which they have evolved; and, finally, that myth which is an outgrowth of ritual is purely secondary, but that primary ritual myth must have preceded ritual.

We shall not attempt to discuss the first, second, and fourth of these conclusions; but we venture a suggestion regarding the unity of religious evolution. Resemblances in creation myths in regions excessively remote may point to unity of religious development; but it is not conclusive to base an argument upon such an insignificant portion of a subject as inclusive as religion, when it has been detached from the rest of its setting. For example, the idea of a god finding himself in a primeval abyss is common to some North American Indians and to the Hebrews. The San Carlos Apache creator, finding himself so placed, made the earth by removing some of the cuticle from his breast and kneading it; the Hebrew god, by the

spoken word. In spite of the similarity of the original placing of the gods, the rest of the myth is totally divergent. If religious evolution is unified, we might expect approximately the same fundamentals in these two widely separated areas; but we find nature-worship among the Apache, and monotheistic anthropomorphism among the Hebrews. We have here an argument for the study of religion or mythology *in toto*, also for the detailed study of particular mythologies.

With reference to precedence of ritual or myth, we propose a question: How could man create an elaborate and detailed myth, such as those which accompany the Pawnee bundle rituals or the Blackfoot sun-dance, out of occurrences which never came within the limits of his experience? This question must be answered satisfactorily before myth-priority can be established. It seems to me it would be more reasonable to regard myth and ritual, not as cause and effect, but as phenomena growing simultaneously with reciprocal influence.

From what has been said, it may be deduced, then, that Spence uses the comparative method, and that re-enforced by not too many or exhaustive examples, and not particularly limited by a knowledge of facts. References to African, Polynesian, and Australian myths are very brief. We have a feeling, too, that his discussions trail off into vagueness or nothingness just when we expect him to make a point. The discussion of Wind-Gods is an example, as is the chapter on "Various Classes of Myth."

The volume is an attempt to review mythic science from its beginnings to the present time. The author has succeeded in giving a summary of some theories; in presenting a list of definitions some of which, particularly those for myth and folk-tale, cannot be universally accepted; in classifying deities within the bounds of his definition; and in giving a superficial smattering of some of the mythic systems of the world. He has omitted much source material and theory that might alter his conclusions; has generalized from limited information; and has neglected the portion of his work which would prove most helpful to the student of mythic science, namely, a bibliography.

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(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE OF COVER.)

# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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## TAHLTAN TALES.<sup>1</sup>

BY JAMES A. TEIT.

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57. THE LYNX;<sup>1</sup> OR, THE WOMAN STOLEN BY LYNX.

ONCE upon a time Lynx stole a woman. Her husband overtook them at their first camp, while Lynx was out hunting rabbits. The man instructed his wife to tell Lynx that he was her father. When Lynx came back, he wanted to shoot the man, but the woman called out that he was her father. Lynx sang as he came into the camp, —

"I do not know what makes me feel thus.

If he is your father, cook for him some good rabbit."<sup>2</sup>

At first Lynx would not believe her; but finally he was persuaded, and went to bed with the woman. During the night the man clubbed him, and he turned into a real lynx. *That is why the lynx has such a short round nose now.*

58. WAR WITH THE SKY PEOPLE OR SWAN PEOPLE.<sup>3</sup>

The sky country was inhabited by birds. When at home, these people were just like human beings; but when they came to the earth, they appeared in the form of birds. Once a man lost his wife, and discovered that she had been taken away by a swan. He started in pursuit, and followed their tracks, which led to the edge of the earth, where the sky moves up and down like clouds on the mountains. He saw that the tracks left the earth and passed under the edge of the sky. He turned back, and came again accompanied by many of his friends. The country became colder and colder as they proceeded northward. When they came to the end of the earth, the sky was moving up and down so fast that they could not pass over. One of the party had the sky (and swan) for his guardian. He made the sky move up and down slowly. The people jumped on, and followed the tracks until they came to where the Ducks lived. They asked them about the stolen woman, and they were told that she had passed with her husband long before. They came to the Geese and one after another to other birds, but they all gave the same answer. The weather was becoming warmer, for they were approaching the swan country, which is a long way down on the opposite slope of the sky.

<sup>1</sup> Compare Kaska, "Story of Lynx-Man" (JAFL 30 : 464).

<sup>2</sup> See phonographic record, No. 20.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Kaska (JAFL 30 : 453), Ts'ets'a'ut (Boas, JAFL 9 : 261). The tradition seems to have some analogy with Salish stories of making war on the sky people, but lacks the arrow-chain incident. See Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 311), Shuswap (JE 2 : 749). Thompson (JE 8 : 246).

(They found that the sky sloped up to where it meets the earth. It was cold towards this end, and warm towards the other.) They came to two old Swan women. They asked them the same question they had asked the other birds, but they received no answer. One said to the other, "Tell them!" and the other said, "No." Then the men took a knife, and threatened to cut off their heads if they did not tell. Then they told them that the woman had passed not long before, and was camped not far away. Soon they overtook a great many Swan people who were making camp. They saw the woman there, and waited until she came out to get brush. Her husband talked to her. She said, "You do not want me now. I am of no use to you." He answered, "I want you, whether you are of use or not. You have not yet forgotten how you sewed for me and helped me on earth." She answered, "Yes, I remember all I did for you." He said, "Come out early in the morning and join us." The Swan people suspected nothing, and all went to bed. When her Swan-husband was asleep, the woman ran away and joined the people. On the following morning, when the Swans found that the woman had run away and was already a long distance off, they followed, but turned back from near the edge of the sky, as the weather was too cold for them. It was winter-time there, and the Swans did not like the cold. The man with the sky (or swan) guardian made the sky move slowly at the edge of the earth. They jumped down, and in due time reached their own country.

#### 59. THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED THE BLACK BEAR.<sup>1</sup>

Some women were coming down a steep side-hill, following one another Indian file. They had been out picking berries all day. The last woman slipped on some bear-excrement and fell. She was angry, and said, "Those dirty black bears defecate on the trail all the time!" Soon afterwards a man caught up with her and offered to carry her berries. She agreed, and went with him. She thought he was leading her to the camp, but he led her away to where he had his den. They entered and sat down. The bear bent his head down, but the woman sat upright. Bear said, "Bend your head forward as I do." She did this, and at once changed into a bear. Now they lay down together to go to sleep. She put one of her hands out of the den. The bear told her not to do this, and she obeyed; but after a while she stretched out her hand again involuntarily.

One day her brother was hunting below the den. She knew he was near and below her. She took some snow, kneaded it into a ball, and let it roll down the slope. The snowball hit the toe of her brother's

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 834, 835 (Bellacoola, Haida, River's Inlet, Tlingit, Tsimshian).

snowshoe. He looked up, and saw what looked like a small hole in the hillside. He examined the snowball, and saw that it had been kneaded and bore the marks of fingers. He returned to the camp and told the people. On the following day they went to the den, but found it empty. During the night the bear and the woman had gone off and made a new home near a salmon creek. Here they lived, and the woman bore two children to the bear. After a time the bear told her she might go back to her people and see them, but forbade her to talk to her former husband.<sup>1</sup> On this visit she reverted to her former human form. One time the people made fun of her children because they looked like bears and had long nails. Then she became angry, changed into a bear, and killed many people. Then some hunters killed her and her children.

60. THE GRIZZLY-BEAR TWINS; OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE  
GRIZZLY-BEAR DEATH-SONG.<sup>2</sup>

Once a woman was taken away by a grizzly bear and became his wife. She bore twins, and after a year she returned home with her children, who were half bear. They had some hair growing between the shoulders and around the wrists. The people often had games of playing bear, both children and elders. Some of them dressed in bear-skins, and the others hunted them, carrying sticks and wooden knives. When a person acting bear was overtaken, he stood up and fought. The Grizzly children were asked by the other children to play. They said, "We want you to show us how your father does." The Bear children asked their mother's permission, but she would not consent. Many times the cubs were asked, but their mother always refused. One day, however, she gave them their bear-skins. She also said, "I shall play bear too." As soon as the three put on their skins, they looked like real bears. They ran uphill into a hole, and the people acting hunters chased them. The Indians shouted, "Hoh!" as men do when they want a bear to come out of his hole. The three bears came out of the hole and attacked the people. They killed most of them, and the others ran away. Then the grizzly bears went into the mountains and never came back. As they went along, they sang a mourning-song known as "The Grizzly-Bear Song," because they were sorrowful for having killed their relatives. The people heard them singing, and learned the song.

<sup>1</sup> Some informants say that the bear was a grizzly, and not a black bear; and the story continues from this point as No. 60. See RBAE 31 : 742.

<sup>2</sup> Compare No. 59. Some informants claim that this story is properly the latter part of it. See Thompson (Teit, JE 8 : 378, 379). The Tahltan claim that they did not sing songs at the death of a Bear, but that the Nass and Upper Skeena Indians did; and they think the story comes from there or farther south.

This is said to have happened on the Upper Nass or Upper Skeena River: therefore, among the tribes to the south, hunters sing these mourning-songs for a bear whenever they kill one. The Grizzly twins were just like ordinary Indian children before they put on their bear-skins (and were born as such).

61. STORY OF TSA'SHWA; OR, THE MAN WHO MARRIED  
A GRIZZLY BEAR.<sup>1</sup>

A man who was married and had several children was hunting. He happened to step on some grizzly-bear excrement, which made him slip and fall. He was angry, and called Grizzly Bear nasty names.<sup>2</sup> Shortly afterwards he met a nice-looking woman, who asked him if he cared to go with her. She said, "We shall go only a little way, then we will camp and lie down together." The man agreed, and went with her. As they went along, he thought he was stepping over logs; but in reality each time he seemed to step over a log, he stepped over a mountain. After travelling a long way, they came to the house of the Grizzly woman. They entered, and staid there three months. The man thought it was only three nights. The woman asked him sometimes if he was hungry; and when he answered, "Yes," she cooked dried salmon for him, and fed him dried berries after soaking them to freshen them. At the end of three months the woman, who was a shaman, sang. Then she said to her husband, "People are coming. To-morrow your brothers will find us." The man's brothers were hunting in the neighborhood of where the Grizzly had her den. It was in the middle of winter, and they had their lost brother's dog with them. He was called Tsa'shwa,<sup>3</sup> and was very keen of scent. He found the old tracks of his master under the snow, and followed them. Now, bears feel the steps of people who walk on their tracks, for it is as though sparks fell on them. The bears turn these aside, and then the people lose the track. If bears do not pay attention to the sparks, the people can track them down. Now sparks of considerable force fell into the Grizzly woman's den, for the brothers were drawing near. The woman pushed them back as fast as she could; but Tsa'shwa was cunning, and kept right on the tracks. The brothers followed him closely. At last the Grizzly woman became tired, and allowed the sparks to fall. Tsa'shwa and the brothers now came close to the den. His master recognized his voice and called

<sup>1</sup> Compare No. 59. See also RBAE 31 : 742-744 (Haida, Shuswap, Tlingit, Tsimshian), 834; Chilcotin (JE 2 : 23, 24); Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 360, 361); Okanagon (JRAI 41 : 153, 154); Thompson (JE 8 : 292, 378).

<sup>2</sup> See RBAE 31 : 835.

<sup>3</sup> This is used as a dog-name among the Tahltan and Tlingit (*-whs* is said to mean "young man" in the Tlingit language).

him. Then the dog became excited. The hunters thought their brother must be there; but they were afraid to encounter the bear in its den, for they heard people talking inside. They thought the inmates of the den might not be bears. They returned to camp, although Tsa'shwa was loath to leave. When they had gone, the Grizzly woman advised her husband to leave. They went to a distant place, and took up their abode near a salmon creek. The next day the brothers came back to the den accompanied by another brother, but they found the den empty. For a long time the man lived with the Grizzly woman at the salmon creek, and no one discovered their house. He hunted and fished, and they always had plenty of food. His wife bore two children. One day she said, "You have a wife and children among the people. Go back and visit them." He went in a canoe. His brothers and the people were glad to see him. He saw his former wife, but was afraid to talk to her. After a while he returned to his Grizzly-bear wife. Thus he visited his people three or four times. On his last visit his former wife intercepted him when he was about to leave, and asked him why he never spoke to her and to his children. She said, "How can I support your children? They are the same as fatherless." He spoke with her. Then he feared something evil might happen: therefore he called upon a wise old man, and asked his advice. The old man told him what the result of his indiscretion would be. The hunter then requested the seer to watch him with his mind (or invisible seeing-power) and to tell the people what would happen to him. The old man promised to do so. Then the hunter, full of evil forebodings, returned to his Grizzly-bear wife. As he approached the shore, he saw her weeping. She had known at once when the man had spoken to his former wife, and became sorry and wept. As he came close to the shore, the two cubs ran out into the water to meet him. Their mother followed. She caught the man in her arms and tore him to pieces.<sup>1</sup>

#### 62. THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A TOAD.<sup>2</sup>

A wealthy man had a daughter who lived in a little room by herself. She had just finished the training that girls undergo at puberty. For several successive mornings she noticed a toad (or frog?) lying at the door, and kicked it out of the road. One night the toad changed into a young man, and asked the girl if she wanted him for a husband. She did not know that it was the toad, and answered, "Yes." The girl put on her marten robe and eloped with the young man.<sup>3</sup> That night they went to a big lake, where the house of the Toad chief, the

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 742.

<sup>2</sup> See Tlingit (BBAE 39 : 53); RBAE 31 : 749.

<sup>3</sup> Compare No. 53 for the preceding incident.

wealthy father of the youth, was located. Her parents and all the people searched for her, but could find no trace of her.<sup>1</sup> After she had been with the Toad people a while, the chief, her father-in-law, told her to go and visit her parents. Her people saw her coming, followed by her husband. Her father invited them into the house, and gave them a good (or high) place<sup>2</sup> to sit in. He ordered his slaves to cook for them and give them to eat. They noticed that the Toad ate no meat, so they gave him berries to eat. He and his wife finished their dishes. The chief asked his daughter not to go back with Toad, but to stay with them. She told her husband, and he left her. Now the people closed all the chinks of the house, so that no Toads could enter. In the morning they saw that many Toads had surrounded the house. Soon they came in; and finally they filled the house, much to the terror and annoyance of the people. The girl's father offered to pay the Toads for the girl, but they paid no attention. Then the girl said to her father, "Let me go with them!" The girl returned to the Toad chief's house, and all the Toads left. *For this reason women are now afraid of toads, who steal people.*

#### 63. THE CHILD WHO BECAME A SEA-GULL.

Some people were camped near a lake, and among them a woman who had a little girl (or baby?). Near by, on an islet in the lake, sea-gulls had their nests. One day a sea-gull came in human form and stole the little girl from the people's camp, and took her to her nest. Her mother searched for her, and came to where the sea-gulls were. The girl recognized her, and sang, —

"Mother, here I am, here I am!"<sup>3</sup>

The mother followed the voice, and saw her child in the form of a little sea-gull in the nest. She tried to catch her child, who continued to sing; but she did not succeed, for the sea-gulls always flew away when she came near, and the child went with them.

#### 64. CENAKATLA'X;<sup>4</sup> OR, THE SALMON GIRL.<sup>5</sup>

A number of people were living on a salmon stream just before the first run of salmon commenced. They were short of food. A girl asked for something to eat, and they gave her a piece of old mouldy dried

<sup>1</sup> Some narrators say that they found her robe.

<sup>2</sup> Place where nobles or people of rank sit down.

<sup>3</sup> See phonographic record No. 27.

<sup>4</sup> Said to mean "mouldy salmon." The Salmon people are said to have named the girl thus.

<sup>5</sup> See RBAE 31 : 770 (Bellacoola, Chilcotin, Haida, Nootka, Tlingit, Tsimshian); Shuswap (JE 2 : 690).

salmon. She would not eat it, and threw it away. About the end of the salmon-run she disappeared, and no one knew what had happened to her. They thought she had been drowned, but she had been taken to the Salmon country with the last salmon in the stream. The Salmon country is far away in the sea, and there are very many people there. She could not eat the kind of food they ate; so she went along the beach, and gathered herring-eggs. One day some Salmon people saw her eating, and called out, "Look at the girl eating excrements!" After this she always hid when eating. The next spring the Salmon said, "Very soon we shall go and see our friends inland," meaning the Indians. They started in canoes. Some salmon branched off here, and others there, into different streams, where they were accustomed to go annually. The humpback salmon all went into shallow streams. Indians were fishing on many of the streams, and had weirs across the creeks. Sometimes the salmon broke part of the weirs and went through. Then they said, "We have played a trick on our friends." The girl was swimming with the king salmon, and went to the stream where her people lived. Her mother was very busy cutting up salmon. The girl swam back and forth close to the bank so as to see her mother well. Presently the mother called her husband to come with his spear. The girl then ran back and told the king salmon. He told her not to be afraid, but to let the people spear her. He said, "You cannot die. When people club you on the head, your soul at once passes to your tail, and afterwards, when you are dead, goes to the Salmon country, returning again next spring as a salmon. Thus salmon never die, and each succeeding year as many come up the streams as ever. See the old salmon rotting where they have spawned! They are not dead. Their bodies have been left up here, and are rotting; but their souls have returned to Salmon Land, and will return next year." The girl then went back to where her mother was, and her father speared her. It was a fine-looking small young fish; and her parents said, "Let us eat it fresh!" They brought the basket to boil it, and her mother began to cut the fish up.<sup>1</sup> When she made the first cut, the knife struck something hard and glanced off. She looked to see what it was, and saw some dentalia. On further examination, she recognized it as the necklace of dentalia worn by their daughter when she was lost. They thought the fish must be their daughter, so they wrapped it up in feathers and a clean mat. Then they fasted for eight days. During this time it gradually changed from the form of a fish to that of a girl. On the ninth day they recognized their daughter, who in appearance was just the same as before. She said to her parents, "I have come back to tell you about the Salmon people. You must treat

<sup>1</sup> Compare the following part of the story with the last part of No. 65, p. 344.

them respectfully; you must never talk evil of them, nor disparage them or their flesh. If you do not heed these things, then they will take revenge on you."

65. THE MAN WHO BECAME A MARMOT.<sup>1</sup>

Once a party of people were trapping marmots at a creek a little south or southwest of the head of Raspberry Creek. Among them was a lad who was very lazy. The people were angry with him because he would not do any work: therefore they made up their minds to desert him. They left the camp and all their traps behind, and left unnoticed. For several days the lad tried to trap marmots, but he did not catch any, and in a short time he was starving. One day he heard a baby cry; and when he went to look, he saw a woman going along carrying a baby on her back. He ran up behind her and snatched the baby away. He ran with it into the lodge and closed the door. The woman ran after him; and when she could not enter, she went around the lodge crying, and singing, —

"I want back my baby, young man!  
I want to enter your lodge.  
Give me back my baby, young man!"<sup>2</sup>

At intervals in the singing she whistled (as marmots do). He did not know that they were marmots, and, taking pity, he invited her into the lodge and married her. She said to him, "There is something wrong with you that you are so lazy. Strip off your clothes, so that I may see." When he had taken off his clothes, she struck him sharply over the stomach, and at once he vomited lice.<sup>3</sup> She said, "To-morrow morning you must go trapping. Set all your brothers' traps. From now on you will have good luck." Now his traps were full of marmots every day, and soon his lodge was full of meat and skins. She said to him every morning when he went out, "If young marmots come to you and run over your feet, don't kill them!" One day he thought, "Why does my wife tell me this? I shall kill them, and she will never know." He struck the young marmots with a stick, and threw them into the bottom of his large game-bag. He put other marmots on top and filled the bag. As soon as he entered the lodge, his wife said to him, "Why did you kill my children? I told you not to kill them. Now I shall leave you." He tried to hold her; but she slipped through his arms, and went out of the lodge with her baby. All the marmot-meat and all the skins became alive, whistled, and ran out of the lodge.<sup>4</sup> He followed his wife in a dazed state, and at

<sup>1</sup> See RBAE 31 : 777, No. I, d (Haida, Ts'xts'a'ut).

<sup>2</sup> See phonographic record No. 41.

<sup>3</sup> Compare Lillooet (JAFL 25 : 366).

<sup>4</sup> See RBAE 31 : 670.



last found himself in a large house. This was the home of the marmots underneath the rocks of the mountains. He staid there all winter, but it seemed to him the same as one night. In April the marmots heard the snow-slides, and said, "That is thunder, and a sign of spring." They came out of their houses. Soon after this the lad's brothers came there to trap. They found no sign of their lazy brother, and no traps. They made new traps, but could not catch anything. Two of the brothers were sleeping with their wives. One of them saw a very large black-colored marmot almost as large as a man, and set a special trap for it, but he could not catch it. Then the other brother tried, but with like result. The young marmots always went out first, and, seeing the trap, came in and reported to the big ones. Then the big black marmot went out and sprang the trap. Now the third brother, who slept near his wife under separate cover, accused his elder brothers of having brought upon themselves bad luck by not regarding the winter taboos. He said he would try to catch the big marmot, as he was keeping all the taboos required in marmot-trapping. Now, the young marmot could see no trap because the hunter was keeping the taboos, and told the big marmots that all was safe. The big black marmot then went out without hesitation, and was caught in the trap. The brother brought it to camp, and gave it to the women to skin. They had made a cut down the skin of the belly and along one arm, and were making the cut on the other arm, when the knife struck something hard at the wrist. They looked, and found a copper bracelet there. They called their husbands, who at once recognized it as the bracelet worn by their brother.<sup>1</sup> They said, "He has changed into a marmot." They ordered the women to camp by themselves out of hearing while they tried to bring it to life again. They wrapped the body in down and new mats, and put it on a scaffold in a tree. They camped four days and nights at the foot of the tree without eating or drinking. On the fourth night they heard a faint sound of singing from the scaffold, and, on uncovering the body, they found that part of their brother's head had come out of the marmot-skin. They covered him up again, and camped another four nights. Then they heard loud singing from the tree, which sounded like that of a shaman. They uncovered the body, and found that he had come out of the marmot-skin down to the knees. They covered him up again; and before daybreak on the following morning he had recovered his natural form, and was singing like a shaman. He sang,—

"You will find out what we think in the mountain."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. 342.

<sup>2</sup> See phonographic record No. 40.

He staid with his brothers, and told them all about the Marmot people,—how they lived, about their customs, and about the trapper's taboos. He became a shaman, and the marmot was his guardian.

66. E'DISTĀ;<sup>1</sup> OR, BIG-TOAD OF CHESLEY RIVER.

Formerly gigantic toads lived in some parts of the country. There was one near Teslin Lake, another on the south fork of the Stikine River, and another on Chesley River. Once two (Tlingit or Taku) men were hunting on Chesley River. They camped near a hollow not far from where Big-Toad had his house. They saw a fire running around on the water and along the shore. They said to each other, "What is that?" and one of them proposed that they run away. They tried to run, but were unable to move. One man had presence of mind enough to urinate and to rub the urine over his head and body. Then he became capable of moving, and managed to get away. Soon he saw something like a fire go to where his partner was standing spell-bound, and devour him. He went back to a camp where many people lived, and told them of his escape and of his comrade's death. They said that was E'distā. They went to Big-Toad's house, and set fires in the woods all around it. Toad ran out to attack them, and was burned to death. After the fires were out, they went back to the place, and found a number of huge bones lying there. The shoulder-blades were as large as the floor of a small cabin.<sup>2</sup> The place where this happened is about eleven miles below Chesley Post, above McDonald's Portage.

67. ETĒ'TUATĀ AND BIG-TOAD OF TESLIN.<sup>3</sup>

Once at a place near Teslin Lake called Ekā'tzetziñ,<sup>4</sup> where there is now a waterfall, a gigantic toad had his house. This toad was the guardian of a Teslin man called Etē'tuatā. His son knew that his father had E'distā, or Big-Toad, for his guardian, but thought it was only the spirit of the monster. He did not believe that any really existed, and he scoffed when people said they were afraid to go near the place where the toad lived. One day he was hunting with his father near the place, and said to him, "Where is this place that people are afraid to go to?" After his father had pointed out the

<sup>1</sup> The name of a gigantic toad said to have inhabited the country in mythological times. These toads lived near streams and lakes, and burrowed in the mud and earth. When any people came near, they ran out and devoured them. See JAFL 32 : 221.

<sup>2</sup> About twelve feet in diameter. Old Indians claim to have seen the bones, but say they are now rotten and covered up with earth and vegetation.

<sup>3</sup> This is said to have happened not long ago, and therefore the Indians do not consider it to be a mythological tale belonging to ancient times.

<sup>4</sup> Said to mean something similar to saying "poked and caught pole." See JAFL 32 : 221 and preceding story.

locality, he proposed that they should go there, but his father would not consent. The son then told his father he did not believe the stories told about that place, and wanted to see for himself. At last his father said, "Well, if you are not afraid, let us go!" He made the lad get a very long slender pole and carry it. When they came to the place, which was at the head of a small lake south of Teslin Lake, his father took the pole and pushed it down through the soft mud until it was nearly out of sight. Soon something moved, and took hold of the pole. The boy was sitting near by; and his father said to him, "Ē'distā has taken hold now. Don't run!" He pulled at the pole, and the toad came up. As soon as the lad saw its huge head emerging slowly out of the mud, he tried to run away. He ran only a short distance, when the influence from the toad reached him; and he became spell-bound, and could go no farther. His father said to Toad, "I want you to leave here, so that people may have a trail passing here. You must go away, or I shall kill you." Toad agreed. When he left his house (or the burrow that he had occupied), the ground caved in, and left a hole through which the water poured out; and since then there has been a waterfall at this place.

#### 68. YATSEDŪ'SĀ'TZ.<sup>1</sup>

There were giants of two kinds. One kind, called Yatsedū'sā'tz, were very tall, almost reaching the sky. They did not kill people, but sometimes stole them and made pets of them. The other kind were much smaller; they were cannibals, and ate people. Once a giant (Yatsedū'sā'tz) took a man away. He was very much amused at his small size and the small amount he ate. He asked him often if he had eaten enough, and then laughed heartily. After travelling some distance, he said to the man, "Grandson, I am sleepy, and will lie down." He had just finished a meal of five caribou. He stretched himself, knocking down the trees all around him with his arms and legs. He called the man to come to bed, and put him in his armpit. It was as large as a house, and the man had plenty of room. Some trees fell down across his arm and on his shoulder, but the man was safe in the armpit.

#### 69. BIG-MAN AND THE BOY.<sup>2</sup>

Two brothers were out hunting, and came to a porcupine-hole. While they were trying to get the porcupine, Big-Man overtook them. He had been following their tracks. When they saw him, they were much afraid, and crawled into the porcupine-hole. Big-Man asked them to come out. He asked them many times; but they were afraid,

<sup>1</sup> Compare No. 69; also Kaska (JAFL 30 : 445-448).

<sup>2</sup> See Kaska (JAFL 30 : 446), Ts'zts'a'ut (JAFL 10 : 43).

for they thought he was a cannibal and would eat them. At last he told them that, if they did not come out, he would defecate in front of the hole, and then they would never be able to get out. The younger brother said to the other, "I shall go out. He may eat me. Then perhaps he will leave you, and will not defecate in front of the hole." He went out; and Big-Man patted him, and told him he would not hurt him. The boy said to his brother, "Come out! This is a good man, and he will not harm us. He is not a cannibal." The brother, however, refused. He said, "He is treating you well just to deceive us. When he gets me out, then he will eat us both." Big-Man became angry and defecated in front of the hole, and his excrements turned into rock. The boy could not get out; but Porcupine made a new hole to get out in another place, and thus liberated the boy, who went back to the camp and told his people how his brother had been taken by a giant.

Big-Man carried the boy he had taken in a bag. He saw some caribou, and said, "See the rabbits!" He killed three of them and slipped the carcasses in his belt, carrying them much more easily than a man could carry rabbits. After a while he saw a moose, and said, "See the caribou!" He shot the moose, and carried it in the same way. At night he camped, started a fire, cooked the moose and three caribou, and fed the boy. He was very much amused at the small quantity of meat the boy ate, and laughed heartily. He said, "You are a light eater." He finished all of the rest of the caribou and moose himself. Soon he said, "Let us go to sleep!" and he lay down on the ground, occupying the whole of a large open place. When he spread out his arms and legs, he knocked down all the trees in the way, just as a person might do with grass. He put the boy in his armpit to sleep; but the boy crawled out, and lay by the fire. The lad grew rapidly, and soon became a man. They came to a lake where there was a large beaver-house. Big-Man said, "See the beaver! Get a pole to open their house." The boy cut a pole about four inches through, such as is used by Indians for breaking open beaver-houses. Big-Man laughed, and said, "That is no good, it is too small." He got the boy to cut larger and larger ones, until he was hardly able to carry the last one. Big-Man said they were all too small, and that he would now help him. He pulled up a large tree by the roots, struck the top of the beaver-house with it, broke it down, and thus killed all the beavers. He picked out the carcasses and cooked them. He ate the meat, but threw the tails into the lake. The boy took one of the tails and ate it. Big-Man said, "Don't eat that! It is poison, and will kill you. In my country we never eat beaver-tails. We are afraid of them." The boy continued eating the tail, so Big-Man thought he would taste it. He said, "Oh, my! It is very sweet!"

and he sent the boy to gather up all the tails that he had thrown away. He ate them all. Big-Man asked the boy how he knew that beaver-tails were such nice food; and he answered, "They always eat them in my country."

He staid with Big-Man a year, and by that time was a full-grown man. Big-Man treated him well all the time. Now they came to the end of Lower Iskut Lake. The lad said he saw something dark moving near the other end of the lake. He thought it must be wind or a storm-cloud. Big-Man looked, and said, "A bad man lives there. He is a large fierce cannibal. His children are swinging there." When they came near, they saw two large trees moving backwards and forwards. The hammock of the cannibal giant's baby was attached to them. The baby was asleep, and the mother was there swinging it. Big-Man told the lad not to be afraid when they entered the camp. Big-Man asked the giantess where her husband was, and she answered that he was out hunting. (Here follows the incident recorded in VAEU 20 : 404.) The giant himself then killed the woman by means of his membrum, which was so long that it pierced her heart. They then killed the baby and departed, leaving both bodies where they were. Big-Man said to the lad, "Her husband will pursue us, but do not be afraid. If you run away, he will eat you." Big-Man always carried a bag which contained four heads, — two of old and two of young beavers. These were his helpers. He said to the lad, "When the cannibal giant attacks me, and seems about to overcome me, I shall call on you. You will then bring the heads of the oldest two beavers and place them against his legs. If I call a second time, bring the heads of the young beavers." Soon the cannibal arrived at the other end of the lake. He cried when he discovered the bodies of his wife and baby. He tracked Big-Man, who waited for him. When he reached them, he said to Big-Man, "You killed my wife and child." Big-Man acknowledged it. Then they fought and wrestled almost all day. Towards evening Big-Man called out that he was getting weak. The lad took the heads of the oldest two beavers out of Big-Man's medicine-bag, which was in his charge, and placed them one against each leg of the giant. They chewed the giant's legs; but their teeth were dull, and they were too old to chew very fast. Before long Big-Man called again, and the lad set the heads of the young beavers at the giant's legs. Their teeth were sharp, and they cut quickly. The beavers chewed through the giant's legs; and he became helpless, and was about to fall. Big-Man held him up, and called to the lad to run to the top of the neighboring mountain. The lad ran up a considerable distance, and called, "Grandfather, am I far enough?" Big-Man answered, "No, go farther!" The lad climbed again. Thus several times he asked

Big-Man, and then went higher, until at last he reached the top. Big-Man then lifted up the giant's body and threw it into the lake, and the splash of the water almost reached the place where the boy was standing. The remains of his body may be seen there now as islands in the lake.

After this event Big-Man found the lad crying one day, and asked him the reason of his sadness. He said he wanted to see his parents. Big-Man said, "All right! You shall see them." The lad thought he might lose his way if he attempted to return alone. Big-Man said, "No, you will not get lost." He cut a stick, and peeled the bark off the lower end, leaving a little bark and the stumps of the limbs at the upper end. He said, "Plant this stick at your camp every night before you go to bed, and in the morning you will find it on the ground pointing in the direction you have to go. At night sing the word 'Ta'tsēstuhē!' and game will appear, which you may kill and eat. Sing 'Eku'kēmāze!' when you want fat, and it will be there for you to eat; but always leave a little, never eat it all." The lad bade Big-Man good-by, and started on his journey. The first night he sang the game-song Big-Man had given him, and immediately a lynx appeared above him on a tree. He killed it and ate his fill. The second night he sang the fat-song, and a white thing appeared. This was fat. He ate what he required, and left a little. Thus he used the guiding-stick and the two songs as Big-Man had directed; and each morning he knew which way to go, and each night he had plenty to eat. At last he came to the crossing of two winter trails made by the people. He camped here, as he had been directed by Big-Man; and in the morning, by the direction in which the stick lay, he knew which trail to take. At last he reached the lodge of his people. He stuck up outside in the snow the stick Big-Man had given him, as he had been directed. In the morning it was gone. He kept the fat for a long time. He ate it whenever he wanted, but always left a morsel. In the morning the piece of fat was always as large as before. He kept it in a sack. Once when he was out hunting, his brother looked in the sack, and, seeing a little fat, ate it all. The fat expanded in his stomach, and he swelled out and burst.

#### 70. THE HUNTER AND THE GIANT.<sup>1</sup>

There was a giant cannibal who spent nearly all his time hunting and tracking people. He could see everywhere, for he had four eyes, — two in front, and two at the back of his head. When he saw a man hunting, he would call him. These giants killed and ate many people, especially children. They snared some, shot others, and yet others

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Kaska* (JAFL 30 : 429-441).

they enticed in many ways, as, for instance, by luring them into their houses to see their daughters, etc.

A man was out hunting. He was very fleet of foot, and a wise, resourceful, and brave man. He heard the giant calling, and went up to him. The giant asked him to come to his house; and the man answered, "No, I have a house of my own." He said, "Well, you will come and see my daughters;" and the man answered, "No, I have a wife." The giant said, "Let us exchange bows! I will give you my bow to show you that I have no intention of harming you." His bow was partly cut through, so that, if the man tried to use it, it would break. The man was prepared for this, and had cut his own bow nearly through. They exchanged bows; and the giant at once pulled the bow to kill the man, but it broke. The man pulled the giant's bow to shoot him, and it also snapped. He then ran away, and the giant gave chase. He ran up along the edge of a cliff to the top, down the other side, along the bottom of the cliff, and then up again. He ran the same way round and round the cliff until he had made a trail. The giant could not catch him, and became tired. He set a snare on the top of the cliff, but the man put it aside and passed on. The giant came to examine it, and, seeing it had been moved, said, "That is bad luck, my snare missed." He set it again, and, as the man ran around, he put some large tree-roots in the snare. The giant was under the cliff watching, and had hold of the end of the noose. When he looked, and saw the roots in the noose, he thought he had caught the man. He said, "Now I have had good luck. I have caught him." He lighted a fire, saying, "I will camp here and eat." He made spits for cooking the meat. Now he pulled the line to bring the snared man to the fire. The roots stuck, and then flew up over the edge of the cliff and came down on the giant's head, stunning him. When he regained consciousness, he said, "I feel hungry." He felt all over his body, his ears, his nose, etc., but every part had feeling. At last he felt of his testicles, and they seemed to have no feeling. He cut them off and threw them into the fire to cook. They cracked and burst. He thought it was the fire that had made the noise, and said, "Oh, I shall have good luck hunting to-morrow!"<sup>1</sup> He felt weak, and said, "I feel sleepy. I'll have a nap before I eat." He was dying, and thought he was sleepy. Thus he died.

#### 71. THE BROTHERS AND THE GIANT.<sup>2</sup>

Two brothers were camped together. The younger one went out hunting. Before leaving the camp he was told by the elder one that

<sup>1</sup> When the fire gives a certain kind of crack, the Indians say they will shoot game on the morrow.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Kaska (JAFL 30 : 445-448).

if he saw small porcupine-tracks, he must not follow them. He forgot, however, and, seeing small porcupine-tracks, followed them. They led to where a giant was, who at once gave chase. The hunter climbed a tree. The giant was glad when he found he had treed the man, and danced and sang around the bottom of the tree at the prospect of a meal. He stripped off most of his clothes, and got out his stone axe to chop the tree. The lad then called on his elder brother, who hurried to the place. When he saw the giant, he said, "Oh, I am glad you have got that boy! He has treated me shamefully. He is really my enemy. Sit down, and give me your axe. I will chop down the tree for you." The giant gave him the axe, and sat down near the tree. The man told him to shut his eyes, for perhaps some chips might fly into them. He struck the tree a blow, and then with the next blow hit the giant on the head and killed him. The lad then came down the tree. As they viewed the giant's body, they remarked, "How bad these people are, and still so foolish! It seems wonderful that they are able to do so much harm when they are so simple. They are able to kill people, and yet people can easily fool them. Let us open his head and see what is in it! Let us see what kind of brains he has!" They split the head, and a cloud of mosquitoes came out and attacked the brothers. They found that the giant had nothing but mosquitoes for brains, and closed up the head quickly. *This is why mosquitoes attack people and suck their blood.* They are cannibals because they originated from the cannibal giants. Had the brothers not split open the giant's head and let them out, possibly there would be no mosquitoes in the world now.

## 72. THE MAN WHO FOOLED THE CANNIBAL GIANT.<sup>1</sup>

Some men were disputing as to the powers of cannibals and giants. One of them maintained that giants were not clever. They had mosquito brains:<sup>2</sup> therefore they could easily be deceived. He claimed that giants and cannibals and mosquitoes were all related, parts of the same flesh. They all had the same instinctive desire to attack, kill, and eat people; but nevertheless they were all foolish. This man said he would show the others how foolish giants really were. He would try them. He stripped off all his clothes, and stood naked near a trail that giants frequented, in an open place, where people could see a long way. A giant saw him, and came stealthily towards him. The man stood perfectly rigid and motionless. The giant came up and felt of him, saying to himself, "He is just like game." He smelled of his mouth, privates, and anus. He smelled of him all

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Kaska* (JAFI 30 : 429-441).

<sup>2</sup> Compare No. 71.



over. He lifted his eyelids, and opened his mouth. He said again, "He is just like game, but he does not act like game. It is funny that he should be here now. Not long ago there was nothing standing here." He wondered. He went away some distance and watched the man, but the man never moved. He went farther away and watched. Then he came back and examined the man again. At last he made up his mind that the object could not be game, and departed. When the giant was out of sight, the man put on his clothes and went home. *This is why, if a hunter sees game at a distance lying or standing and motionless, he is sometimes deceived, and mistakes the game for something else.* When one does this, other people joke him or make fun of him by saying, "You are just the same as a giant," or "You have mosquito brains."

### 73. THE HUNTER AND THE DUCI'NE.

A man went with his family to trap marmots. He thought Duci'ne<sup>1</sup> people were near. Therefore he told his wife to build the door of their house in the form of a passage, with a recess on one side where a person could hide. He said, "If you see a fog travelling on the mountains on a clear day, you may be sure that it is a Duci'ne man." One clear day after this the man was hunting sheep. He killed one, and brought it home to camp. His wife told him that she had seen the fog that day: so at dusk he asked her to hide with the children in the woods near by, while he would wait in camp. He kept up a large fire, and laid the body of the sheep alongside the fire, and covered it with blankets. About midnight the fire had burned down a little. Then he heard a sound as of some one approaching, and he hid in the recess near the door. Soon a man holding bow and arrows entered, and, seeing what seemed to be a man asleep near the fire, he discharged an arrow into the sheep. At the same moment when he lifted his arms to shoot his bow, the man from the recess shot an arrow into his body below the arm. The Duci'ne ran out, making a noise like a bird flying, and disappeared. The man went out and called on his helper, the snow. Then snow began to fall, and covered the ground. Early in the morning he called his wife and children to camp, and told them he was going after the wounded man. He followed his tracks to a lake, where he came to the Duci'ne in the water, and a loon sucking

<sup>1</sup> Duci'ne or Duce'na are a kind of wild people, partly cannibal, of wicked disposition, believed to inhabit the country, especially to the east. They wear clothes, and look like people. They often sing and dance as they go along. They possess great shamanistic power, and, when hunting in the mountains, conceal themselves in a cloud of down, so that people cannot see them. At a distance the down looks to people just like fog. They are said to eat only the ribs of game they kill. They are good hunters and travellers. At the present day the name is used as a common designation for the Cree Indians.

his wound to heal it. He called on the man to spare him. The man refused, and shot him again; and his body sank in a deep part of the lake. Next morning he saw the Duci'ne afloat again, and the loon sucking his wounds. He shot him again, and this time cut off his head. He put his body in the water at one end of the lake, and his head at the other. The next morning the parts had come together, and the loon was attending to him as before. The man shot him again, and cut his body into small pieces. He carried them around, putting them here and there in different lakes and streams some distance apart. In this way he managed to kill him for good and all.<sup>1</sup>

#### 74. ORIGIN OF DUCI'NE.<sup>2</sup>

The Duci'ne originated from a boy of evil disposition who killed people. His mother was an Indian woman, and his father unknown. When just a tiny boy, he made arrows. As he grew up, he made the arrows larger and put stone heads on them. He shot first at marks, and then at small animals, such as mice. Later he shot larger animals, and finally a dog. His mother thrashed him for this. After this he made stronger arrows. One day he was playing a shooting-game with other boys, and shot one of them. The people were angry, and blamed the mother for not correcting him and for allowing him to behave badly. The boy ran away, and his mother followed him. She held out her breasts to him, and entreated him to come back, saying, "Come, here are your breasts!" He shot her through the breasts. He became completely wild now, and never returned to the people. He went to the mountains where obsidian is abundant, and made many arrow-heads. Whenever he made one which did not suit him, he threw it away. He spent all his spare time making arrow and spear heads. All the unfinished arrow and spear heads found here and there scattered over the country were made by him. They are the "heads" he discarded in his travels around the country and when hunting. He used no flakers of any kind. He flaked the arrow-heads with the palms of his hands, which were of bone.

#### 75. THE SHAMAN AND THE DUCI'NE.

There was a man who had many strong guardian-spirits. He was a great hunter, and had shamanistic powers. Once when he was hunting, he met a Duci'ne, who attacked him, thinking he would easily kill him. He shot one arrow after another at him; but the man simply shook himself, and the arrows passed by. At last the Duci'ne had no more arrows, and was now at the mercy of the hunter.

<sup>1</sup> See BBAE 39 : 214; UPa 8 : 168; also Carrier Myths, p. 5.

<sup>2</sup> Another version of No. 73.

He said to the latter, "If you spare me, I will be your protector. I shall talk to you, and you will talk to me, and I shall be able to help you." He said to the man, "Now, to be safe, you must walk in the water of the creek a long distance on the road home; for there are many of my people around here, and, if they find your tracks, they will take your scent and run you down, as dogs do." The hunter did as directed. When the Duci'ne reached his camp, the other people said he smelled different, and accused him of having killed a man. He denied it; but the others would not believe, and put on their moccasins to go hunt up the man. The Duci'ne, who had returned, said, "You will find out that I have spoken the truth, for the man I met is not like other men. He is far more powerful." They found where the man had made a fire when he talked with the Duci'ne, and where he had taken to the creek. They followed both banks, and at last caught up to him where he had left the water. They shot all their arrows at him, and missed him. The man then killed them all. An old Duci'ne was following up the others to pack in the man's flesh; but when he came to his dead comrades, he turned back. When he reached camp, the other Duci'ne man said to him, "I told you, and now you see. The man has killed all those who hunted him."

#### 76. THE WOMAN STOLEN BY THE DUCI'NE.

A Duci'ne man stole a woman, and took her to his country. After travelling many days, they came to a canyon, through which they passed. The Duci'ne people had their home at the other end. No strangers ever went through this canyon and returned, for the Duci'ne killed them. The woman bore two children. Both of them came to live among the people, whom they told all about the country and habits of their father's people. Their mother never returned from the Duci'ne country. After this marriage, the Duci'ne did not kill any more people; and any who travelled into the canyon near their country were turned back, and not killed. The Duci'ne kept watchers at the canyon to prevent people going through.

#### 77. THE MAN TAKEN BY KŪ'STAKĀ'.<sup>1</sup>

Once a Tlingit man had a quarrel with his wife, and went off in the morning without eating. He had forgotten his basket (?), and thought he would make one. He made a cut around a tree low down,

<sup>1</sup> A kind of spirit being inhabiting certain parts of the country. They are common in the Tlingit country. They place people under their influence, and make them believe what they want. Finally the people become crazy and wander about. People who get lost are subject to their attacks. Some Indians, in speaking English, called them "monkey people." See BBAE 39 : 28, 29, 30, 87, 188; Krause, *Die Tlinkit Indianer*, 272-275; Boas, *Sagen*, 322.

and then climbed up to make the upper cut. He wore neither trousers nor leggings. A woman appeared at the foot of the tree, and spoke to him, saying, "Hurry up!" She looked like his wife, and he thought it was she. She said, "What is that I see up there?" and he answered, "These are my testicles." He was losing his mind, but did not know it. He was under the influence of the woman, and came down the tree. He thought the piece of bark or stick that he was carrying down was a finished basket. The woman said, "Let us go home!" He followed her, and after a while they came to a house and went in. The man thought it was his own house. He saw an old woman sitting there. She said to him, "What are you doing here?" He answered, "I have come home. Why do you ask?" She said, "This is not your house. Wake up, and try to go home! This is the house of the Kū'stakā'. I am your aunt, and was lost in the woods a long time ago. I cannot go back now, and live here. Do not stay here; for these people are bad, and make people think what is not true." The man came half to himself, and, looking around, saw that he was in a hole underneath the roots of a tree, and that the place was not at all like his camp. He ran for home, sometimes being crazy, and sometimes sane. He reached the camp, and thought he went in and the people would not talk to him. Instead he acted like the Kū'stakā', and threw stones and sticks at the camp. When the people came out to look, he ran away like a deer. Several nights he did this. At last he fell sound asleep on a large old log. The log was taken by the tide and carried out to sea. People saw it floating about, and thought they saw the body of a man on it. They approached the log noiselessly in canoes, and saw a naked man asleep. They seized and bound him, although he fought violently, like a crazy man. They took him home, and smoked him repeatedly, using dog's-hair and rotten urine on the fire for the purpose. At last he became quite sane again, and told the people his adventures and how it felt to be possessed.

#### 78. THE WOMAN TAKEN BY THE KŪ'STAKĀ'.

A Wrangel woman was camped with her husband and children. At this time people were afraid of enemies attacking and enslaving them. Her husband was away hunting, and the woman was afraid that their camp might be discovered. She took her children and went into the woods. Here she left her children hidden at the foot of a tree, saying that she had to go back to camp for something she had forgotten. She never came back. The husband came home, and, finding neither wife nor children, looked around for tracks. He followed them, and found his children in the woods. The children told their father that they had heard a noise, and that their mother had

left them to go back to camp for something she had forgotten. The husband found no trace of his wife. He took the children and returned to Wrangel. This happened in the spring-time, about early in May, and at a place about thirty miles from Wrangel. The woman had been taken by a Kū'stakā' man, who kept her for about two months. For that time she was under his influence. Finally the Kū'stakā' deserted her, and then she recovered her senses. In summer the people moved camp to a salmon creek. The woman was then on this creek, living on raw salmon. She had no clothes and no fire. One day two young men happened to go up the creek, and saw her. She ran into a hole among the roots of trees. They went to the hole and asked her to come out. She was ashamed because she was naked. The men turned their backs, and one of them took off his shirt and threw it to her. She put it on, and accompanied them in a canoe to Wrangel, where her husband was living. When they came near her husband's house, they called out that they had recovered his wife, but he would not believe them. Her husband was a rich man. He gave a great potlatch because of his wife's return, and paid the young men liberally.

#### 79. THE YOUNG MAN AND THE KŪ'STAKĀ'.

There was a young Tlingit who did not believe in Kū'stakā'. He was not afraid; and when he camped alone, he called to them, and said, "You cannot harm me." One night when he was camped alone, he heard noises. He started a large fire, and lay down beside it with his gun loaded. He saw a Kū'stakā', and was going to shoot at it; but the being saw him, and he became unable to pull the trigger. Afterwards he was so affected by its influence that he became unconscious. Then the Kū'stakā' tried to put out the fire by throwing snow on it, but did not succeed. After a while the youth awoke. He saw another Kū'stakā'. He tried to shoot it, but, as before, the trigger would not pull. Again he became unconscious, and they tried to put out the fire, but it was too hot. When he woke up again, his gun was gone. When daylight came, he called loudly, asking the Kū'stakā' to return his gun. They never answered. He heard no sounds, saw no one, and could see no tracks. He started for home, where the people were. The trail passed through a narrow defile between hills. Here he saw a stump with his gun leaning up against it. This place was a long way from his camp. After that the young man believed in Kū'stakā', and was afraid of them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These events are said to have happened lately, since guns were introduced.

## NOTES ON SOME ENGLISH ACCOUNTS OF MIRACULOUS FASTS.

BY HYDER E. ROLLINS.

THE "miraculous maid in Flanders . . . She that lived three year without any other sustenance than the smell of a rose;" "the Dutch Virgin, that could live By th' scent of flowers;" and "the Maid of Brabant, that lived by her smell, That din'd on a rose, and supt on a tulip," — as the wonderful Miss Eve Fliegen is variously described by John Fletcher,<sup>1</sup> Jasper Mayne,<sup>2</sup> and Sir William Davenant,<sup>3</sup> — aroused my interest some years ago when I was writing my "Notes on the 'Shirburn Ballads'" for the "Journal of American Folk-Lore."<sup>4</sup> At that time I could find few facts about this fasting maiden, and none of the original documents to which I referred were accessible. Now, after many interruptions, the chance has come, in England and elsewhere, to gratify my own curiosity; and surely, in these days of dear food, a maiden who could live for seventeen or eighteen years on the mere smell of a rose is an interesting, almost an enviable, subject! Perhaps these notes on some English accounts of Eve Fliegen and other miraculous fasting persons will not be without some interest or value. In any case, a large number of the books and pamphlets from which my excerpts are taken are so rare as to be almost inaccessible.

Taken collectively, the passages which I quote will be found to refer to a large number of accounts — French, Latin, and English — of similar prodigies. These could be profitably consulted by those folklore students (if such there be) who may wish to go further into the matter of wonderful fasts. The literature of the subject is enormous in quantity, and to it no brief article could begin to do justice. Below I call attention only to some of the more picturesque stories. But reference should be made here to the extraordinarily numerous examples of wonderful fasts that are collected (in each case with "proof") in Nathaniel Wanley's "The Wonders of the Little World" (1678), pp. 589–591, and in William Turner's "A Compleat History Of the Most Remarkable Providences, Both Of Judgment and Mercy, Which

<sup>1</sup> "Love's Cure" (Works [ed. Dyce], 9 : 126). Fletcher apparently confused Eve with Jane Balan, who fasted three years.

<sup>2</sup> "The City Match" (Dodsley-Hazlitt's Old Plays, 13 : 236).

<sup>3</sup> Works (1873), 4 : 114.

<sup>4</sup> 30 (1917) : 370–377.

have Hapned in this Present Age" (1697), Pt. II, pp. 20-21. See, further, R. Chambers's "The Book of Days" (1869), I : 552-554, and the discussion in "Notes and Queries," 6th S., 4 : 27; 7th S., 2 : 406, 3 : 33; 9th S., 4 : 107. Mr. Kittredge, who kindly called my attention to the fasts mentioned in Sections XIII and XIV, below, contributed to the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society (26 [1916] : 32-34) a paper in which several other examples of strange fasts are given.<sup>1</sup>

## I. GENERAL ACCOUNT OF MIRACULOUS FASTS.

George Hakewill's *Apologia or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God* (3d ed., London, 1635), Lib. IV, Chap. 7, Section 9, Vol. I, pp. 439-441.

*Paulus Lentulus* a Doctour of Physicke in the province of *Bearne*, a Canton of *Swisserland* hath published a booke, which he intitles, *Historia admiranda, de Appolloniae Scheirae virginis in agro Bernensi inedia*.<sup>2</sup> . . . In the historicall narration he tells us that himselfe was with the maide hee there writes of, three severall times, and that she was by the command of the Magistrates of *Bearne* brought thither, and having a strict guard set upon her, and all kinde of tryalls put in practise for the discovery of collusion; in conclusion th[e]y found none, but dismissed her fairely: In the first yeare of her fasting, she slept very little, in the second not at all, and so continued for a long time after. The same Authour in the same booke produceth diverse other examples in the same kinde, though not upon his owne experience, yet upon the testimony of witnesses not to be excepted against; as of one *Margaret*, a girle of about ten yeares of age, borne in a village named *Roed*, about two miles from *Spire*, who began to abstaine from all kinde of sustenance *Anno Domini* 1539, and so continued for three yeares, walking in the meane season, and talking, and laughing, and sporting as other children at that age use to doe, yet was she by the speciall order from the Bishop of *Spire* delivered into the hands of the Pastor of the Parish, and by him narrowly observed, and afterwards by the command of *Maximilian* King of the *Romans*, committed to the keeping of *Gerardus Bucoldianus* his Physitian, with whom hee joyned a Gentleman of his bed-chamber, and at the end of twelve dayes finding by their relation that

<sup>1</sup> See the London Magazine, 31 (1762) : 340, for Ann Walsh of Harrowgate, aged twelve, who fasted for six months. Other examples are in Thomas Pennant's *Tours in Wales* (ed. John Rhys), 2 : 254-258. One of them tells of Mary Thomas, "in the parish of Cylymin," at "a farm called Tyddyn Bach," who lived for "seven years and a half without any food or liquidd, excepting sufficient of the latter to moisten her lips."

<sup>2</sup> [*Historia Admiranda, / De Prodigiosa / Apolloniae / Schreierae, Virginis / In Agro Bernensi, / Inedia; / Paulo Lentulo Medicinæ / Doctore. . . Bernæ Helvetiorum, / Excudebat Ioannes Le Preux, Illust. / DD. Bernensium Typographus, 1604* (British Museum, press-mark 1165. e. 12 (5); Harvard College Library; text has 211 pages). It is dedicated "Sereniss. Florentiss. Q. Principi, Ac Domino, D. Iacobo, Angliae, Franciae, Scotiae, Hybernicaeque &c. Regio Potentissimo," etc.]

there could bee no jugling in the businesse, he gave her leave to returne to her friends, not without great admiration and princely gifts. A third narration hee makes of *Catharine Binder* borne in the *Palatinate*, whom *Iohn Casimir Anno Domini 1585*, committed to the search of a Divine, a states-man, and two Doctours of Physicke; shee is said to have fed onely upon aire by the space of nine yeares and more, the discourse whereof *Lentulus* received from *Fabritius*, and therewith the narration of another maide borne in the Dukedome of *Iuliers*, who being about the age of fourteene yeares, was brought to *Cullen*, and is certainly reported to have taken no kinde of meate or drinke by the space of at least three whole yeares. But the strangest I have met with in this kinde is the Historie of *Eue Fleigen*, out of *Dutch* translated into *English*, and printed at *London*, Anno 1611, who being borne at *Meurs*, is said to have taken no kinde of sustenance by the space of 14 yeares together, that is from the yeare of her age 22 to 36, and from the yeare of our Lord 1597, to 1611, and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the Magistrate of the towne of *Meurs*, as also by the Minister who made tryall of her in his house thirteene dayes together, by all the meanes he could devise, but could detect no imposture. [He then quotes the Latin verses (and the English translation) that appeared on the picture of the Maid in the Dutch copy: see Section VIII (a) and p. 368.] *Franciscus Citesius*<sup>1</sup> a *French* Physitian likewise witnesseth that one *Catharine Colberghen* lived in *Spire* seaven yeares without meate or drinke: as also that within the towne of *Conflans* in *France*, lying upon the borders of *Limosin*, and the river of *Vien*, a Smith by name of *Iohn Balam* had a daughter named *Ioane*, borne in the yeare 1588, who for the space of two yeares did neither eate nor drinke; in admiration and for verification of which wonder that famous and eloquent Doctour *Iacobus Viverius* wrote, and published certaine verses too long to bee here inserted.<sup>2</sup> He that desires to see more of these kinde of admirable feastings [!], let him consult with *Sylvius Consil. adversus famena*,<sup>3</sup> *Laurentius Ioubertus*<sup>4</sup> *Deca. I. Paradox. 2.* and *Schenkus*<sup>4</sup> in his *Medicinall observations. lib. 3. observ. 39.* and truly as me thinkes such wonderfull workes of God as these, should not passe by us without a marke set upon them, specially considering that the greatest and most notable part of the examples alleaged have beene of the Protestant Religion.

<sup>1</sup> [*Abstinens Confolentanea, Cui obiter annexa est pro Iouberto Apologia. Per Franc. Citesium Picta. Academiae D. Medicum. Montispessuli, Apud Iacobum Chouët. M. DCII* (British Museum, press-mark, 1169. c. 4 (3), 50 pages). This work was translated by Marc Lescarbot into French, whence Anthony Munday translated it into English. See Section VII, below.]

<sup>2</sup> [An English translation of the verses here referred to is given in the 1611 tract on *Eve Fleigen* reprinted *infra*.]

<sup>3</sup> [I have not seen this work.]

<sup>4</sup> [*Monstrorum / Historia / Memorabilis, / Monstrosa Hymanorum / Partium Miracula. . . . Supplementi Loco ad Observationes Medicas Schenckianas edita Ioanne Georgio Schenckio . . . Francofurti . . . Anno M. DC. IX* (Bodleian, Malone 691; Harvard Medical School).]



## II. A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FASTING WOMAN AT NORWICH.

Roger Bacon, *Opus Minus* (in J. S. Brewer's *Fr. Rogeri Bacon Opera Quaedam Hactenus Inedita*, I : 373-374).

Et etiam aliqui diu vixerunt sine nutrimento, ut nostris temporibus fuit una mulier in Anglia in diocesi Norwicensi, quae non commedit per xx. annos, et fuit pinguis et in bono statu, nullam superfluitatem emittens de corpore, sicut probavit episcopus per fidelem examinationem. Nec fuit miraculum, sed opus naturae, nam aliqua constellatio fuit illo tempore potens elementa reducere ad gradum aequalitatis propinquiorem, quam ante fuerunt in corpore suo; et quia ejus commixtio fuit ex natura propria conveniens constellationi non sic aliorum complexiones, ideo accidit alteratio ejus in corpore quod non in aliis.

## III. CECILY DE RYGWAY (1357).

*Calendar of the Patent Rolls, Edward III*, 10 : 529; *Rymer's Foedera*, 6 (1708) : 13. (Cf. also *History of the Most Remarkable Trials of Great Britain*, 1705, p. 52.)

April 25. 1357. Whereas Cecily late the wife of John de Rygway, lately indicted of the death of her husband and charged with the death before Henry Grene and his fellows, justices appointed to deliver Notynggham gaol, because she kept mute was adjudged to her penalty, in which she remained alive for forty days in a narrow prison without food or drink by a miracle; the king has pardoned her the execution of her judgement, willing that she be delivered out of prison and no further impeached.

## IV. JOHN OF GLASGOW (JOHN SCOT) (1533).

*Rymer's Foedera*, 14 (1712) : 447.

Here is preserved a record of a bull issued by Clement VII to John of Glasgow, who "had fasted 106 days without eating or drinking," giving him license to visit the sepulchre at Jerusalem and to be received into the religious houses on the way. John is also mentioned in the books described in Sections X, XI, and XV (b), below; but I have not tried to trace him further.

## V. KATERIN COOPER (1589).

*A notable and prodigious Historie of a Mayden, who for sundry yeeres neither eateth, drinketh, nor sleepeth, neyther auoydeth any excrements, and yet liueth. . . . Printed and published in high Dutch, and after in French, and nowe lastlie translated into English.*

1589. / . . . At London, / Printed by John Wolfe. / Anno. M.D.LXXXIX. [4°, 12 pp. British Museum, press-mark C.31. e.19.]

This pamphlet deals with Katerin Cooper, who was "about 27" when the elaborate examination here recorded was made. She lived in [p. 3] "the Towne of *Schmidweiler*, (scituate in the iurisdiction of Colberberg, the demaines and Lordship of the most noble Prince, the L. Duke *Iohn Casimir*, Countie Palatine of *Rhin*)." [P. 4] "*Katerin* was at *Eniedt* at a mariage, the space of two daies, and at her comming home had an ague y<sup>t</sup> tooke her with a shaking. Hereupon she lost al plesure & appetite to warme meats for y<sup>e</sup> space of 5. yeres, but eat cold meat. Neither could she drink any wine, but water only, yet liued in good health." Her parents called "an vnlearned phisition of *Caiserlauter*, called *Scher Otteln*, . . . who vndertooke to help her, and return her to a tast of warme meats : and therupon gaue her a potion which wrought her much trouble, so as she became so weak y<sup>t</sup> she lost al appetite both from warme meat and cold : and since that time, which is about 7. yeres [on Nov. 24, 1584], there could neither meat or drink goe down her throte, sauing that about sixe monthes after she sucked the iuice of certain Aples or Peares." [P. 5] "Since she could not vse the iuice of Aples & Peares, she hath washed her mouth with *Aqua vitae* only, but neuer could swallow the least drop therof: only by this washing she hath gathered some strength. Also the saide *Aqua vitae* is now too sharp, and therefore shee can not vse it alone, but taketh fresh water mingled therewith, somewhat to ease and refresh herselfe." Her physical condition, which was quite good, is described explicitly.

Duke Casimir appointed a committee to investigate the case. The committee recommended that four women be chosen to stay with Katerin for fourteen days and to watch her continually to detect her imposture. This was done, and the four watchers [p. 12] declared "vpon the saluation of their soules . . . that the said Maiden neither eate nor drank one morsel or droppe, neither tooke anie comfitures." Further evidence of similar nature is given not only by the maid's family, but also by [p. 6] "*Steuens Conrad* of *Schmidweiler*, an officer of the Lawe and *Gets* his Wife. *Molter Iohn* and *Margaret* his wife. *Iohn* the Taylor. *Iohn Conrade* a Smith, and *Magdalein* his wife. *Enichen* a shepheards wife, all inhabitants of *Schmidweiler*." At the end of the book [p. 12] John Wolfe adds this note : "The Readers are to be aduertised, that the said *Katerin* yet liueth [1589] in like disposition & state as this report doth import, and hath thus continued without eating, drinking, or sleeping, the space of nine whole yeeres compleat, and yet miraculously liueth through the singular, pure, and incomprehensible grace of almighty GOD."

## VI. VEITKEN JOHANS (1597).

*Most true / and More Ad- / mirable newes, / Expressing the Miraco- / lous preservation of a young Maiden of / the towne of Glabbich in the Duke- / dome of Gulische / . . . London, / Printed by Adam Islip for Thomas Stirrop, / dwelling in Pouls Church-yard at the / signe of the George, 1597. [Lambeth Palace Library.]*

There is a woodcut of the maiden on sig. A 4'. In his preface "To his especiall freind, Master *Ed. Harc. Merchant in London*," the anonymous author says, —

"So it is (that beeing certified of a matter beyond all naturall reason wonderfull) that at this instant is to be seene at the towne of Glabbich in the Dukedome of Gulische neare vnto Colaine, from whence I departed not beleeuing the straunge report of many my good frends, till mine eyes had assured my heart, of that which mine eares coulede not perswade it vnto . . . I haue sent you the names and dwelling places of diuers our countrymen, that inhabite in and about London, who saw what I did see, wondered as I did, and will witnesse on their oathes the truth of what I write. Besides I haue sent you the Towne seale to a certificate of the truth, signed by the Magistrates."

The names of six Englishmen are given [sig. B 2–B 3]; and then follows the letter from "*Iohn Stambe, William Hertsigh, Herman at Stappen, and Iohn Spangen*, with the rest of the magistrates of the Citie of Glabbich in the dukedome of Gulische." The most important passage in the pamphlet runs thus : —

[Sig. B] One *Iohn Iohans*, and *Mary* his wife, dwelling in the village of Wincklen, being people of honest report had a daughter called *Veit[k]en Iohans*, who from the feast of holimesse in the year 1593 to this very instant hath neuer receiued any kind of sustenance, nor done those necessary workes of nature which euery creature naturally is forced to, yet is shee faire, of a very good compection, and to all mens seeming of perfit health. Her parentes by no meanes can yeeld reason of this her strange kind of life, but doe confesse shee hath eaten, drunke, and done as other children haue. Onely this they say, that in Anno 1593 shee had a very greeuous sicknesse, and vpon the reco-[sig. B\*]uery she fed but little, and daily lesse and lesse, till at length indeed shee tooke not any food: the last of any, being as I before said, vpon holimesse day Anno 1593. At the first her parents gest it to arise from sullenesse or wantonnesse, but neither stripes nor entreaty could since make her take any siusenance [*sic*]: but what beyond compasse of all mannes reason God inwardly nourisheth her withall.

## VII. JANE BALAN (1603).

*A / True and admirable Historie, / of a Mayden of Confolens, in the Pro- / uince of Poictiers : that for the space of three / yeeres and more hath liued, and yet doth, / vvithout receiuing either meate / or drinke. /*

*Of whom, his Maiestie in person / hath had the view, and, (by his commaund) / his best and chiefest Phisitians, haue tryed all / meanes, to find, whether this fast & abstinence / be by deceit or no. / . . . At London, / Printed by I. Roberts, and are to be sold / at his house in Barbican. Anno / Dom. 1603. [102 pages. British Museum, press-marks Huth 86 and C.40.b.50. This book is a translation from the French of Lescarbot by Anthony Munday, and, curiously enough, has complimentary verses from the pen of Thomas Dekker.]*

[Fol. 8] I find it not so strange, as an example now to be made, of a thing very rare, & almost incredible, happening within our owne quarters of *Poictu*: to wit, the fast or abstinence of a maiden of *Consolans*, (or *Con-[fol. 8<sup>v</sup>]**flans*.) who for the space of 3. yeres, and euen till this day, hath liued, & doth, without any bodily foode & sustenance.

This Maiden is about 14. yeeres of age, and named *Iane Balan*, her Father *Iohn Balan*, a Locksmith, and her Mother *Laurencia Chambella*: her stature is answerable to her age, somewhat Country-like of behaiour, a natiue of the Towne of *Consolans*, vpon the Riuer of *Vienna*, in the confines of *Limosin*, and also of *Poictu*. In the eleuenth yeere of her age, being seized on by a continuall Feauer, the 16. day of Februarie, 1599. shee hath since then been assailed with the accesse of diuers other sicknesses: and beyond all the rest, with a continuall casting or vomiting, for the space of 20. dayes together. The Feauer hauing somewhat left her, she grew to be speechlesse and continued so 28. dayes, [fol. 9] without the deliuerie of any one word: at the end of which time, she came to her selfe againe, and spake as she had done before (sauing that her words were full of feare, and voide of good sence.) Nowe came vppon her a weaknes, and benumbing of all her sences and bodilie mouings, that beneath the head, in such sort, that *Oesophagus* it selfe, (beeing that part of the stomack, which serues as conduct for passage of meate and drink, into that which we terme the little belly) being dissolu'd, it lost the force attractiue. Since which time, coulede not any one perswade this Mayden (in any manner) to eate, albeit they made trial, to haue her but suck or lick meats delicate, fruits, and sweet things, agreeable to such young yeeres. Notwithstanding, the vse & motion of her members, came to her againe about sixe months after: except in one hippe, on which side yet [fol. 9<sup>v</sup>] she goes with some difficultie. One onely impotencie remaineth to her, that she cannot swallow or let down any thing, for she altogether loathes and abhors mightily, both meates & drinks.

In this time (a thing most strange) the inferiour part of the belly, by little & little is in such maner grown leane, and dried vp in her, as downe from her sides, and so along to her nauill, there remaineth nothing of the belly which shee had before. There is only in this place (or in sted thereof, to wit, vnder the auncient belly, where we may say it hath bin) a Cartilage or gristle, hanging pointed down from *\*thorax*, or *sternum*, after the maner of an eaves or penthouse, which throwes off from the building, all the water that falls on the top or couerture. Here-hence, and from the points of these bastard-sides, the skinne vnderneath dooth suffer [fol. 10] great paine

\* "That part of the breast where the ribs meete and loyne together" [marginal note].

and feeling, both of extension and diuolsion, as may easily be perceiued by the moanes which the Maide herselfe maketh. From thence comes it, that all the muscles, intestines, bowels, & other parts of the belly, being with-drawne and annihilied by want of foode: one would iudge that they had bin rackt or rent away, at least, there remaineth nothing but the lappings & filaments, for all the fleshie substance, which filled those parts there, are perished and gon.

As concerning the other parts of her bodie, it behoueth much more, that there should be an aunswerable diminution: yet she hath a large breast, the paps pretie and round: her armes & thighes fleshie, her face also indifferent round, but brownish: her lippes somewhat red: her tongue (indeed) drawne inward a little, but yet her words prompt and [fol. 10<sup>r</sup>] readie: her head couered with haire of good length, for her nailes and haire, they do encrease, in each meet part of the body. There comes not any excrement from her, her belly yeelds no ordure, neither doth any vrine at all passe from her bladder, or is the matrixe impeached by her menstruall flowers. Her head is not charged with filth or dandriffe, but shewes it selfe verie sound and well, as well in the exterior part of the skinne, as in the inward organes of sence: for neither dooth her nose or eares render any excrements, onlie from her mouth comes a little spettle, and sometimes from her eyes issues a few teares.

The whole body ouer, yeelds no sweat at all, but we, and such as haue touched her, doe find all her skinne to be colde and dry, and not heated or chafed by any moouing, (except the arme-pits, & those parts which [fol. 11] neighbor neer to the hart) yet doth shee trauaile about the house, goe to the market for victuals; sweepe the house; spinne at her wheele; reele off her quill; and giues herselfe (as any other) to all seruiceable offices in a familie, & seemes as if shee were not defectiue, in any part of sence, or mouing of her bodie.

#### VIII. EVE FLIEGEN (1611).

(a) *The Protestants and Iesuites vp in / Armes in Gulicke-land. / Also, / A true and wonderfull relation of a Dutch mai- / den (called Eue Fliegen of Meurs in the County of / Meurs) who being now (this present yeare) 36 yeares / of age, hath fasted for the space of 14 yeares, con- / firmed by the testimony of persons, both Honou- / rable and worshipfull, (as well English, as Dutch. / Truely translated according to the Dutch Coppy. / [A wood-cut of the maid, labeled "EVA VLIEGE."]* Imprinted at London for Nicholas Bourne, 1611. [12 pp.]<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This pamphlet (shelf-mark A 4° P. 46) was one of the first works received at the Bodleian as a result of Sir Thomas Bodley's agreement with the Stationers' Company. I am indebted to Miss B. G. Madan for assistance in finding it. It was licensed as the work of Thomas Wood on Aug. 24, 1611. Another copy, entitled *The Protestants and Iesuites together by the eares in Gulickeland, etc.*, was sold to the London book-firm of Ellis for four pounds, five shillings, at the 1917 sale of the Huth Library (see Sotheby's Catalogue of the Huth Collection, Sixth Portion, 1917, p. 1697), but this firm is unable to tell me of the disposition since made of the pamphlet. The present exact reprint

[P. 1] *Laus Deo this 27 of Iuly Anno  
1611 stilo magnae Brytanniae.*

*The Letter.*

Beloued Brother: many hearty commendations, &c. I haue sent vnto you the picture and liuely description of a Dutch maiden, drawn out of Dutch colours, & put into English. The Dutch copy comes along with it, which I haue translated, as well to giue you testimony of my brotherly affection towards you, as to haue my Countreyemen in *England* acquainted with so miraculous a power of Gods worke on so weake a creature, therby the more to magnifie his glory. If the newes of this be not as yet come to *London*, I wish you to send it to the Presse. It is not to be doubted but that a relation so fresh and vn-common, wil be acceptable to our Nation, to whom Newes are most welcome I know. To confirme the truth hereof, my Lord Generall, with many other noble Gentlemen, are worthy witnesses, who both know this maiden, & haue seene her. The report is new and lately published: If it had bin possible to haue gotten meanes (by a [p. 2] messenger) sooner to haue sent it to you, it had sooner come to your hands. But as it is, I pray receiue it, & with it, a second Newes, as fresh in the mouthes of all men, and fuller of construction, by reason of an expected Euent thereof, to breake into a warres. And that is in *Aken*, within a dozen miles of *Gulicke*: which I pray you likewise to publish to the common view.

*The Dutch Coppy of the relation  
of Eue Fliegen of Meurs in the County of  
Meurs, a maiden (now aged 36 yeares) who  
hath neither eate nor drunke, any manner  
of Sustenance, by the space of 14 yeares,  
translated into English as followeth.*

The Omnipotent Creator of the world, hath not in times past onely expressed the glory of his power, in his wonderfull composition, framing and presenting to the eye of Man all sorts of creatures, both in heauen, earth, and the waters: But euen now at this day, is the same his miraculous hand working still. Amongst infinite nnmbers [*sic*] of which his excellent peeces, able to hold man in astonishment, this of a Maiden is well worthy of admiration, of whom (because the true body and shape cannot in substance bee sent vp and downe the world) this picture or counterfeit (so neere as words can [p. 3] expresse her) shewes her drawne to the life.

This Maiden (by name *Eue Fliegen*) liues at this present within the towne of *Meurs*, she was borne in the yeare of our Lord 1575, within a little [*sic*] of that towne at a place called *Fliegen-house*, wherupon she takes her name: of meane and very poore parents. So that in her yonger dayes (they being not able to maintaine her) she was compelled to keepe swine for the country people, enduring (by that hard course of life) the bitterness of much hunger, as she her selfe confesseth.

includes the first eight and a quarter pages, which deal only with Eve Fliegen. Pages 9-12 are devoted to the Protestant-Jesuit affray mentioned on the title-page.

Liuing in this extremity of misery, she often (so well as she could, seeing no other wayes nor hope of comfort) made earnest prayers to God, that he would take pittie of her wretchednes, and relieue her, from that daily hunger, by which her body was tormented & consumed: her prayers were heard, according to her request: And such compassion tooke the Almighty of her miseries that in the yeare 1594, her desire of feeding, which in former times she had, grew to be faint, & very small. Insomuch that euery 2, 3 & 4 daies, she tooke little sustenance or none at all. From the 4 day she began voluntarily to fast til the 10 day & so did forbear, or rather had no stomacke to meate, the space of fourteene dayes together, which abstenen<sup>ce</sup> of hers grew in the end end [*sic*] to such a custome, that shee vtterly refused the tast either of meate or drinke, and in that manner hath her body (by Gods prouidence) bene preserved euer since the yeare of our Lord [p. 4] 1597 to this present yeare 1611 (being full 14. yeares) This strange wonder continuing thus long, drew not onely many people to see her, but also many tryals to be put vpon her, amongst which, this was one. In the yeare 1599, the Noble Countesse of *Meurs* with her waiting Gentlewoman, hauing brought this *Eue Fliegen* into a garden, with much importunity to haue her eate somewhat, so preuailed that shee plucked a cherry and tasted it, and had no sooner eaten it downe, but that the Lady with her seruants were in feare shee would there presently haue dyed, shee fell into so sodaine and violent passion of an extreme sicknesse: in the which she continued a long time, but in the end with much ado recouered her health. Within a yeare after the said *Eue* falling againe into a greater sickenes, it was held fit (by the opinion of Docters) to haue her drinke a spoonfull or two of the thin whey, which comes from Buttermilke, being sodden: shee made offer to tast it, but could by no meanes take it downe. At another time of sicknes, shee her selfe thought she could sup the broth of a chicken, but no more then a spoonfull being offered to her, shee fell into a more extreme fit of sickenes then before, so that finding her body afflicted by these tryals, shee vtterly abandoned the vse of any food, or nourishment, by the full space now of 14 yeares. In all which time, through no disposition of the season or time of the yeare, hath shee bene seene or knowne either to complaine of thirst or hun- [p. 5] ger: yet vntill her age of 20 or 22 yeares, shee tooke her food (where by her labour or other honest meanes it could be gotten) as other people commonly vse to do.

This her forbearance to take the due nourishment that should maintaine life, hath brought her body to a weaknes, and her face to an exceeding palenes.

She saith that euery second day an exceeding cleere light shineth round about her body; the common light or brightnes of the day, being nothing comparable to it: which light when she beholdeth and (as she saith) feeleth shining vpon her, she hath likewise a feeling on her tongue of a strange and extraordinary delicate sweetnes, the moisture of which strengthens her (to her seeming) for her eies can behold no other thing but only that perfect and vnusuall light.

The Preacher of *Meurs* (by name, *Conradus Felthnijsen*) could not along time be perswaded that this was truth, which hee heard reported of this

maiden: to giue therefore not onely content to himselfe, but satisfaction in this matter to others his friends, who were of his beleefe likewise, he tooke the said *Eue* (being come to heare the euening Sermon) home with him to his owne house, & there kept her in a chamber by the space of 13 daies, watched day and night by sundry other persons his friends, candles burning euery night, and she neuer being suffered to be alone without company the space of one minute, in all which time shee neuer tasted [p. 6] foode, and (at the end of 13 daies and nights) being demanded whether she where [*sic*] then either hungry or thirsty, she answered no: so that the Preacher now hauing by the experience of his owne eyes, found out that which he could not before beleue, is now inforced with admiration to acknowledge to be true. To whose testimony, a thousand persons (both honourable and of other condition) can wnesse, and there is she liuing at this day, in the towne of *Meurs* to be seene, and spoken with daily and houely, & her manner of liuing being obserued with the narrowest eyes, & seuerest circumspection, so that it is impossible, she should be an impostor or deluder: and the better to confirme the truth of this, a worthy Magistrate of the same towne hath giuen liberall and ample approbation to certaine Citties, & to seuerall persons of worth, with his certificate and the seale of the towne thereunto annexed: if all these testimonies of her, cannot perswade and win credit to our report, the maiden (of whom it is made) is yet to be seene, in the towne of *Meurs*. Nor shall it be amisse, the better to strengthen this short discourse, to set downe in a few lines more what some histories of our present times do mention of persons who in the like manner haue fasted long (beyond the ordinary strength & custome of mans body) and liued (as this maiden does now) without eating.

*Franciscus Citesius* (Doctor in the vniuersity at *Poitiers*) witnesseth (in his booke written in [p. 7] Lattine & imprinted at *Montpellier* in Anno 1602) that for certaine yeares, one *Catherine* of *Colberghen* liued in *Spires* 7 yeares together, without meate or drinke. Also within the town of *Conflans* in *France* lying vpon the borders of *Limosin* vpon the riuier *Vien*, A Smith (by name, *Iohn Balam*) begot of his wife (*Lucrece Chambelle*) in the yeare 1588, a daughter named *Ione Balam*, who for the space of two yeares, did neither eate or drinke, in publication of which wonder, that famons [*sic*] and eloquent Doctor, *Iacobus Viuerius* wrote certaine verses, which are thus Englished.

*How many wonders great before our eies appeares,  
Whereof no reason firme to you can shewed be.  
Behold, a maid in healtih, indures a womans yeares  
Twise 12 moneths long to fast, for sustenance none takes she.*

*The Lords and neighbours there, to her had good regard,  
That dwell in Conflans towne, on that Vienish fare.  
No meate nor drinke in all that time so long she mard,  
Her throate so narrow was, her victuals she did spare.*

*Full strange it was to see, her belly was so flat,  
The passages were shut, no entrance there was found,*



*She voyded nothing forth, nothing at all she ate,  
Her priuy parts were cleane, thence nothing fel to ground,*

*But yet she speakes, she sighs, she goes, she feesles I know,  
Mine eies are witnes sure, hereof you need not doubt:  
Which wondrous work doth teach, that nature here below  
By God alone is rul'd, who gouernes all about.*

*To whom all things that were, or euer yet shall be,  
Must stoope their lofty tops, their heads also must bend,  
Whose wisdom, might & power, o man doth teach to thee.  
To praise his name for aye: And so I make an end.*

[P. 8] *Ouer the picture of the maiden in the Dutch  
Coppie, stood these Lattine verses, viz.*

**Meursae haec (quam Cernis) decies ter, sexq[ue] peregit  
Annos, bis septem prorsus non vescitur Annis.  
Nec potat, sic sola sedet, sic pallida vitam.  
Ducit, & exigui se oblectat floribus Horti.**

*Thus Englished.*

*This Maid (of Meurs) hath thirty sixe yeares spent,  
Fourteene of which she tooke no nourishment,  
Thus pale and wan shee sits (sad and alone)  
A garden is all she loues to looke vpon.*

*The Letter.*

Beloued Brother, if you call to remembrance my former letters (written vnto you about the beginning of September 1605) you shall find in them, a report of this Maiden of *Meurs*, who at y<sup>e</sup> time had fasted but eight yeares: which report I know you very slightly entertained, and as I thinke, thought it fabulous and vntrue: But before that time, and euer since, her manner of liuing hath beene so narrowly looked into, that I am now my selfe thoroughly perswaded to beleue it, because not onely I, but thousands besides, haue seene her, & can testify with mee. None of the Princes of *Germany*, nor any Noblemen or Gentlemen of *England*, traueilling neere that way, but haue bene eye-witnesses of what I write to you, concerning her, many at this present in the English Court haue seene her. His excellency (*Graue Maurice*) who is Earle of *Meurs*, neuer commeth into the Towne, but he makes her one of his [p. 9] guests, yet she eateth not[h]ing at all. Thus much of this wonder. Now for *Gulicke-newes* [which fills pp. 9-12].

(b) *Of a maide nowe dwelling at the towne of meurs in dutchland, that hath not taken any foode this 16 yeares, and is not yet neither hungry nor thirsty; the which maide hath lately beene presented to the lady elizabeth, the king's daughter of england. This song was made by the maide her selfe, and now translated into english. To the Tune of Th[e] ladie's fall* [a ballad of nineteen eight-line stanzas published from a MS. in Andrew Clark's "Shirburn Ballads" (1907), pp. 55-59].

This extremely clever piece of ballad-journalism speaks well for the enterprise of the Jacobean press in taking advantage of "timely" subjects of interest; but it has no authority, and hence adds nothing of importance to the maid's biography. The writer followed Wood's pamphlet fairly closely, and assumed that his readers were familiar enough with it not to need to be told the name of the maiden. In the ballad Miss Fliegen relates her own story, remarking that

"Full sixteene yeares are past and gone  
since last I tasted foode,"

which she disdains,

"For daily in my hand I beare  
a pleasant smelling flower,  
Which to maintaine me safe in health  
hath still the blessed power."

Eve's ability to live on the scent of flowers is suggested by the Latin verses which adorned her portrait in the Dutch copy, but is not specifically mentioned in the pamphlet. The ballad-writer lives up to the traditions of his profession when he gratuitously interprets this abstinence from food as a warning

That belly-gods and drunkards all  
might hereby take good heede  
How they their unsuffised mawes  
doe daily stuffe and feede.

Eve also informs us that a Countess who was visiting her, after many vain attempts at persuading her to take food, plucked a cherry,

"And vnawares the one of them  
into my mouth she threw.

The iuyce there-of I tasted straight,  
which downe my body past,  
Whereby into a deadly swound  
I sodainely was cast:  
Where, if good meanes had not beene made  
by phisicke cuning cure  
I neuer had recovered more,  
but there had died most sure."

Wood's translation had said that all English noblemen and gentlemen who happened to be near Meurs called to see the miraculous maiden. The ballad-writer ingeniously took advantage of this statement to represent that the Prince Palgrave and the Princess Elizabeth, who had recently been married, were among her callers, and that the Princess had graciously made gifts to her. No surer way of arousing interest among English readers could have been devised, and the ballad no doubt helped to spread the fame of the fasting maiden throughout England.

(c) *The Pourtrayture of Eua Fliegen the Miraculous Mayd that liued at muers in cleueland without Food aetat. 40 . . . and are to besould in Popes head Ally by Georg Humble* [a print reproduced as the frontispiece to Andrew Clark's "Shirburn Ballads" <sup>1</sup>].

This portrait bears no resemblance whatever to that given in Thomas Wood's 1611 pamphlet: the latter was presumably copied from a Dutch original which had some claim to authenticity; the former is purely fanciful. So, too, the explanation here given of the reasons that led to Eve's prolonged fast is taken from the realm of fancy: her *stepmother* begrudged her food, and, in answer to Eve's prayers, God enabled her to dispense with bodily sustenance.

"'Twas I that pray'd I neuer might eate more  
(Cause my stepmother grutched mee my food):  
Whether on flowers I fed; as I had store:  
Or on a dew, that euery morinng [sic] stood  
Like honey on my lips, full seauenteene yeare  
This is a truth, if you the truth will heare."

If Eve was forty at the time when this portrait was made, she should have given the duration of her "admirable feasting" as eighteen years!

The writer of a ballad of "Strange Newes from Brotherton in Yorke-shire" (*circa* 1648) — preserved in the Manchester Free Reference Library — accepted Eve's explanation in principle, referring to her thus: —

The German Maid likewise,  
to mainfest [sic] Gods power,  
Her friends not able her to keepe,  
preseru'd was by a flower.

<sup>1</sup> Miss B. G. Madan has kindly informed me that the print was purchased by the Oxford University Press in 1907 from the London book-firm of Ellis, in whose Catalogue of Rare Portraits, for 1907, it was Lot 238, priced at £1. 10s. There is another portrait of Eve Fliegen in Henry Wilson and James Caulfield's *Book of Wonderful Characters* (1869), p. 249.

(d) Sir William Brereton's Travels in Holland (ed. Edward Hawkins), p. 58. (Chetham Society.)

On June 12, 1634, Brereton went "to a house called Dole-hoofe" in Amsterdam, where there was a collection of wax figures (chiefly of the nobility) that foreshadowed Mme. Tussaud's. Eve's figure was among them: "Here also the picture in wax of the Maid of Meure, who is reported to have lived fifteen years without meat."<sup>1</sup>

Eve Fliegen may also be the person referred to (but compare the work of Lentulus mentioned in Section 1, footnote 2) in the following note in William Lithgow's "The Totall Discourse, Of the Rare Adventures," etc. (1632, Pt. 8, p. 347), although the proper nouns do not agree with the usual story:—

Here in the *Canton of Bierne* neere to *Vrbs*, wee went and saw a young Woman, who then had neyther eate, nor drunke, nor yet excremented for thirteene yeares, being truely qualified by her Parents, Friends, & Physitians, and other Visitors. She was alwayes Bed fast, and so extenuated, that her Anatomised body carryed nought but Sinew, skin, and bones, yet was she alwayes mindefull of God. And the yeare after this time, her body returned agayne to the naturall vigour, in appetite and all things: and married a husband, bearing two children, dying in the fifth yeare thereafter.

#### IX. A FASTING WOMAN IN WESTMORELAND (1661).

James Crosseley's Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington, 1: 340 f. (Chetham Society.)

[In a letter, dated June 24, 1661, to Samuel Hartlib, Worthington enclosed the following account, which was written at Kendal on May 28 of that year:—]

"The woman (who is about a mile from this town) about fifteen years since buried a child whom she dearly loved, and returning home, expressed her discontent in these words, [That God had now done his worst to her that he could.] She continued well a good while after; but within a year she fell into a deep melancholy, which brought her into that condition wherein she now lies; and in which she hath continued fourteen years. I went about a year since to see her; and had this account of her, besides

<sup>1</sup> "*Rondoletius* from the history of *Hermolaus Barbarus*, tels us of a Priest (of whom one of the Popes had the custody) that lived forty yeares upon meer aire. As also of a maide in *France*, and another in *Germany*, that for diverse yeares together did feed on nothing but this: Nay, hee affirms that hee himselfe had seene one, who lived till ten yeares of age without any other nourishment. You may find most of these, and some other examples to this purpose, gathered together by *Mendoca Viridar. lib. 4. Prob. 23, 24.*" "*Mendoca* reckons up divers strange relations. As that of *Epimenides*, who is storied to have slept 75 yeeares. And another of a rusticke in *Germany*, who being accidentally covered with a hay-ricke, slept there for all autumne, and the winter following, without any nourishment." — JOHN WILKINS, *A Discourse Concerning A New World*, 1640, 1: 223, 226 f.

what mine own eyes informed me of her. She eats not anything, only 2 or 3 spoonfuls of milk each day before twelve a clock; (for after that hour she will eat nothing.) She hath no evacuations. Her body is much worn (except her face, which is somewhat fleshy and fresh) and as cold as clay. She moves not ordinarily, but as she is moved by others. Yet twice she leapt out of bed, and was met out of the chamber upon her hands and feet; which was occasioned the one time by an extraordinary noise of an hue and cry passing by; and the other time by a sudden breaking in of light, the curtain of the window falling down. When I was with her, one took her by the hand, and she endeavoured to bite him. She sometimes groans much. There is an unpleasing smell comes from her; yet not so bad as might be expected. They have formerly had physitians, and (lest any means should be wanting, right or wrong) popish priests and conjurers; who have told them, 'tis a mere corps kept in its form by the power of the devil; and that it may continue so till Domes-day. I have advised her husband to take 2 or 3 physitians, and make what observations they can of her, and send them to some eminent physitians in London, &c., for their judgment of her, and their advice about her."

[In his reply Hartlib said, "Your strange story is very remarkable, and deserves to be put amongst the illustrious providences." Worthington mentions the woman again in his "Diary" (I: 345 f., 353).]

#### X. MARTHA TAYLOR (1668).

(a) *New News from Darby-shire. / Or The / Wonder of Wonders. / Being a perfect and true Relation of the / handy work of Almighty God shown / upon the body of one Martha Taylor a- / bout a mile or something more from / Backwel in Darby-shire, hard by a Pasture / commonly called Hadin Pasture, this / Maid as it hath pleased the Lord, she hath / fasted fifty three weeks, taking in neither / meat nor drink, nor any thing to support / nature as hath been attested by the Gen- / try in Darby shire as also by many persons / set to watch her by the order of the / Earl of Devon-shire . . . Written by me T. Robins B. of D. a well / wisher to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, Oct. / 13. 1668. / London. Printed for T.P. at the three / Bibles on London-Bridge. [16 pp., 8°. Bodleian, shelf-mark Wood 487(7).]*

". . . All that is done unto her, her mother anointeth her lips with a feather and spring water, by reason of the hotness of her breath." Fasting certainly did *not* agree with her, for as "for her person and complexion she is worn away so bare that she hath very smal left on her but skin and bone, she hath no belly to be seen, for her intrails are dried up insomuch that you may see her back bone through the skin of her belly, nothing she can be likened to but the picture of death." The names of twenty maids who were set to watch her and who were thoroughly convinced that she ate and drank nothing are given.

(b) *A Discourse upon Prodigious / Abstinence : / Occasioned / By the Twelve Moneths Fasting / Of / Martha Taylor, / The Famed Derbyshire / Damosell : / Proving That without any Miracle, the Texture / of Humane Bodies may be so altered, / that Life may / be long Continued without the supplies of / Meat & Drink . . . By John Reynolds. / Humbly offered to the / Royall Society.* [1669, 4°, sigs. A-F<sup>2</sup> in fours. Bodleian, shelf-mark Wood B 35 (26); Harvard College Library.]

This book contains dozens of references to fasting persons, from Moses to Martha Taylor, and should be consulted <sup>1</sup> by those who are interested in the subject. It concludes with "a short Narrative receiv'd since I began this Discourse, from a person of known ingenuity and honesty," in which we are informed [sig. E 4<sup>r</sup>] that Miss Taylor "hath been diligently watch'd by Physitians, Surgeons, and other persons, for at least a fortnight together, by the appointment of the Noble Earl of *Devon*; as is already publish'd by Mr. *Robins* B. of D. that is, Ballad-maker of *Darby*, whose Ballad (they say) doth much excell his Book." <sup>2</sup> It is a pity that this ballad has not survived.

#### XI. JANE STRETTON (1669).

*The Hartfordshire Wonder Or Strange News from Ware. Being an exact and true Relation of one Jane Stretton the Daughter of Thomas Stretton of Ware in the County of Herts, who hath been visited in a strange kind of manner by extraordinary and unusual fits, her abstaining from sustenance for the space of 9 Monihs, being haunted by Imps or Devils in the form of several Creatures here described, the Parties adjudged of all by whom she was thus tormented and the occasion thereof, with many other remarkable things taken from her own mouth and confirmed by credible witnesses . . .* London : Printed for J. Clark at the Bible and Harp, West Smith-Field, near the Hospital Gate, 1669. [Reprinted with an Introductory Note by W. B. Gerish. Bishop's Stortford. 1908. 15 pp. For what is apparently a different and a later edition, see Hazlitt's "Handbook to Early Popular Literature" (1867), p. 268.]

Jane Stretton was born at Ware on June 24, 1649. In the year 1667 or 1668 her father insulted "a Cunning Man, or Wizard or Fortune teller," who in revenge afflicted the girl with dreadful epileptic fits. After one of these fits for "6 months space she neither eat anything nor voided any excrements" [p. 12]. "The time that she

<sup>1</sup> It was reprinted in 1809 in the Harleian Miscellany, 4 : 43 ff.

<sup>2</sup> If this explanation is not wholly sarcastic or fanciful, it is of some interest to students of ballads; for a well-known ballad-writer named Thomas Robins, usually signing himself "T. R.," composed, among others, a large number of the Robin Hood ballads that F. J. Child printed.

began to be thus strangely tortured is Michaelmas last was twelve months, during which time if we seriously consider every particular we shall hardly find her parallel, viz., her extraordinary tortures by swelling sometimes and other pains, her abstinency from all food, for about 9 months, save only some few liquid Meats, impossible in human reason to have preserved life, her being haunted with Frogs, Mice, Toads and the like," etc. [p. 14].

The author, M.J. (his initials are signed to the preface), refers to the case of Martha Taylor, which he considers no more remarkable than this of Jane Stretton. The editor, Gerish, in his introductory note, mentions various cases of real or supposed fasting from the time of Plato to 1906. His introduction would have to be consulted carefully if one were attempting to write a monograph on miraculous fasts, and perhaps a mention of hunger strikes of as late a date as 1920 would also be demanded.<sup>1</sup>

## XII. REBECCA SMITH (1671).

R. Plot's *The Natural History of Oxford-shire*, 1677, Chap. VIII, § 11, pp. 196-197.

Yet a much stranger *accident* than *that* befel one *Rebeckah Smith*, the Servant-maid of one *Thomas White* of *Minster Lovel*, who being of a robust constitution, though *she* seldom eat flesh (it scarce agreeing with her) and above 50 years of age; after *she* came from the *Communion* on *Palm-sunday*, *April* 16. *Anno*. 1671. was taken with such a dryness in her throat, that *she* could not swallow her spittle, nor any thing else to supply the decays of *nature*: and in this case *she* continued without eating or drinking, to the amazement of all, for about *ten weeks*, viz. to the 29 of *June*, being both *St. Peters*, and *Witney-fair* day: by which time being brought very low, her *master* enquired and found out a *person* who gave him an *Amulet*, (for it was supposed *she* was bewitch'd) against this *evil*; after the application whereof, within two or three days time (though I dare not suppose there was any dependence between the *medecin* and *disease*) *she* first drank a little *water*, then warm *broaths* in small quantities at a time, and nothing else till *Palm-sunday* again *twelve months* after, when *she* began to eat bread and other food again as formerly *she* had done, and is now about the age of *sixty*, and still *living* at the same place ready to testify the truth of the thing, as well as *Tho. White* and his *wife*, who were all that lived in the house with her, and will confidently assert (for they carefully observed) that they do not believe *she* ever took any thing in those *ten weeks* time, nor any thing

<sup>1</sup> The New York Times for July 16, 1922, printed a despatch from Nala, Ky., about a certain William Rice who had fasted 61 days. "Rice declares he received food from a 'spiritual fountain' and says he is tempted constantly by Satan to make use of earthly sustenance. He drinks considerable quantities of water. Rice asserts he was told by God in a vision that he should show his neighbors that they should make personal sacrifices if they expect heavenly reward."

more all the year following but what was above-mentioned: wherein I think they may the rather be credited, because there was never any *advantage* made of this *wonder*, which argues it clear of all *juggle* or *design*.

XIII. GILBERT JACKSON (1719).

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, 31 (1719) : 28-30.

Here Patrick Blair, M.D., F.R.S., submits an affidavit signed by four persons about a Scotch boy, Gilbert Jackson, who fasted from June 10, 1716, to June 9, 1719. "Ever since he has taken a little Food, but so very little, that a Halfpenny Loaf serves him eight Days. . . . he is now [December 26, 1719] in pretty good Health, but still wants the use of one of his Limbs."

XIV. JANET MACLEOD (1776).

Philosophical Transactions, 67 (1777) : I-II.

Dr. Mackenzie, Physician at New Tarbot, contributed to the Royal Society an account of the four years' fast of Janet MacLeod,<sup>1</sup> a woman of thirty-three years then living in the shire of Ross. Epileptic fits had caused her loss of appetite, but in October, 1772, she "recovered and ate and drank." The names of eight witnesses enforce the truth of Mackenzie's contribution to science.

XV. ANN MOORE (1810).

(a) *A / faithful relation / of the / wonderful and extraordinary / abstinence / of / ANN MOORE, / of Tutbury, Staffordshire, / who / for nearly three years / has, / and still continues, / to / Live without any kind of food, / to which are added, / Moral Reflections and Observations. / Published by her request. / Derby : / printed by C. Wilkins, in the Queen-Street. / Entered at Stationers' Hall. / 1810. [28 pp. There is a copy of this book at Harvard. I own another.]*

In addition to the story of Ann's fasting, this book includes the names of "117 persons who composed the Watch" on her, a letter from the "Medical and Physical Journal," an "account [of Estrid Jon, of Skara, West Gothland, who fasted from 1703 to 1710] sent by the Bishop of Skara to the Bishop of Bristol, in the year, 1710, and copied from the British Magazine for Sept. 1746," some "recent observations" concerning Ann, some "Remarks on Temperance," and the "Moral Reflections and Observations."

<sup>1</sup> On a fasting woman called Katherine M'Leod (of Kincardine, Rosshire) see Thomas Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, 1776, 2 : 391. She and "Janet" may have been identical: I have not gone into the matter. Cf. XV (b), p. 376.



(b) *A / faithful relation / of / ANN MOORE, / of Tutbury, Staffordshire, / who / for nearly four years, / has, and still continues, / To Live without any Kind of Food, / to which are added, / reflections and observations. / Published by her request, / the fourth edition. / . . . Birmingham, / Printed and published by R. Peart and Co. 38 Bull-Street. / Entered at Stationers-Hall. / 1811. [Harvard, British Museum.]*

This book contains about the same matter as (a), with the addition of some "Extraordinary Relations" copied from Plot's "Staffordshire," Ames's "Typographical Antiquities," and Pennant's "Tour in Scotland." From Plot come the stories of Cecily de Rygeaway, John Scot, and Mary Vaughton of Wigginton; from Ames, a maiden of Confolens in Poitiers; from Pennant, Katherine McLeod. All of these persons except Mary Vaughton have been mentioned in my notes.

(c) *A / full exposure / of / ANN MOORE, / the pretended / fasting woman / of / Tutbury. / Third edition, with additions. / London : / printed for the author; / and sold by Robert Baldwin, Paternoster-Row, / and T. Wayte, High-Street, Burton-upon-Trent. / Price One Shilling. / 1813. [30 pp. There are copies at Harvard and the New York Public Library.]*

In 1807 Ann Moore announced publicly that she lived without food. She succeeded in convincing many of her townspeople who were set to watch her, and books like those named above spread her fame through England and America. In April, 1813, a committee composed of scientists and doubting Thomases was formed to watch her. They easily detected her imposture, and on the ninth day of the watch Ann was forced to admit it. On May 4 she signed a confession of her fraud, being then sixty-four years of age.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

**"THE SAUCY ARETHUSA."**

BY HOWARD J. SAVAGE.

IN September, 1920, Langdon Warner, Esq., of Philadelphia, director of the Pennsylvania Museum, purchased from an American dealer for his private collection a manuscript volume<sup>1</sup> of some one hundred pages, bound in parchment, and containing various notes evidently made by a student of navigation, some poems, and a drawing in colors of a Barbary corsair. It was this drawing which first attracted Mr. Warner's attention. But upon examination he found that the notes included what appeared to be the logs of two voyages on English warships at the period of the American Revolution, and the solutions of various problems in a course in navigation. The poems were "A Hymn for a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons," "by Brother Dunckerley," a sentimental ballad, with the first line, "When war's alarms enticed my Willy from me;" and a longer poem dealing with the "Arethusa." Mr. Warner very kindly placed the manuscript at my disposal; and I began an investigation, which, though incomplete, has led me into devious ways.

On the fly-leaf of the volume stands the name "John Williams." Below this, in the same hand, is written, "John Williams His Book 1779," beneath which, in a second handwriting, were traced, "Newburyport," "John," "D:", "John Williams." On the inside of the front cover is written the name "William Williams" in (probably) the same hand as the word "Newburyport." The water-marking of the pages, which are twelve and seven-eighths by eight inches in size, is a circular medallion, surmounted by a crown; within the medallion, Britannia, seated upon a throne or chair, with St. George's Cross; in her right hand she holds a sceptre, and in her left a spear; and she wears a crested helmet. Another water-mark, which occurs less frequently in the paper, is composed of the initials G R and a crown.

The two logs are entitled as follows: the first, "A Journal of a Voyage by God's Permisson ine the Orford Man of War from Rabbett or Cunney Island in Latt.<sup>d</sup> 33°.. 30<sup>m</sup> South Long.<sup>d</sup> 17°.. 44<sup>m</sup> East To the Island of Saint Helna in Latt.<sup>d</sup> 16°.. 00<sup>m</sup> South and Long.<sup>d</sup> 06°.. 04<sup>m</sup> West Kipt by John Williams in the year 1779;" the second, "A Journal from Trincomelay In the Island of Zelone to Madrass

<sup>1</sup>In 1921 Mr. Warner presented the manuscript volume to the Harvard College Library.

Trincomelay in Latt<sup>d</sup> 08°.. 32' N and Long<sup>d</sup> 81°.. 40' East Madrass in Latt<sup>d</sup> 13°.. 08' and Long<sup>d</sup> 80°.. 44' East." The first entry of the "Orford" log is dated 30 January, 1779, and the last 12 February, 1779; the first entry of the second, 9 January, 1779, and the last 20 January, 1779. Now, from the dates it is manifest that the two voyages could not have been taken by the same sailor, though the first of the two logs is stated to have been kept by John Williams. From lists in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (1779-80) which purport to give the composition of the British Navy and of the various fleets, it appears that British ships were in both localities at the specified times; but in no item of about this time does the "Orford" man-of-war appear. Yet the two voyages are logged with circumstantial accuracy as regards seamanship, weather, runs, signals, and honors. From these facts, then, it may be safely inferred only that in 1779 one John Williams was studying navigation. He was in the British Navy, perhaps as a petty officer qualifying for promotion, and he kept his notes and his models for logs of future commands in a book furnished by the Admiralty.

Now, Mr. Lawrence Brainerd, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, informs me that the Records of the Marine Society of Newburyport, Mass., where Williams was an infrequent name, report that Capt. William Williams joined the Society in 1819, and died in Newburyport on Sept. 2, 1841, at the age of seventy-five. His birth, however, is "not to be recorded in the vicinity of the Newburys," though he married in 1813, and his son, William, Jr., was born in 1814. Neither Williams appears in the United States Navy Register. It is therefore possible, the vital statistics and the names in the manuscript being taken together, that this particular William Williams was the son of John Williams, formerly of the British Navy, and that, born in England, he brought with him to America among his effects his father's notes on navigation.

From a literary point of view, far more interest attaches to the poem, "Come all you Jolly Sailors bold." The text as it occurs in the manuscript is printed below, but it is far longer and more complete and concrete than the version of which the school-boy, from Tom Brown on, has been fond. Now, the usual or standard text was first printed in 1796, in Act II, Scene iv, of Prince Hoare's musical entertainment "Lock and Key." The scene is before Brummagem's house in Devonshire. Cheerly, a naval officer, enters with six sailors. He has been paying court to Laura, Brummagem's niece, somewhat unsuccessfully as regards the uncle, and his six sailors "appear dissatisfied." "What!" exclaims the hero, "Slack in stays! Why, do you think Cheerly prefers his mistress to his duty? No, no, my lads! My country's service, you rewarded, and then my love. . . . One

farewell . . . and . . . then for Arethusa's glory." Then he sings the song in the widely known version of Hoare.

Let us now glance at the history of Prince Hoare's version of the "Arethusa" poem; then at certain accounts of the battle with the "Belle Poule" and of the English frigate herself; and finally at the relationship between the two poems on the fight.

Prince Hoare, born at Bath in 1755, was educated at the local grammar school, and more particularly by his father, William Hoare (*D.N.B.*, 26 : 25). In 1772 he went to London to study at the Royal Academy. After some four years of work (1776-80) at Rome under Mengs, he returned to England, exhibiting at the Royal Academy in 1781 and 1782. In 1788 he took for his health a voyage to Lisbon, whence he returned to London in June. Shortly afterward he began to write for the stage.

His musical entertainment "Lock and Key" had its premier either in 1791 or in 1796. Mr. William C. Lane, librarian of the Harvard College Library, has written to me that in the edition of the farce printed by John Cumberland, London (n.d.), the date of the first performance is given (p. 7) as 1791. Clarence, in his "'Stage' Cyclopaedia" (p. 225), also gives the date of the first performance as 1791, and the theatre as the Haymarket. But the Shaw Collection at Harvard College contains two play-bills, which announce for Tuesday, Feb. 2, and Wednesday, Feb. 3, 1796, the "New Musical Farce" as to be performed for the "(First Time)" and "(2d Time)," respectively, at Covent Garden. Genest (*English Stage* [Bath, 1832], 7 : 267-268), who seems to have had some basis for personal judgment,—perhaps the printed text,—calls it "a moderate piece." Furthermore, there is no place for a first performance of the farce in the London theatrical season of 1791 as Genest gives it. The traditional date for the production, 1796, finds further corroboration in the obituary notices of Prince Hoare, printed in 1835. It is as nearly correct as need be for present purposes.

"The Arethusa" was sung by Charles Benjamin Incledon in the character of Cheerly. Incledon was the most popular ballad-singer of his day. In 1817 he visited America, and afterward travelled through Britain as "The Wandering Melodist." For at least twenty-five years "Lock and Key" was a popular entertainment on the London stage, and in Dublin, New York, and Philadelphia. It was first printed in 1796, with a second edition, for T. M. Longman, "correctly taken from the prompt book," in 1797. The song was issued separately as sheet-music probably in 1796 in the "Books of the Songs to be had at the Theatre," "as sung by Mr. Incledon," certainly before 1826. The musical setting is by Shields. As a recitation, "The Arethusa" has long been popular with elocutionists, both

amateur and professional. It began its separate career as a poem as early as its appearance in "All the Year Round" (37 : 100); and it has more recently been reprinted in Mr. W. S. Braithwaite's "Book of Georgian Verse," in Goodchild's "Battle Poems and Patriotic Verse," in W. F. Henley's "Lyra Heroica," and in Lady Sybil Scott's "Book of the Sea."

We turn now to the historical events in which both poems are grounded. The sea-fight between the "Arethusa" frigate, Capt. Marshall, and the French "Belle Poule" under La Clochetterie, occurred on June 17, 1778, near the Island of Ouessant. "Une flotte anglaise de vingt vaisseaux," writes Martin (*Histoire de France* [Paris, 1865], 16 : 429-30) "aux ordres de l'amiral Keppel, étant venue faire une reconnaissance vers Brest, rencontra deux frégates françaises . . . (17 Juin [1778]). La guerre n'étant pas déclarée, Keppel ne fit pas tout d'abord assailler les frégates. Il les somma de venir à la poupe de son vaisseau pour répondre à ses questions. La plus avancée des deux frégates, *la Licorne*, refusa. On tira sur elle: enveloppée, elle lâcha sa bordée et se rendit. La seconde frégate, *la Belle-Poule*, . . . fit force de voiles pour échapper; poursuivie et atteinte près de la côte par la frégate anglaise *l'Aréthuse*, elle la désempara après un combat de cinq heures, la força de se retirer vers sa flotte, et rentra victorieuse à Brest, aux acclamations de la marine et de la population."

The English version, as published in the "London Gazette" of Saturday, June 27, 1778, and retailed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (June, 1778), differs, as might be expected, in certain particulars:—

"By a second letter, dated June 20, the Admiral speaks of the return of the Valiant and Monarch with the Arethusa in tow. She had come up with her chace, which proved to be the Belle Poule, and had requested the French Captain to bring to, and informed him that the Admiral wished to speak with him; with both which requests he refused to comply. Captain Marshal then fired a shot across him, which was instantly returned by a whole broadside. This brought on a brisk action on both sides, which continued upwards of two hours. The Arethusa, being much shattered in her mast, sails, and rigging, was thrown in such a situation, that she could not get her head towards the French ship, which stood into a small bay, where boats at day light came out and towed her into safety. The Arethusa had eight men killed [*sic*], and 36 wounded: the loss of the French must be considerable. . . . The Alert cutter, at the same time engaged a schooner . . . and . . . took her. . . . This is an authentic account of what has happened, tho' the Admiral's letters are too long to be inserted at full length."

Now, it happened that an acute observer and racy *raconteur*, John O'Keeffe, Irish actor-playwright, visited the "Arethusa" "a few hours after the engagement," and he set down his impressions in his "Recol-

lections" (1 : 371 ff.). His account Professor George Lyman Kittredge very kindly brought to my attention.

"After the . . . action between the Belle Poule and the Arethusa, I went on board the latter ship [of war] . . . and saw the horrible and dreadful state . . . ; the Arethusa then lying close by Blockhouse point, where they were getting the wounded . . . into Haslar hospital. Lord Charles Fitzgerald (brother to the Duke of Leinster) was a lieutenant of this ship. The officer on board, with great minuteness described the engagement to me. . . . The Arethusa fired a shot into the water . . . in the sailor phrase, 'across her [the *Belle-Poule's*] fore-foot' to bring her to. This was answered by a full broadside from the Belle Poule, and the slaughter commenced: each ship, when they parted, so crippled, supposed its adversary could not get into port. As Lord Charles stood on the quarter deck, a seaman handing him a cup of refreshment, had his head taken off by a ball." . . .

Here O'Keeffe details the horrors below decks with the unctuousness of a war correspondent in 1916, and concludes, —

"After this beginning, the war went on in all its horrors; and then came the squabble between Keppel and Palliser, with riots and illuminations in Pall-mall and St. James's-square; and Court-martials, and all that."

What remains of the story of the "Arethusa" is soon told. During the engagement of the 27th, the frigate, still under Marshall, was selected by Keppel to transmit signals, probably because she was so badly damaged as not to be fit for combatant use. In this fight the controversy between Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser had its inception. Charges of misconduct and neglect of duty were preferred against Keppel, and, after lengthy sittings of a court-martial at Plymouth, he was acquitted. During the trial, in answering one of the charges, Keppel said (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 49 : 60, citing *London Gazette*), "On the 30th of June I sailed with twenty ships of the line and very fortunately I fell in with the Belle Poule and other French frigates; and the letters and papers found on board them were of material service to the State. Captain Marshall distinguished himself with the greatest honour. I confess that when I fell in with those two frigates, I was at a loss how to act." The dry humor of the last sentence is appreciable when one recalls that on June 17, 1778, not June 30, as Keppel is quoted, war had not been declared between England and France. The "other French frigates" were the "Licorne" and her tender, and the "Belle-Poule's." Marshall was summoned as witness for the prosecution. Naturally, when Keppel was acquitted and received the thanks of the Commons and the commendation of the Lords, Marshall's reputation suffered and he was relieved of his command. Both Keppel and he testified at Palliser's court-martial. The Vice-Admiral of the Blue was also acquitted, on

May 5, and the coat of official whitewash covered the whole spotted affair.

After Marshall's relief, the frigate was commanded by Capt. Everett, later killed in battle off Gonave, while commanding the "Ruby." On March 19, 1779, the "Arethusa" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 49 : 209, 271) "was wrecked upon the rocks near Ushant, in pursuit of an enemy. The crew were saved, and treated by the French with every mark of humanity." The "Arethusa" seems to have been salvaged by the French; for on Wednesday, June 30, 1779, an "Arethusa," sixty-four guns, made one of a fleet under La Mothe-Piquet, which was convoying French and American merchantmen, and later, on July 31, was reported to have taken St. Vincent after a three days' siege. The result of all this fighting, naval and official, was, that, while Palliser and Marshall were passed over, Keppel became the hero of the hour.

From these facts it is seen that Prince Hoare's version of "Come all you Jolly Sailors Bold" was not the first. Whether the text printed below represents a song written down by an English sailor as he heard it, or was copied from some other written or printed version, cannot be stated; but, as Professor Kittredge, who has manifested a helpful and friendly interest in the text, puts it in a letter, "it seems probable that the long poem was used by Hoare rather than that somebody elongated Hoare's song so enormously." Hoare and the copier may have had access to a common source; or Hoare may have noted down a song on the subject during his Lisbon travels, for future use. At any rate, there can be little question which version gives the more circumstantial account of the battle, or contains more of the spirit of the sea.

Come all you Jolly Sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are made of beaten Gold,  
A Story to you I'll Unfold,  
A Bout y<sup>e</sup> Arithusa,  
5] it was with Brave Keppel we Sail'd out,  
the British Channel to cruise about,  
the Seventeenth of June in the forenoon,  
to windward we, four Sail did see, and then  
our noble Admiral he,  
made a Signal that we Should Chace them,

I

10] The Monarch Mifford and the Alirt,  
Saw Signals they should take our part,  
they Croudid sail with gallent hearts,  
In hopes to overtake them,  
they haul'd their wind to git away,

15] thinking it was not safe to stay,  
tho fast they Ran we on them gain'd,  
Tho quick the Race, came up at Last, and then they  
thought it fit by Class,  
Their Courses for to Alter,

2

20] Then thay Bore Large before the wind,  
thinking to leave us all behind,  
but to their sad mistake did find,  
two of our Ships did lead them,  
the Arithusa and the Alirt,  
Neither Sheet Brace nor tack did start,  
25] but every man to their quarters stand,  
the Alirt did lye, in the winds Eye,  
Arithusa seem'd to fly,  
So we came up and Spoke them,

3

[Page in MS.

30] We fired a Shot with that Intent,  
to bring him to and a head it went,  
but we found they were for Mischeif bent,  
Eighthter to take or Sink us,  
Marshal on Borard the Frigate to,  
the Frenchman he cries out Hollo,  
35] he Says bring to no that wont do,  
Come under the Lee of our Admiral Said he,  
no no Says the Frenchman that never can be,  
for you'l make Sure to take us,

4

40] The Bellapoole was their Commadore,  
She mounts swivels Just a Score,  
and Carriage guns had forty fouer,  
All<sup>1</sup> Eighteens twelves & Sixes,  
Five hundred men on her decks did Dance,  
the best that could be found in france,  
45] all the wonder of those men,  
how they did laugh and call it Stuff,  
to think that we should be bold Anought,  
to offer to Engage them,

5

50] Two hundred men was our Ships crew,  
twenty Six twelve Pounders you might View,  
and Six Sixes made thirty two,  
besides we had Eight Swivels,  
Monsueir he gave us a whole broadside,  
Huzza huzza we all hands cried,

<sup>1</sup> The word "All" has a cross aboveti.



55] their langridge shot it came so hot,  
 fire boys fire is all our desire,  
 Sooner than Strike wel'l all Expire,  
 on Board of the Arithusa,

## 6

[Page in MS.]

60] We Returned monsuir his whole Broad side,  
 mobleau mobleau the french Dogs cried,  
 whilst Numbers of them Run to hide,  
 of the forecastle Poop and gangway,  
 Captain Marshal cries brave boys,  
 fight on I Like to hear your noise,  
 65] Whilst we have a Gun wee'd Scorn to run,  
 Smoke and fire is all our Desire,  
 Sooner than Strike wel'l all Expire,  
 on Board the Arithusa,

## 7

70] Our first Lieut<sup>t</sup>. Labetee,  
 behaved with Skill and bravery,  
 Dont fire in Vain brave boys Sais he,  
 but take good aim and holl them,  
 Lord Phitsgerarald next did stand,  
 in Commission with sword in hand,  
 75] the game I Like,  
 we will them Strike,  
 Smoke and fire is all our desire,  
 Sooner then Strike we'll all Expire,  
 on Board the Arithusa,

## 8

80] Picket our Master behaved well,  
 which many on Board of our ship can tell,  
 for when our Shot uppon them fell,  
 he Said brave Boys thats in them,  
 we kept our Ship Still Broad side to,  
 85] whilst Round grape and dubble head flew,  
 but Still we cried our guns supply,  
 Smoke and fire is all our desire,  
 Sooner then Strike wel'l all Expire,  
 on Board the Arithusa,

## 9

90] Our Petty officers were as Good,  
 Oour Decks were sprinkeld ouer with blood,  
 Still Every man to quarters stood;  
 our Captains hand was woundid,  
 our first Lieutenant he was Shot,

95] Lord Charles had a woundid foot, [Page in MS.  
but Still he cries your guns Supply,  
Somke [*sic*] and fire is all our desire,  
Sooner than Strike we will all Expire,  
on Board of the Arithusa,

10

100] Seven half glases then Ran out  
twenty five Minuts went about,  
Still Resolved we were not to give out,  
altho being Sorarly Chatterd,  
Our bast and Rrigging being all Shot,  
105] Scarce a whole rope in the Spip we had got,  
in a Light gale those Dogs made Sail,  
tired of our play Run a way,  
because they could no longer Stay,  
Along Side of the Arithusa,

11

110] This Action was on the French Shore,  
Distance about three mile no more,  
there hull it was so wrack'd and tore,  
thay Scarce could keep from sinking,  
the Leake it gaining so fast all Round,  
115] which obligd those dogs to Run a ground,  
the Next we, did them See,  
it was under the Land,  
uppon the Strand,  
She never was so soarly Bang'd,  
120] As by the Arithusa,

12

the Valiant She came up next Day,  
as Like a log of Wood we lay,  
and soon she towed our ship Away,  
we Riged a Juery fourmast,  
125] its now our dangers is all our,  
and Drove these french Dogs on the Shore,  
Come let us Dring God save the King,  
our Captain to and all our Ships Crew,  
and all that Doth belong unto,  
the Jovial Arithusa

13

Fines

## COMMUNAL COMPOSITION OF BALLADS IN THE A. E. F.

BY ATCHESON L. HENCH.

THE incidents to be given here so well confirm the theory of communal composition of ballads, that they are, I believe, worth noting. They are a by-product of the war as seen through the eyes of a member of a hospital corps working at Tours, France.

During the summer of 1918 there appeared in the army a childish ditty known usually by the name of "Hinkie Dinkie Parlezvous." The tune was always the same; but the subjects were of all sorts, from mud to French mademoiselles. The following stanza on the much-maligned Y. M. C. A. was typical:—

The Y. M. C. A. went over the top — Parlez-vous.  
The Y. M. C. A. went over the top — Parlez-vous.  
The Y. M. C. A. went over the top  
To see how much money the doughboy's got.  
Hinkie Dinkie Parlez-vous.

When, where, or how the melody originated, no one knew, but soldiers coming to our hospital from the front or from any other part of France brought versions of it with them. Printed words and printed music were unknown. The tradition was entirely oral.

Conditions in the average hospital helped to propagate the song. Men had little to do but read what papers they could find, talk, smoke, or play poker. At any moment a soldier might hum a stanza to himself as he read or as he threw down his cards, and the man next to him might add his version. The simplicity of both the music and the words, together with the fact that most stories, news, or songs passed through the army by word of mouth, caused the tune with its various stanzas to be so widely circulated, that, by the time the soldiers began coming home, there certainly were very few who had not heard some version or other.

The day came for our unit to come homeward. During the three weeks of waiting at St. Nazaire, most of us did little but sit and talk. One rainy evening, when the lights were so weak that no one could read, a group of about eight men gathered at one end of the barracks, and spent their time in singing. After the usual round of old favorites, they commenced vying with one another in composing words to "Hinkie Dinkie," with slurs at less popular members of the organization. Not more than three or four verses had been composed, before

men outside of the group began to collect around, and to suggest further names to be used. Instantly some one of the original eight produced a rhyme. I was surprised often at the accuracy with which in two lines the eccentricity of a character was hit off. Laughter and applause spurred the brighter ones to harder thinking, so that in the process of an hour some twelve or fifteen men had been noted and characterized. It was natural, too, that one man should show himself quicker at rhymes than another. Before seven or eight stanzas had been composed, one young boy stepped far ahead of the rest in his productions; but his ability showed itself only because he had several men pursuing him for the honors.

Had I been quick enough to realize the significance of the performance, I should have snatched paper and copied down the verses; but not till the next day did the thought occur to me that I had witnessed communal composition. I regret that inspections kept me from getting more than two stanzas, and those the poorest, before the composers had forgotten them:—

- (a) Pimple and Chui and John Van Dam <sup>1</sup>— Parlez-vous,  
Pimple and Chui and John Van Dam — Parlez-vous,  
Pimple and Chui and John Van Dam —  
Which of the three is the poorest ham?  
Hinkie Dinkie Parlez-vous.

- (b) John McGregor our top sarge — Parlez-vous, etc.,  
A nice little chap, but his head's too large, etc.

In the belief that most of the versions throughout the army were composed much in the same way, I began to make a collection. Specimens came from men on the transport deck, in camp barracks, and in canteen huts. The average version was only one stanza long, but some extended to three stanzas, and one even had nine. The last was given me by a man who might have been called a minstrel, so many versions was he able to sing.<sup>2</sup>

Of the many subjects treated, the customary one was the French girls. Stanzas began, "The mademoiselles of Bar-le-Duc," "The mademoiselles of St. Nazaire," "The mademoiselles of gay Patee." The second line spoke usually of the immorality of the girls, the wording being modified to suit the rhyme. Unfortunately obscenity and filth forbid the printing of any but the harmless ones. The following are but a few of those which from one source or another have come to my knowledge:—

<sup>1</sup> "Pimple" and "Chui" were nicknames. I have substituted fictitious names for the others.

<sup>2</sup> Corroboration as to the method of composing the versions, and many of the versions themselves, have come from Mr. Jack Kent, formerly of the Base Hospital at Angers.

(a) The major he went over the top, etc.,  
He came running back without a stop, etc.

(b) The little marine went over the top, etc.,  
And gave old Heinie a hell of a flop, etc.

The little marine he grew and he grew, etc.,  
And now he's part of the army too, etc.

(c) Tady, have you some very good wine, etc.,  
Fit for a crum right off the line? etc.

Tady, have you a daughter fine, etc.,  
Fit for a cootie right off the line? etc.

Yes, I have a daughter fine, etc.,  
But not for a soldier right off the line, etc.

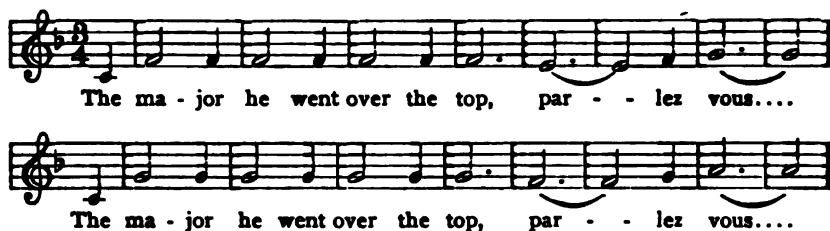
(d) Landlord, have you a daughter fine, etc.,  
Fit for the Tommies up the line? etc.

Yes, I have a daughter fine, etc.,  
Fit for the Tommies up the line, etc.

This version is continued in seven more stanzas.

Such material confirms, in part at least, the conception of ballad composition as stated by Professor G. L. Kittredge in his introduction to F. J. Child's "English and Scottish Ballads."<sup>1</sup> "Different members of the throng, one after another, may chant each a verse, composed on the spur of the moment, and the sum of these various contributions make a song. This is communal composition, though each verse, taken by itself, is the work of an individual. A song made in this way is no man's property and has no individual author. *The folk is its author.*"

The tune of "Hinkie Dinkie" is as follows:—



<sup>1</sup> Boston, 1904, p. xix.



## NOTES AND QUERIES.

**INDIAN WITCHCRAFT.**—Louis Gray (the witch doctor) and Dwyer Green, Indians, charged at Port Simpson<sup>1</sup> Police Court with suffering a "tort" or wrong to be inflicted upon one Mary Feak, an Indian woman of the Tsympsean tribe, by circulating charges of witchcraft against her contrary to Section 103, Indian Act.

Both plead, "Not guilty."

*Matthew Feak* called and sworn:—

"My name is Matthew Feak. I am a member of the Port Simpson Band. Some time last March Louis Gray cut a cedar-tree somewhere up in the woods near here, and took three men along with him, — Dwyer Green, and, I have heard, Hezekiah Wesley; the third I do not know. When the tree was cut down, it happened that one of the Brentzen family died at the same time. Of course I have heard about this Huldagwit<sup>2</sup> a number of times; and this Louis Gray, as a medium, had picked out this tree as being used by one practising witchcraft, and had had the tree cut down. The witchcraft stories were quieted for a time; but in November, 1915, a gasoline-launch went up from Port Simpson to the Nass to bring the chiefs down for a conference on the Indian land question. The names of those who went up are Dwyer Green, Nathan Lawson, Andrew Wells, Joshua Wells, Celeste Wesley, and Rufus Dudaward. They went up the Nass; and while there, the mention was made of this witchcraft and the cutting-down of the tree. Joshua Wells turned to Dwyer Green and said, 'You are one of Louis Gray's disciples or followers. Why do you hide the name of the one who is practising witchcraft?' Dwyer Green returned, 'I am a Christian man, and I do not see why I should hide it. I will name the one who has been using this tree to practise witchcraft.' So he named my mother, Mary Feak. Dwyer Green said he was not afraid, so he told the name Matthew Feak."

*Celeste Wesley* sworn:—

"My name is Celeste Wesley. I am a member of the Port Simpson band of Indians. When I was up at Fishery Bay on the Nass River, that is where I heard Dwyer Green say he had cut a tree down where some one had been practising witchcraft. Dwyer said there was an evil box up in the tree. Joshua Wells is the one who asked him if he knew the owner of the box. Dwyer was quite certain that he knew the party. This is where he mentioned Emma Musgrave (William Musgrave's mother) and Mary Feak (Matthew Feak's mother) as the owners of the evil box found in the tree. Joshua asked Dwyer if he found this when they cut the tree

<sup>1</sup> British Columbia.

<sup>2</sup> Witch.

down. 'No,' he said, 'we found it the second day.' Joshua asked what was in it. Dwyer said, 'A dead rat with human hair' and all sorts of stuff with it. Louis Gray, Dwyer said, had told him to cut the tree down. There were eight of us in the launch who heard the story. This is all I can remember."

Q. Who started the conversation?

A. I am not sure. I was at the stern of the boat when I heard Dwyer Green and Joshua Wells arguing over the question of this witchcraft.

*Matthew Lawson* (made the same evidence as last witness).

*Dwyer Green*, wishing to give evidence on his own behalf, was sworn:—

"I laid this whole thing before Matthew Feak in his house, and I confessed to what I said on the launch. At the Nass I told Matthew everything of the conversation that was told here to-day. I didn't mean to say it. I said it as a joke, and I told Matthew Feak this. It was all right then between Matthew Feak and his wife. I shook hands with them and went out. The reason I went to Matthew Feak and his wife, I did not want the story spread around town, so I settled it between them. [Also sees Musgrave's mother and settles it, but William Musgrave told him it would depend on what the law said.]"

*Louis Gray* (Indian of Port Simpson), wishing to give evidence on his own behalf, was sworn:—

"This is my first time in court in the town of Port Simpson. All the time I have been following religion. I did not see any evil box in the tree. I did not see Mary Feak or Emma Musgrave there through my medium while in the trance. You know why I am here. It is about this tree last year. About four weeks before the army came down from the Nass, while in a trance or dream before the death of Henry Brentzen's son Johnny, I was called up by the Brentzens to their home to test him by the use of my powers as a medium. I placed my hand on his head, and four spirits came to me,—two men and two women. I do not know who they were. It was not more than two minutes I saw them. This is where they told me that this tree should be cut down. They told me it was a tree where the trunk had been cut out. The spirits didn't say there was a box in the tree. They did not say that the evil box belonged to Mrs. Feak and Mrs. Musgrave. I did not work this out alone myself. I called Joseph Bradley in council, what was the meaning of this tree. The answer is there. Joseph said there must be a tree. Henry Brentzen called me up four times, and I saw the same thing four times. After the fourth time, the next day I talked it over with the Brentzens. I wanted to know the meaning of it. I asked Henry Brentzen if I could cut a tree down. I did not know if there was a box in the tree or not. All I saw was the tree when I was in my trance, and the names of the two women were never mentioned all the time we were talking of the tree or the evil box. We got to the foot of the tree. I asked Henry if it was the kind of tree I mentioned. The tree was leaning downhill. It was chopped out in the trunk. I asked Henry which



way the tree was leaning, as twice I had told him in his house. Henry said it was the tree. We didn't see any one around the tree, or any evil box. The size of the tree was not fit for the axe Henry had brought along with him. The alder-tree was too big. I mentioned that Dwyer Green had a long saw; so Dan Green and Hezekiah Wesley were called with him, because they were strong men and I wanted that tree to be cut down the same day, so I would be in peace. I say again, I never mentioned the women's names or the evil box. Joseph Bradley called the men, and they cut the tree down. After the tree was down, I was out of it. The spirits hadn't given me any more instructions. I had done my duty. When the tree was felled, the men went up to the top of it, and this is where they found some mysterious-looking place where the boughs had been cut off. We thought this was where the witchcraft was practised."

Cross-questioned by Provincial Constable Deane.

Q. Were you there when the dead rat was found the next day?

A. No. It was brought to me.

Q. Was there anything besides the dead rat?

A. There was something like two or three hairs inside this dead rat.

Q. Where did Hezekiah find the dead rat?

A. He said he found it inside the bark of the tree. He did not tell me if it was near where the boughs were cut.

Q. Have you seen these four spirits before?

A. Yes.

Q. Always the same four spirits?

A. Yes.

Q. Have they never told you what nationality they were?

A. No. It was when I was first sent up as a missionary to Ketseucla that I first saw lights. I prayed for God to open my eyes to show me things I didn't know. They gave me by-laws for Ketseucla, and I didn't know what to say. Mr. Crosby had told me to pray when I wanted to get things straight. It happened in Simpson when I first saw them (spirits). I saw a kind of light, and before the death of a person I would see the light. Mrs. Welsk is the first person I heard crying before the death of Mrs. Welsk. I saw myself standing in two. (Duplicate) I was face to face with myself. Then I saw the four spirits. They were singing in the native language. They were standing in the canyon of death. They did not say who was going to die, but the words meant some one was about to die. Two were men, and two were women. The men wore white men's pants and coat. They had a face like a human being, no mustache or whiskers. The two women had long hair hanging down their backs. They were middle-aged. I got five dollars from Mr. Brentzen for my services. I did not give Hezekiah a fungus when the tree was cut down. Mr. Brentzen called us into his place after the tree was cut down about dusk. He asked me if I could see or foresee anything in this tree. I said I couldn't say anything myself. •Mrs. Brentzen went into another room, and came out with a glass in her hand and placed it in front of me, saying she was glad to find out just the reason of the disease of their son. The four spirits came to me again, telling me not to move. I don't go into a kind of fit when I see

the spirits. This is when the spirits told me there was a rat in the trunk of the tree. Mary's name, or Emma's, were not mentioned, or a box. I foresaw again a frog. This was not in the looking-glass. I did not have a hold of anything. I did not even have my eyes shut. Another thing I saw is a broken glass; the color was yellow. Finally a voice came to me saying this glass was what they used as a dagger, but Emma's or Mary's name were not mentioned. I think Johnny Brentzen died of trouble in the throat, not by witchcraft. I have never seen a patient die by witchcraft. They spoke to me up at Nass about witchcraft, but I told them I would have nothing to do with it. I don't know what to call these spirits of mine. Joseph Bradley council with me about these spirits. He knows about old customs, not witchcraft. He knows about the old days ever since I was a small boy. I have heard of witchcraft, but I have not known of it being practised at Port Simpson. Dwyer Green was lying when he said on oath that I told him Mary and Emma were practising witchcraft. Sam Bennett found the frog I foresaw. It was in the tree above the twelve yards. The glass was never found. I am sure it was not inside Johnny. I could not look into his body.

Both found guilty, and fined each ten dollars and costs or thirty days in jail.

**THE MAN-EATER.**<sup>1</sup>— In a certain village in the kingdom of Y there live a very well-to-do herdsman and his wife and several children. They own the biggest poultry-farm, and herds of cattle, horses, and flocks of sheep, in the kingdom. They are oftentimes so worried by the boundless increase of their animals, that they wish they could eat a visible portion of them. One time rinderpest breaks out in the kingdom, and their herds perish in great number. The father becomes more worried, for the perishing cattle cannot all be buried. During this event, so wearisome and dreadful, the wife conceives a child; and as a result she manifests a behavior very different from her former life. She now eats very much. Her appetite increases disproportionately as her pregnancy matures. One distinct behavior which she observes during all this time is, that, when she takes a light meal, the little seed in the womb moves to her pain, and she can only keep it still when she fills her belly with half a dozen chickens. Time goes on, and soon she gives birth to a baby boy. The boy shows early great insatiability. In the cradle he eats one big chicken at one meal; and when he is as old as to begin to walk, he can consume one big carabao at a meal. The father, who prepares the food of his son, gets more worried because he can do no other work than cook.

The rinderpest ceases. The herds of cattle, horses, and flocks of sheep increase in number indefinitely. One time, when the father goes to the pasture-lands, he takes his little boy with him; and, to his surprise, the boy devours calves and colts as a hungry dog eats chickens. But his father is not discouraged at this; on the other hand, he is proud of his insatiable son. Soon the big flocks of chickens are gone. The herds of cattle and horses are decreasing. The boy's father now sees that the time is coming when he will have no more of his multitudinous wealth. Yes, the time is coming; and what will the boy do after he has consumed all that his father has?

<sup>1</sup> A Filipino tale.

Time goes on, and the boy reduces his father to poverty. He now wanders throughout the country, devouring every animal he meets. Soon the whole village is exhausted of domestic animals, but he must have food. He now eats his brothers, his father, and his mother. Not being satisfied, he again wanders throughout the village, devouring every man, woman, or child he meets. The people in the neighboring villages feel the danger that is approaching them. The news reaches the king, who is also terrified with dread and awe. He makes public announcement that the man who can kill the terror in his kingdom will win for himself the hand of his daughter and one-half of his kingdom.

In a certain village somewhere in the same kingdom, there lives a very peaceful and loving man by the name of Juan. He finds happiness by living with animals, especially with his pet dog, his horse, and insects. On his farm he spares the praying mantis, and in his house he spares the lizard and all creatures within. His best friends are his dog, about as big as a calf, and his horse. They are his dearest companions. One day he goes to town on horseback. He tells his dog to watch the Life-index very carefully while he is gone, and when the dog notices that the leaves begin to wilt, the dog should follow him.

Juan passes through a lonely village which is entirely depopulated; the grass is overgrown; and the houses are like haunted places, very dangerous to enter. In this same place, thirst lays hands on him. Turning his face to the left, he beholds a man sitting on an open porch of a house. He directs his horse to the place. To his surprise, the horse, which has always been very brave and loyal to him, now shows a sort of fear, as if something extraordinary was about to happen. Nevertheless he takes no precautions. As he gets near the house, the Man-Eater yawns, saying, as he rubs his hands over his belly, "Thank God!" But Juan does not hear him. He dismounts from his horse and goes to the house. As he passes the gate in front of the house, he hears the mantis, whose life he has spared, say, "O kind traveller! what are you here for? That man in the house is the Man-Eater. Leave immediately before he eats you up." Again Juan does not take heed; but this time he begins to ask himself, "What could this mantis mean?" He enters the house; and as he meets the host, Juan asks, "Will you kindly give me a glass of water to drink?" Man-Eater: "Come in. Take a seat in the house, and I shall get water for you." Juan enters the *sala*, while the Man-Eater goes to the kitchen. While Juan waits for the water, he suspects that there is something extraordinary about to happen. The lizard on the ceiling says, "O Juan, kind man! the Man-Eater is almost through sharpening his teeth. Leave immediately before he eats you up." The visitor, taking into consideration the time that has already elapsed, believes the warning of the lizard. He jumps through the window, mounts his horse, and flees away.

Just about this time the dog notices a change in the Life-index. He sees that the leaves begin to wilt, and he now remembers his master. He hurries on to the rescue.

The Man-Eater hears the footsteps of the horse, and knows that the traveller is gone. He pursues him. Soon Juan comes to a place where

seven coconut-palms are standing. He looks back, and, finding his pursuer about to overtake him, he jumps from his horse to the first coconut-palm and climbs quickly up. The horse runs home, and he meets the dog on his way. He tells the dog to speed fast, because their master is in danger. Now the Man-Eater reaches the coconut-palms. He bites the trunk, and the tree falls against another tree. The man on the tree jumps to the next one, and so on until the last tree. The Man-Eater looks up the last tree with a pleasing smile, saying to himself as he feels his belly, "Thank Heaven! you will give me much satisfaction." And as he bends his head to bite the tree, the dog, which has been travelling for some time, arrives, and, seeing the Man-Eater bending, bites him on the neck and kills him.<sup>1</sup>

Juan descends from the tree-top to meet his kind and loyal friends, the dog and the horse. He thanks them very much for what they have done for him. He mounts his horse, and tells the dog to follow. They all go to the town, the seat of the government. After travelling for some time, they come to the next village. The people of the village are surprised to see a stranger coming from the direction of the haunted region. They ask Juan, "Have you ever met any extraordinary incident in any village through which you passed?" — "Yes," says Juan. "A man almost ate me up, but I am glad he is now dead. I killed him." The news of the traveller is a relief to them. They shout and laugh and dance, and embrace the traveller, celebrate a feast for him. Juan is surprised of all these festivities; and he asks the people what all these things mean to them, and why they honor him too dearly when he has not done anything for them. "Yes," answer the people. "You have vanquished our most dreaded foe, and we honor you."

After all these festivities, they lead Juan to the palace of the king. Juan tells the king the story of his adventure; and when the king learns that the traveller has killed the Man-Eater, the terror in his kingdom, he jumps in gladness, sends for his daughter, and issues a summons to the effect that every man, woman, and child in the kingdom shall come to witness the marriage ceremony of his daughter with Juan, the hero of the hour; and to celebrate the peace that will forever be enjoyed by the whole people in the kingdom. The marriage is celebrated; and the horse and the dog, the best friends of Juan, become the idols in the palace.

SIMÓN P. SANTOS.

MANILA, P. I.

A MISSOURI VARIANT OF "THE FALSE LOVER WON BACK." — No traditional example of the ballad of "The False Lover won Back" (Child, No. 218) seems as yet to have found its way into print from American sources.

Recently I have secured a variant of the Buchan version (Child's collection, No. 218, A) from the Ozark region of Missouri. The text was communicated in writing by Miss Gladys Moore, who learned the ballad in childhood from the singing of her grandmother, an Englishwoman from northern Cumberland, who was then resident in Galena, Mo. For assistance

<sup>1</sup> See, for comparative notes, Elsie Clews Parsons, *Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands* (MAFLS 15, II), p. 122.

in obtaining this ballad, and several song-stories of the "vulgar ballad" type which I have secured from the same community, I wish to thank Miss Lillian Scott, a student in Washington University.

A comparison of the text with that of Buchan will show the accurate recollection of the proper names "young John" and "sweet Berwick town." Important differences are the systematic suppression of four stanzas (6, 8, 10, and 12); the simplifying of some archaic language, as "bower-door" to "front door;" the anglicizing of the Scottish dialect; and the confusion of certain terms as a result of inaccurate memory or imperfect understanding, as "fast tripping" to "fast stripping."

The two stanzas (4 and 5) which have been pointed out (*The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 4 : 209-210) as belonging probably to another story survive here very much as in Buchan's collection.

For the sake of a more ready comparison, the four stanzas of the Buchan version not found in the present text are here inserted in brackets in the corresponding positions: —

*The True Lover.*

1. A fair maid sat in her front door  
Wringing her lily hands.  
And by it came a sprightly youth  
Fast stripping o'er the sands.
2. "Where go you, young John," she says,  
So early in the day?  
It makes me think by your fast trip  
Your journey's far away."
3. He turned about with an awful look,  
And said, "What's that to you?  
I'm going to see a lovely maid  
More fairer far than you."
4. "Now, have you played me thus false  
In summer amid the flowers,  
I will repay you back again  
In winter amid the showers.
5. "But never fear, dear love, for me,  
You may come back again;  
For if you look at other girls,  
I'll look at other men."
6. ["Make your choice of whom you please,  
For I my choice will have;  
I've chosen a maid more fair than thee,  
I never will deceive."]

7. But she took up her clothing fair,  
And after him went she.  
But all he said was, "Go back again!  
No farther go with me!"
8. ["But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas, for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!"]
9. The first town that they came to,  
He bought her a blazing ring;  
And then he said, "Go back again,  
And go no more with me!"
10. ["But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas, for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!"]
11. The next town that they came to,  
He bought a muff and gloves,  
And told her to go back again  
And find some other love.
12. ["But again, dear love, and again, dear love,  
Will ye never love me again?  
Alas, for loving you sae well,  
And you nae me again!"]
13. The next town that they came to,  
His heart it grew more warm,  
And he was deep in love with her,  
And she was over again.
14. The next town that they came to,  
He bought her a wedding-gown,  
And made her lady of his own bowers  
In sweet Berwick town.

JOHN ROBERT MOORE.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY,  
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THE BAPTIST OX. — "De Bible tell how all de creeters what Marse Norah gwine 'low ter come inter de Ark en be saved, is bleedzed t' be babtized.

"Dey be a river — I done fergits what dey names hit, but hit sho 'nuff be dar — dey a river right in front er Marse Norah's do'. En dey all, when dey gits t' de river, kin choose how dey's gwine be babtized.

"Wellum, de las' er de creeturs what comes up is de oxen. En de Mef'dis' oxen, he be des' a-blowin' his ole bazzoo, en 'lowin' he gwine lead de way en be at de haid er de percession, en be de fust un t' git inter de Ark. Yassum, he do, he say he gwinter.

"He des' comes struttin' 'long till he git right t' de water's aide; den he stop en kneel down en bow his haid, en say, 'Moo-moo-moo!' whilst he takes up a li'l' soop o' water, narrer es he kin. Den he gits up en 'gins lookin' roun' fer ter see effen he kin fin' a shaller place t' wade 'cross.

"Whilst he be lookin' up en down de bank, huntin' a shaller place fer crossin', 'long comes ole Presbyteern oxen, walkin' des' so, en holden' his haid so high, hit look like he hab de stiff neck. He didn' even down see dey was a river, till he hear de Mef'dis' oxen a-askin' whar be de shalleres' place in de water.

"Wallum, when de Presbyteern oxen see dat river, he des' fetch de mos' polite bow you mos'ly ever see, en he ax de river, 'Howdy?' — distant like. He 'low he ain' gwineter baptize hisse'f 'long wid de yuddern. Den he 'gins lookin' 'roun' fer t' see effen dey ain' er foot-log 'cross dat river, whar he kin walk over on.

"Now Marse Norah see him thinkin' 'bout hit, en he calls out, 'You is 'bleedzed ter fust be baptized, den you kin hoof it 'cross on de log effen you wanten.'

"De Presbyteern oxen, he 'low dat he ain' 'bleedzed ter do nothin' lessen he choose ter, 'caze hit done been 'p'inted dat he gwineter git inter dat Ark an' be saved.

"Marse Norah, he make answer, he did, 'Fust en last, dat's de law, I's been tellin' you. You kin *take hit er leave hit*.'

"Now de Presbyteern oxen des' sorter wall he eyes 'roun', en he see de clouds was lookin' mighty black. En he 'low t' his-se'f — he did — dat 'cordin' ter de bes' er his jedgment, dey mought be a harrycane somers 'mongst dat pile er clouds, fixin' fer t' bus' loose presen'ly an' come splungin' 'long en t'ar up de whole yearth. So he des' bow he haid, slow en gran', en he take er li'l' soop o' water, en he 'low he too perlite ter make a auger wid Marse Norah. Now he take sich a li'l' soop o' water, dat Marse Norah ain' so mighty sure he done drink a solemn drap, but all de samer he say he gwineter take his word fer it. So he p'intes out de whar'bouts o' de foot-log.

"De las' one dat come 'long, was de great big ole Babtis' oxen, en by dat time hit was drizzin' rain a li'l', an' de thunder was a-rum'lin'. He des' comes on de run; en by de way he was a-puffin' en a-snortin', you'd a' thought he'd 'a' been plum' tuckered out. But I be boun'! when he gits ter dat river, he don' stop ter ax no odds er nobody. He des' 'gins a-bellerin', en he give a runnin' jump en lan's spang in de deepes' place he kin see in dat river — des' div right in haid fust — en when he comes up, he's on de yudder shore. En he shakes his haid, en switches his tail, en goes a-tearin' up de bank right inter do front do' o' de Ark, he did."

(Told by a Negro in South Carolina.)

MRS. W. C. BURT.

ASHEVILLE, N.C.

**A SURE WAY TO CATCH MOSQUITOES.** — Last summer, on account of the flooded condition of the lowlands, there was an unusually large crop of mosquitoes in the Northwest. As I am particularly attractive to the creatures, I probably talked more about them than many another. At any rate, I got a long list of cures and preventives, — peppermint, buhac, and the rest. The most interesting method of trapping the pests was told me in perfect seriousness by several persons hailing from different parts of America. It was this: "When the mosquito settles on you, hold your breath. This clamps his bill in your flesh, and you can capture him and dispose of him at your leisure." I was assured that this always works. I should like to know more about the origin and spread of this thoroughly misleading and baseless report.

ROBERT MAX GARRETT.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, SEATTLE,  
MARCH 14, 1921.

**THE ENGLISH GYPSY LORE SOCIETY.** — The English Gypsy Lore Society, which was founded in 1818 by David MacRitchie to promote the study of the language, history, ethnology, and folk-lore of the gypsies, was suspended in 1914. The society has been re-organized, and has renewed its activities and publications. The President of the Society is William Ferguson; the Secretary, P. W. Thompson, Repton, Derby, England. The annual dues are one pound.



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